

MARVEL

COMICS

NO. 61

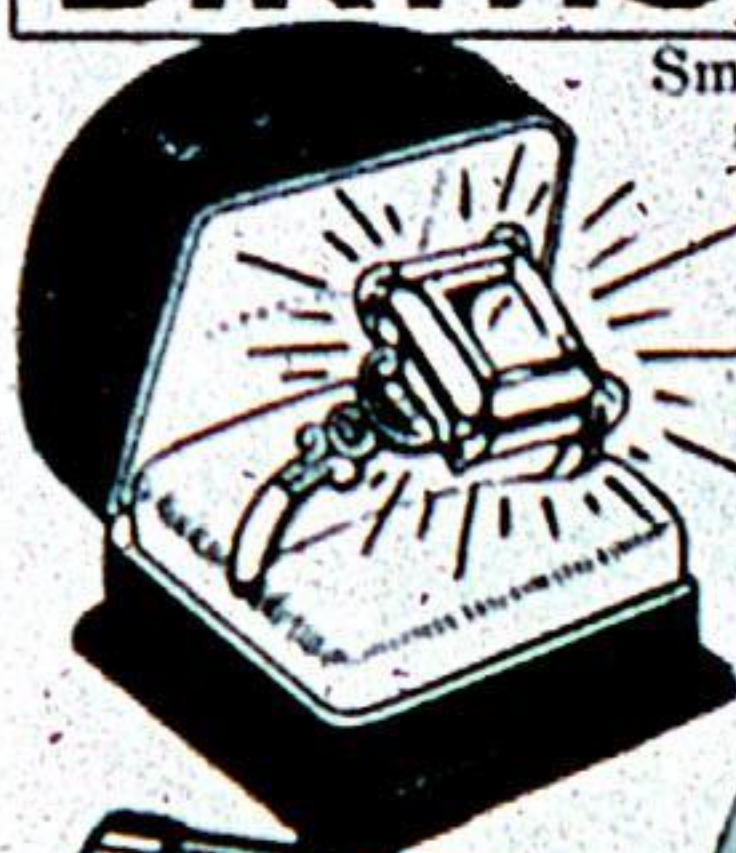
JANUARY

MYSTERY



Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts.



Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Locket, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.



Hollywood Locket—Given for selling 10 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-193 Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-193 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

Gift I would like to have you send me.

Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hokey Given for Selling 5 boxes.

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 974, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name

Address

City.....

State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 974, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET

Dainty, New, Two-Tone

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty, but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket.

SEND NO MONEY

The front of the locket is new, two-tone design with sentimental heart and red roses in life-like colors. Send no money. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents for mailing costs and 20% Federal tax, on arrival. 10 Days Money-Back Guarantee.

Locket in Dainty, 2-Tone Design

Supply Limited

\$1.95

Ten Days Trial



Each locket has snap-lock and a substantial hinge. Opens easily and provides 2 spaces on the inside for pictures of loved ones. Supplies are limited.

Send the Coupon Today
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 166 H.V. Jefferson, Iowa

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 166 H.V. Jefferson, Iowa.

Send the New, 2-Tone Locket. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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HUMAN TORCH

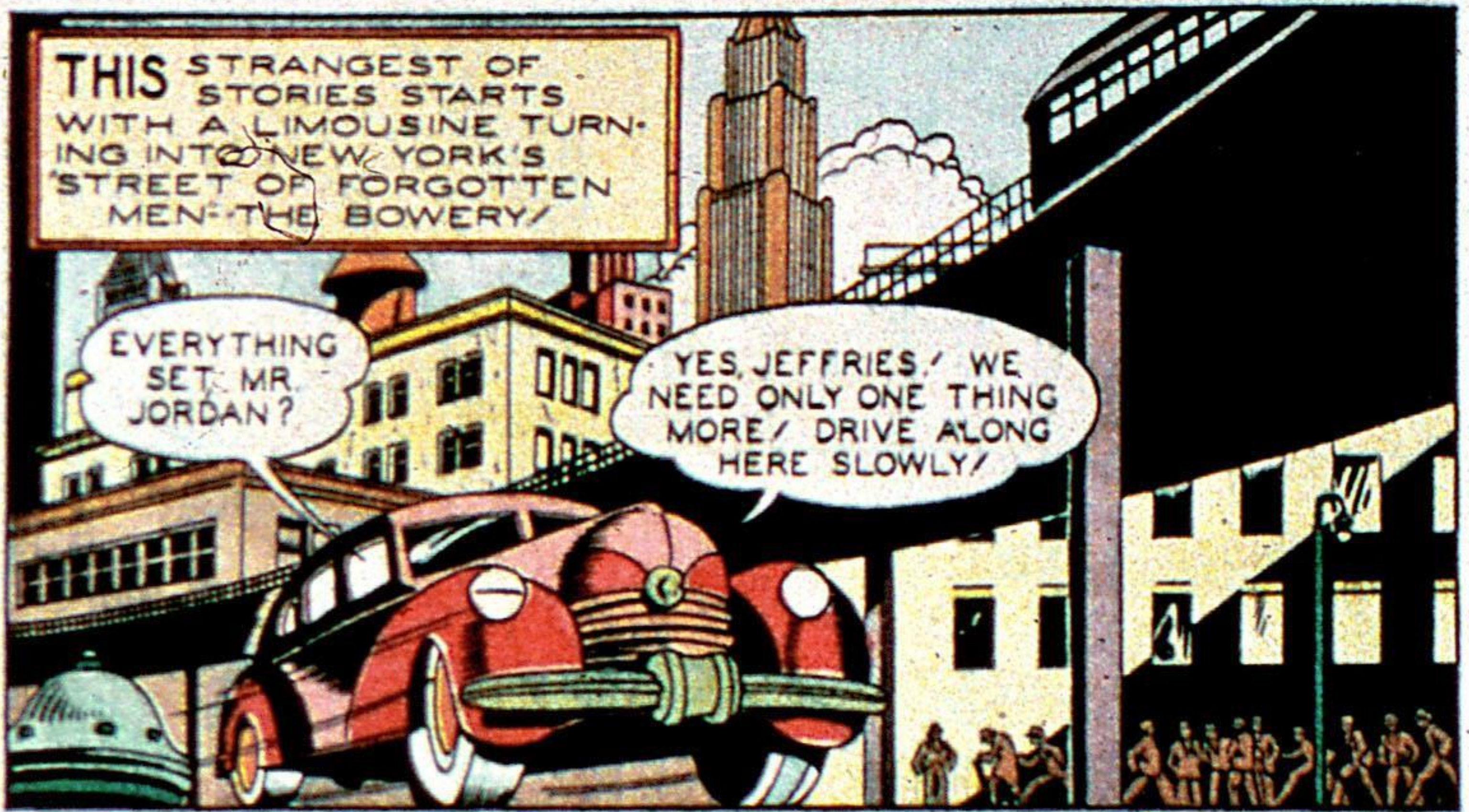
VERSUS
THE SECRET OF THE
MASKED HORROR!



THIS STRANGEST OF STORIES STARTS WITH A LIMOUSINE TURNING INTO NEW YORK'S 'STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN'-THE BOWERY!

EVERYTHING SET, MR. JORDAN?

YES, JEFFRIES! WE NEED ONLY ONE THING MORE! DRIVE ALONG HERE SLOWLY!



AT A SHARP ORDER FROM HIS PASSENGER!

THIS ONE?

YES, THIS ONE! A LITTLE FIXING UP AND-- BUT CALL HIM OVER!



LATER THE SAME EVENING...

HE COMES... MY DEAR MR. JORDAN! HO! HO! I SHALL WEEP AT HIS---



THE FIGURE LUNGES...WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING SNAKE!

AS THE ASSASSIN BENDS OVER THE BODY OF HIS VICTIM!

--FUNERAL! HO! HO! NO!

YOU! WHA--? A'HHHHHHH

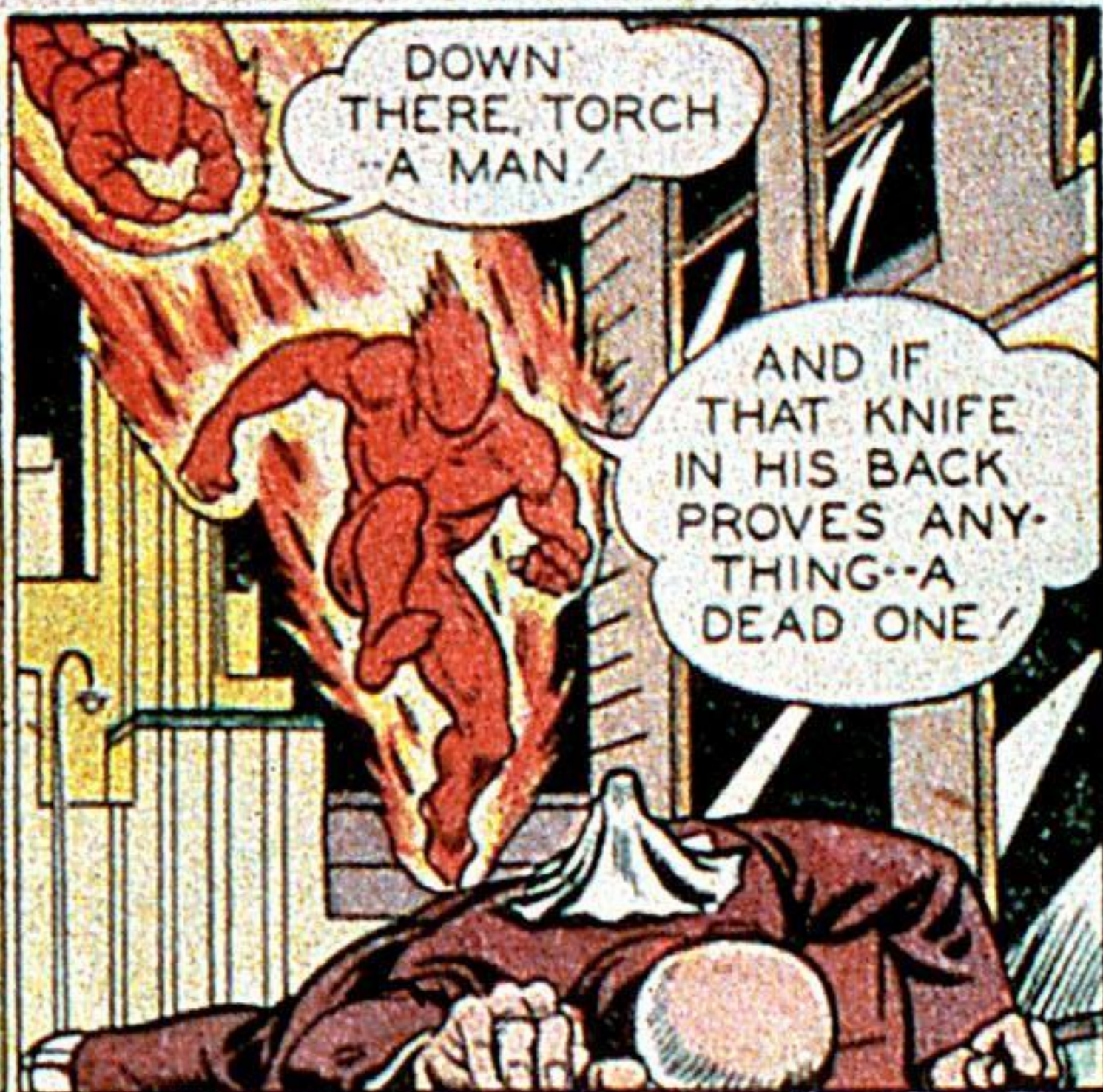
NOW TO REMOVE ALL EVID-- THE TORCH! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



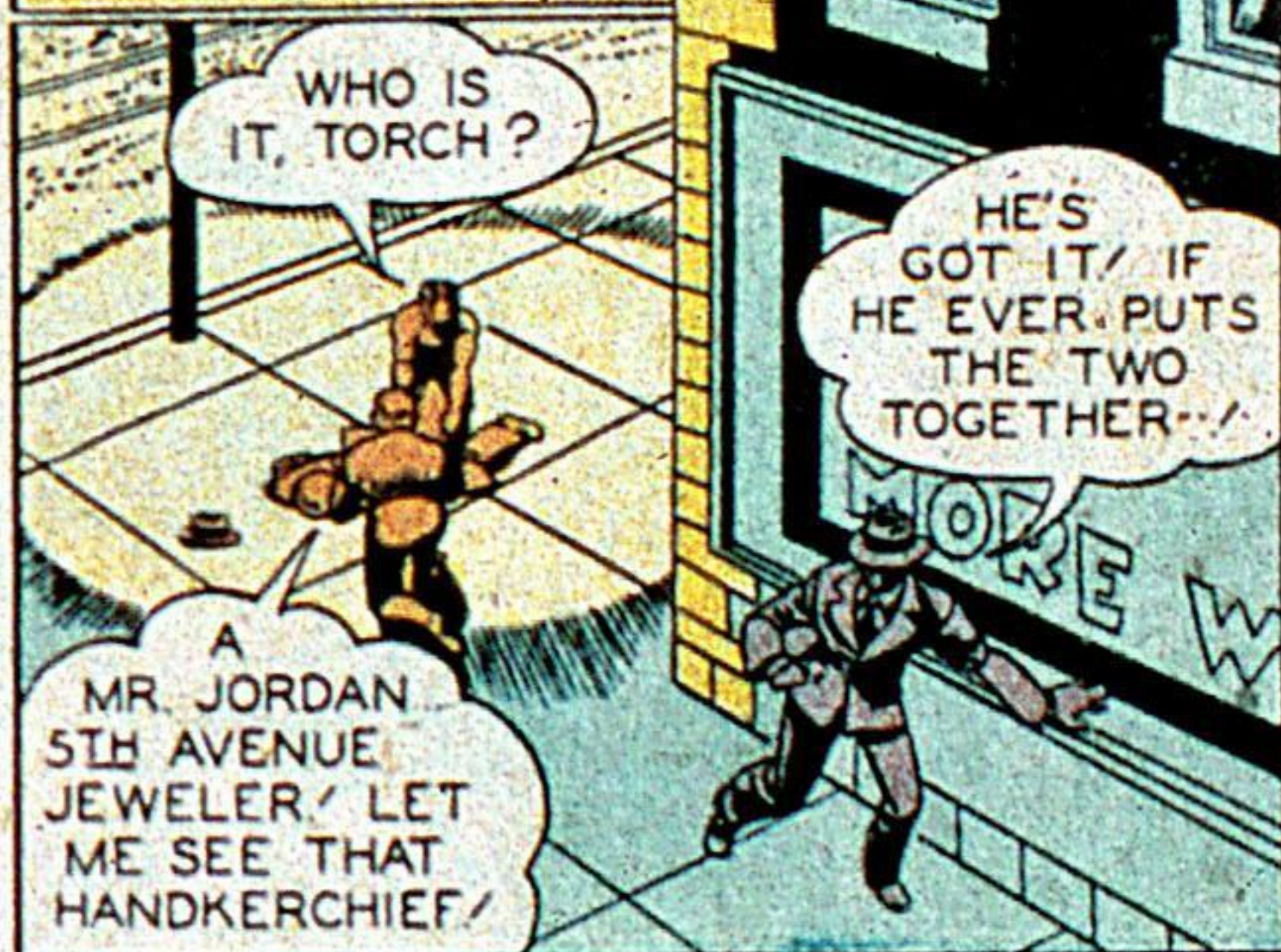
HIGH ABOVE--FLAMING
TOWARDS THEIR
NEW YORK APARTMENT!



**DROPPING
DOWN**



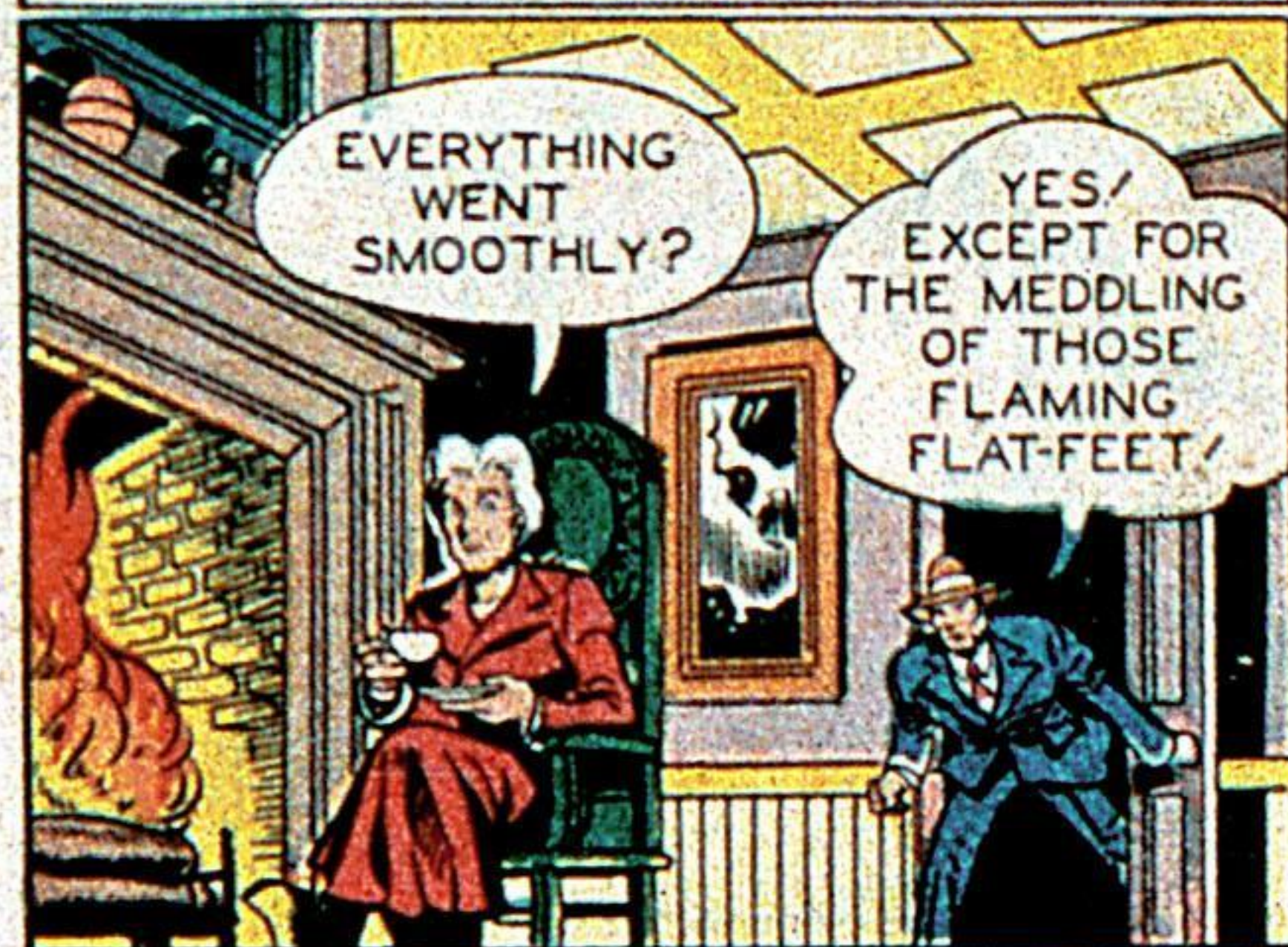
FLAMING OUT!



EXAMINING THE BODY
CLOSELY!



WHILE AT THE MANSION OF THE
LATE-MR. JORDAN!



TURNING THE CASE OVER TO THE POLICE, THE FIERY DUO FLAME FOR HOME /

THEY HAVEN'T TESTED THE KNIFE YET, BUT THEY SUSPECT JOHN WITHERS, JORDAN'S PARTNER /

YEAH / CHIEF RYAN SAID HE'D LET US KNOW WHEN THEY CHECKED ON THAT / MEANWHILE, LET'S GET SOME SLEEP /

BUT EARLY THE NEXT MORNING /

TELEPHONE, KID / MUST BE THE CHIEF /

I'LL GET IT, TORCH /

WE'VE GOT THE KILLER DOWN HERE / IT'S WITHERS, ALL RIGHT. WON'T SAY A WORD, BUT HIS PRINTS ARE ALL OVER THE KNIFE /

I'LL TELL TORCH, CHIEF / SO LONG /

I DIDN'T KILL HIM / HE WAS MY FRIEND /

THEY GOT WITHERS, TORCH / FOUND HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE KNIFE HANDLE /

THEY WHAT? IT COULDN'T BE /

SECONDS LATER, THE FLAMING DUO ZOOM OVER THE CITY /

HOW COULD THE KILLER'S PRINTS BE ON THE KNIFE WHEN WE KNOW HE USED A HANDKERCHIEF TO PREVENT IT?

YOU MEAN THE KILLER WANTED US TO SEE WITHERS' FINGERPRINTS!

LET'S HOPE WE CAN CONVINCE CHIEF RYAN OF THAT FACT / THERE'S HEADQUARTERS /

I THINK YOU WILL!

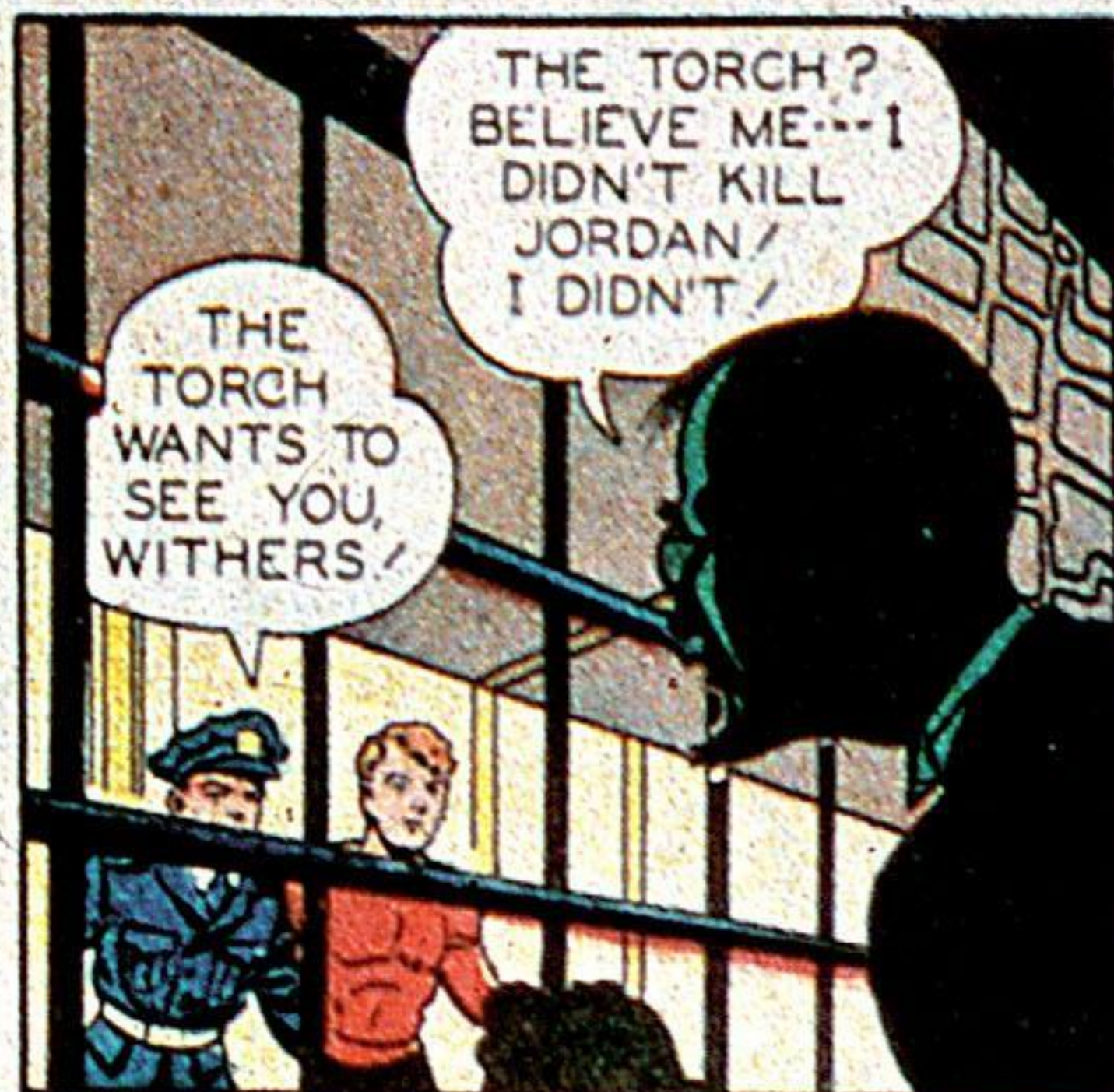
MINUTES LATER--AFTER EXPLAINING THEIR THEORY--



AND THAT'S THE STORY, CHIEF! WE THINK WITHERS IS INNOCENT!

I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE IT! CASSIDY! SHOW TORCH TO WITHER'S CELL!

RIGHT, CHIEF!



THE TORCH WANTS TO SEE YOU, WITHERS!

THE TORCH? BELIEVE ME---I DIDN'T KILL JORDAN! I DIDN'T!



WE DO! THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE! I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT THE KNIFE THAT KILLED JORDAN!

IT WAS A VERY OLD AND VALUABLE PIECE--PART OF OUR STOCK!



AND WHEN DID YOU SEE IT LAST?

AT CLOSING TIME LAST NIGHT! I PERSONALLY LOCKED IT IN THE VAULT!



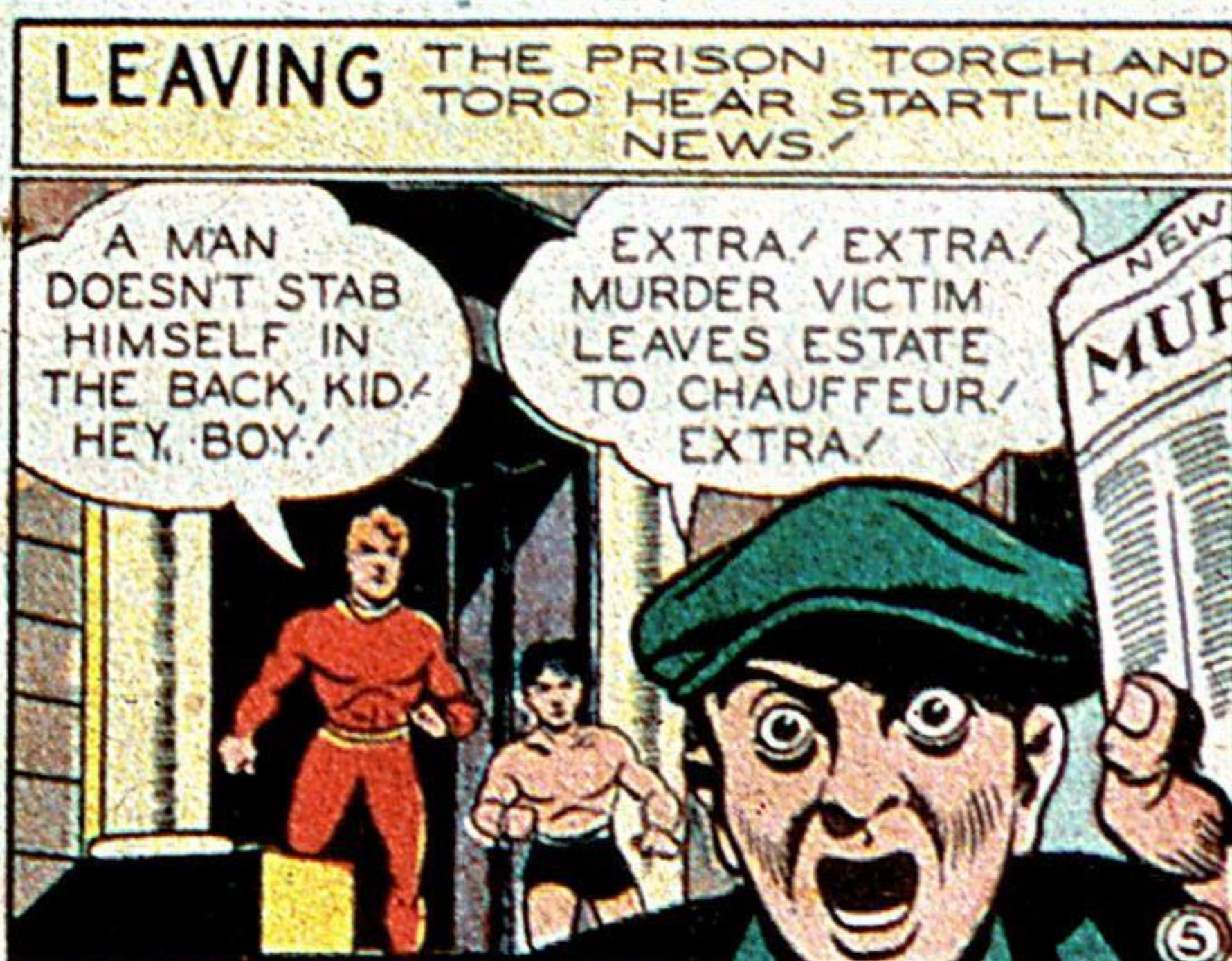
HMM! I SUPPOSE ONLY YOU AND YOUR PARTNER KNEW THE COMBINATION! ONE OTHER THING! DID JORDAN BLEACH HIS HAIR?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF! YOU WILL HELP ME, WON'T YOU?



WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN, MR. WITHERS!

DO YOU SUPPOSE JORDAN COMMITTED SUICIDE, TORCH?



LEAVING THE PRISON TORCH AND TORO HEAR STARTLING NEWS!

A MAN DOESN'T STAB HIMSELF IN THE BACK, KID! HEY, BOY!

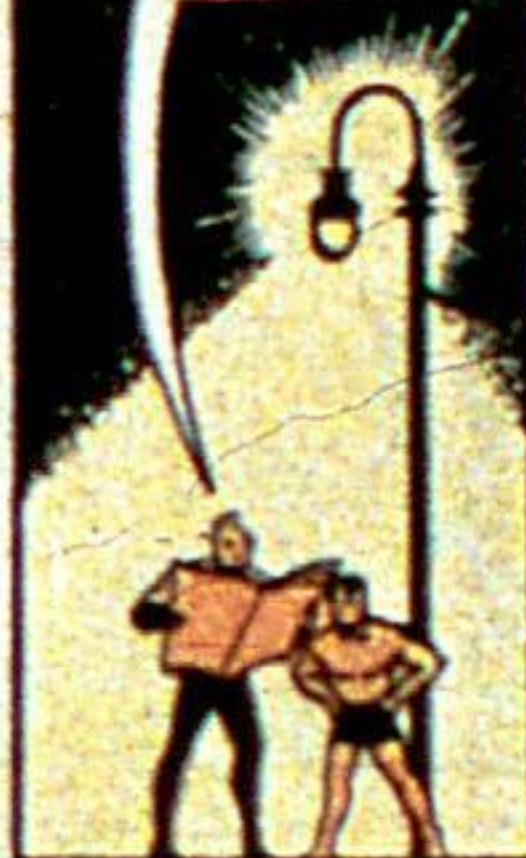
EXTRA! EXTRA! MURDER VICTIM LEAVES ESTATE TO CHAUFFEUR! EXTRA!



BUYING A PAPER, TORCH AND TORO READ STARTLING HEADLINES!



THERE'S A MURDER MOTIVE-- RIGHT THERE!

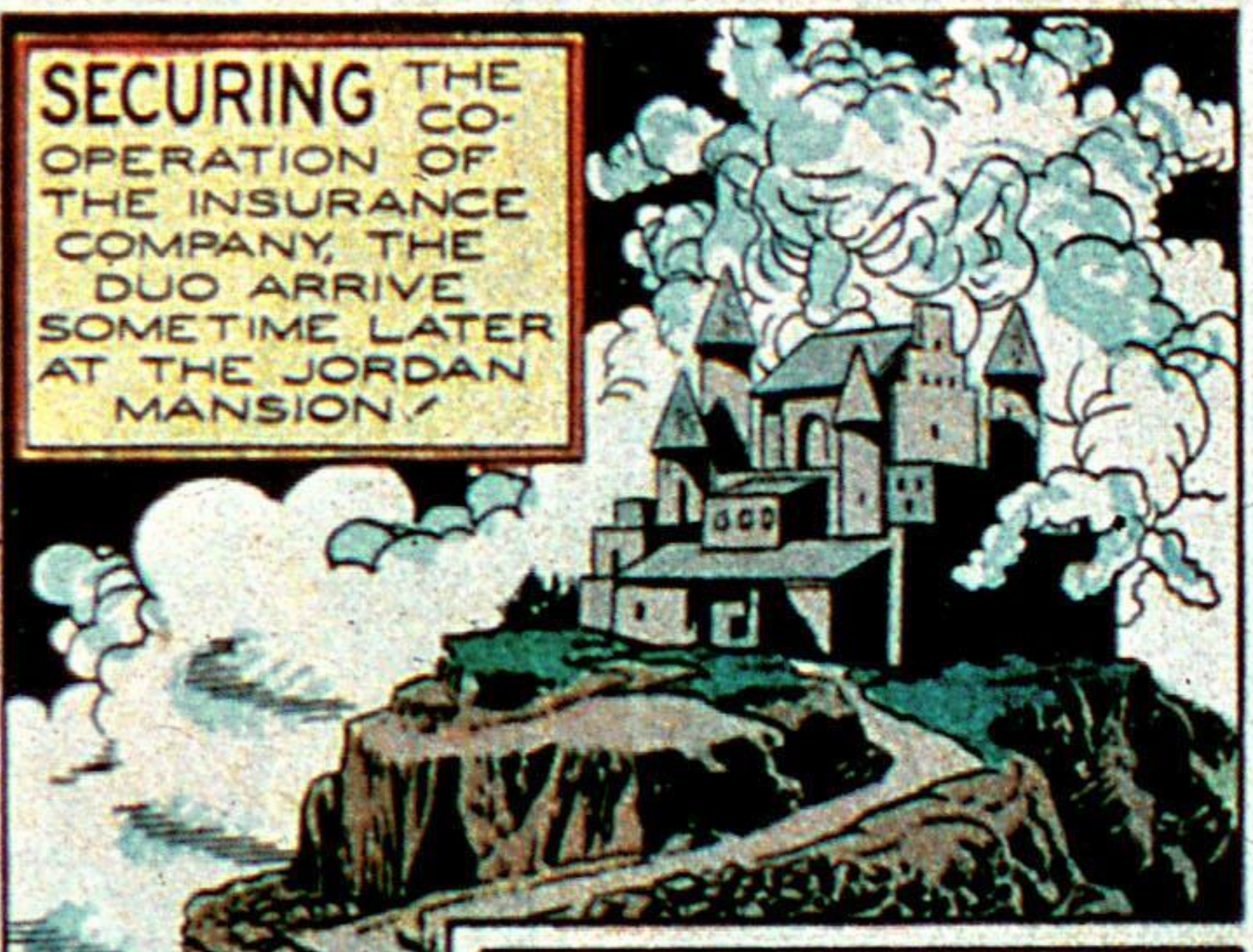


YOU MEAN THE CHAUFFEUR MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM!

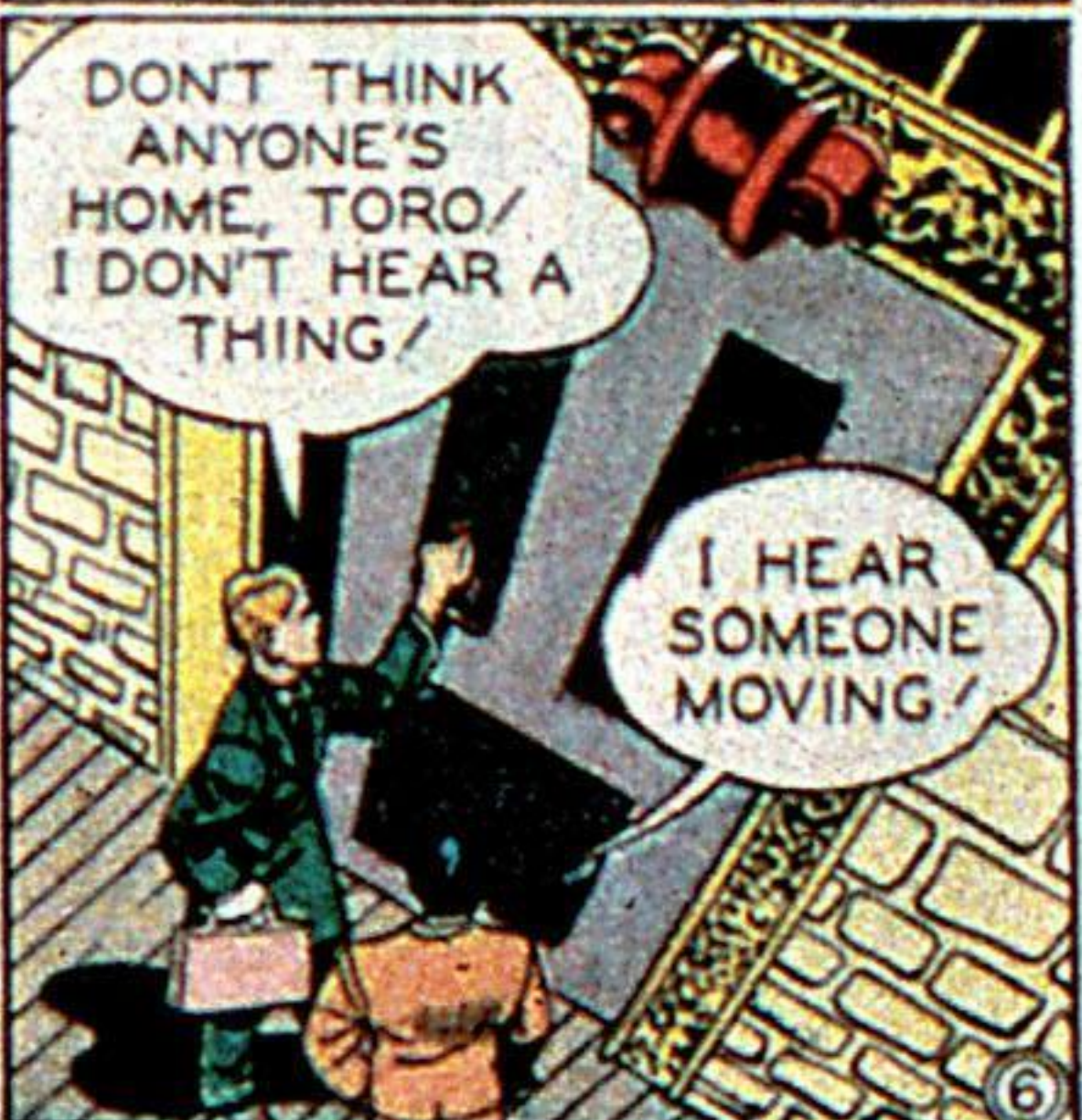
IT'S A GOOD BET, KID! HE WAS PROBABLY IN A POSITION TO LAY HANDS ON THAT KNIFE, TOO!

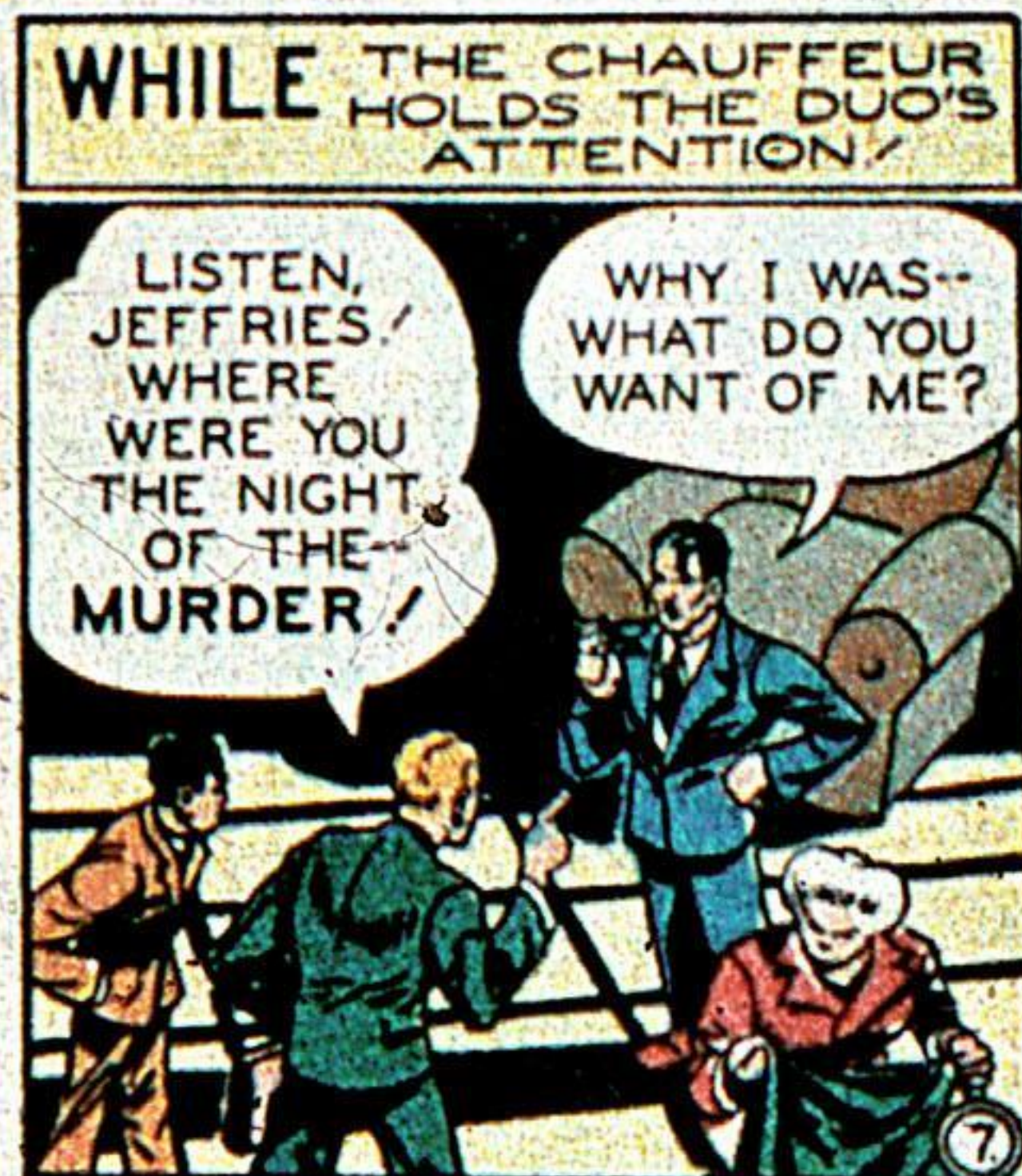
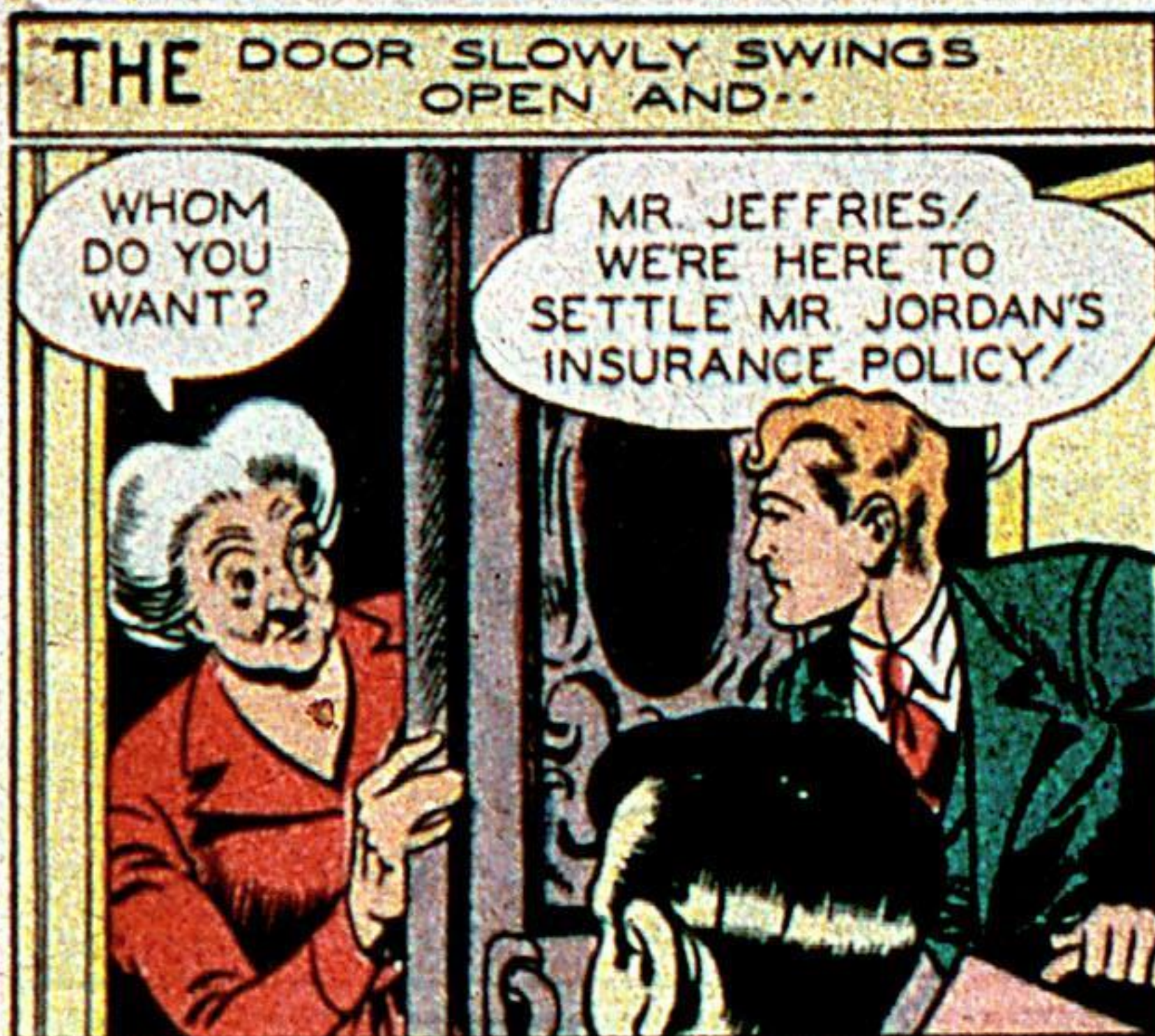


SECURING THE CO-OPERATION OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY, THE DUO ARRIVE SOMETIME LATER AT THE JORDAN MANSION!



CLIMBING THE STEEP DRIVE, TORCH AND TORO REACH THE MANSION!

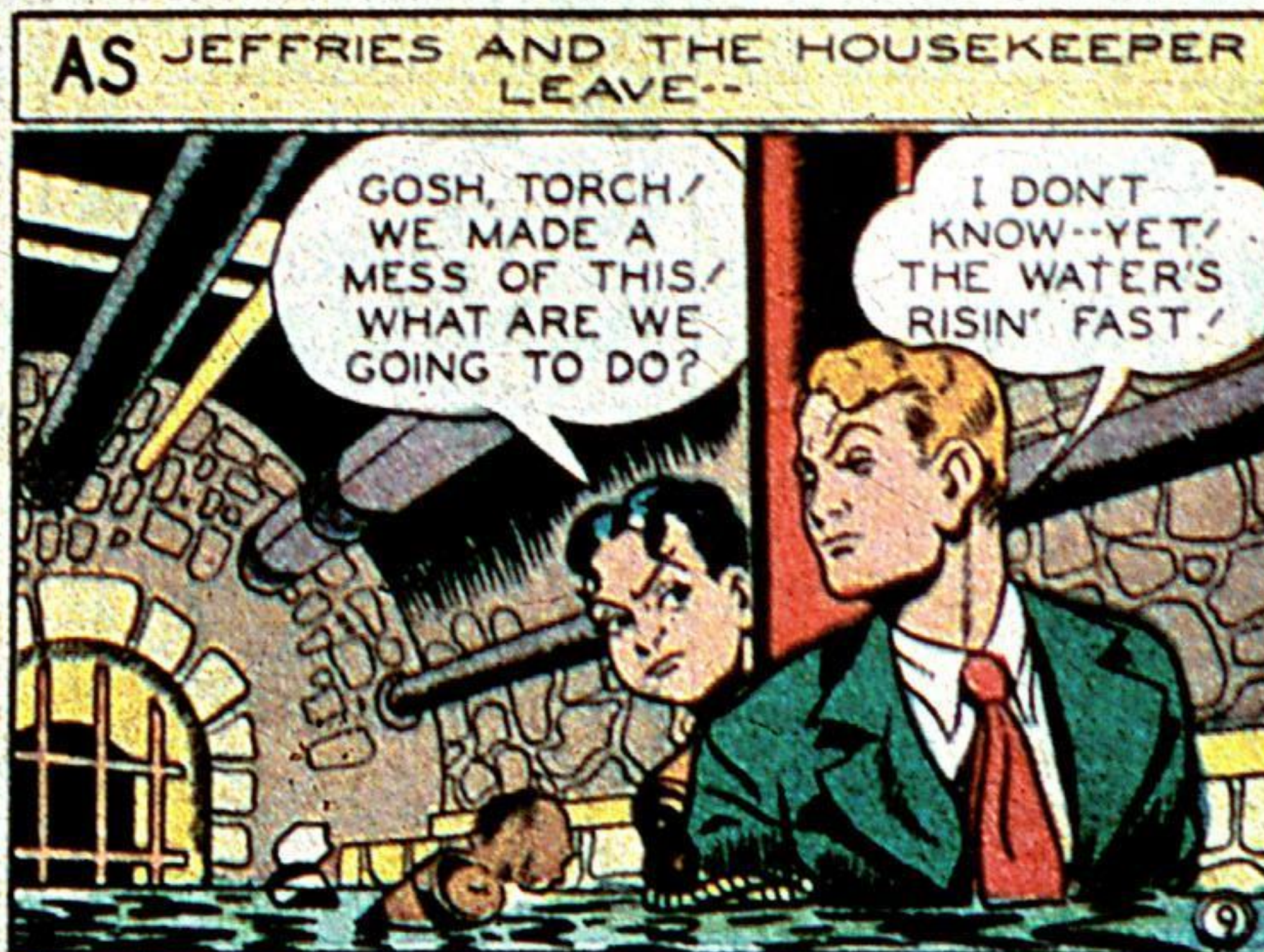




THE HOUSEKEEPER STEPS SOFTLY UP BEHIND THE UN-SUSPECTING DUO.



THE DUO ARE BOUND TO A STEEL POST IN THE CENTER OF A SMALL CHAMBER.



THE WATER RISES RAPIDLY,
SWIRLING AROUND
THEIR KNEES!



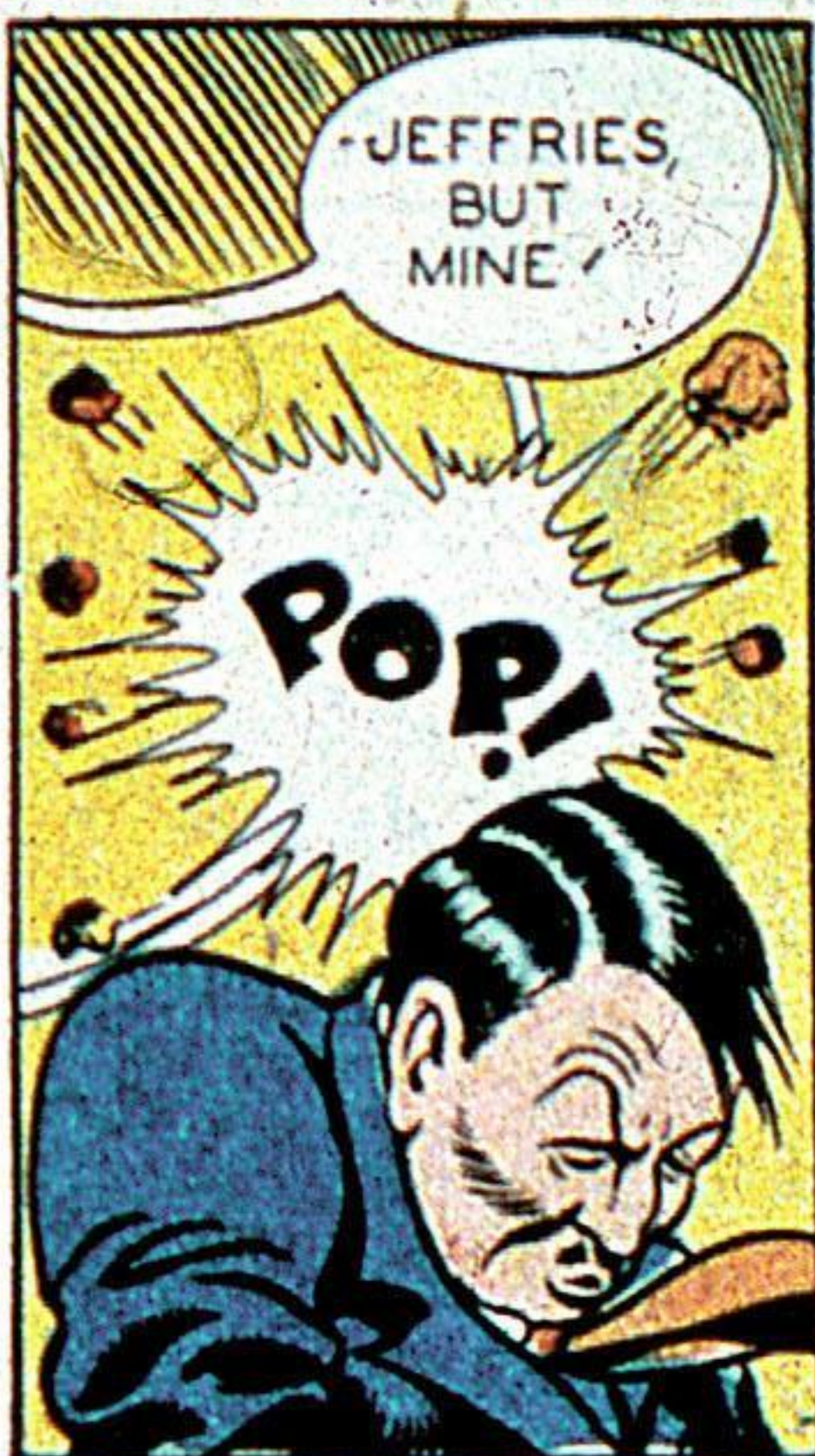
THE DUO THROW THEM-
SELVES AGAINST THE
ROPES--STRAINING TO LOOS-
EN THEM!



WHILE THE DUO DESPERATELY
FIGHT THE CREEPING
DEATH BELOW--ABOVE THEM--

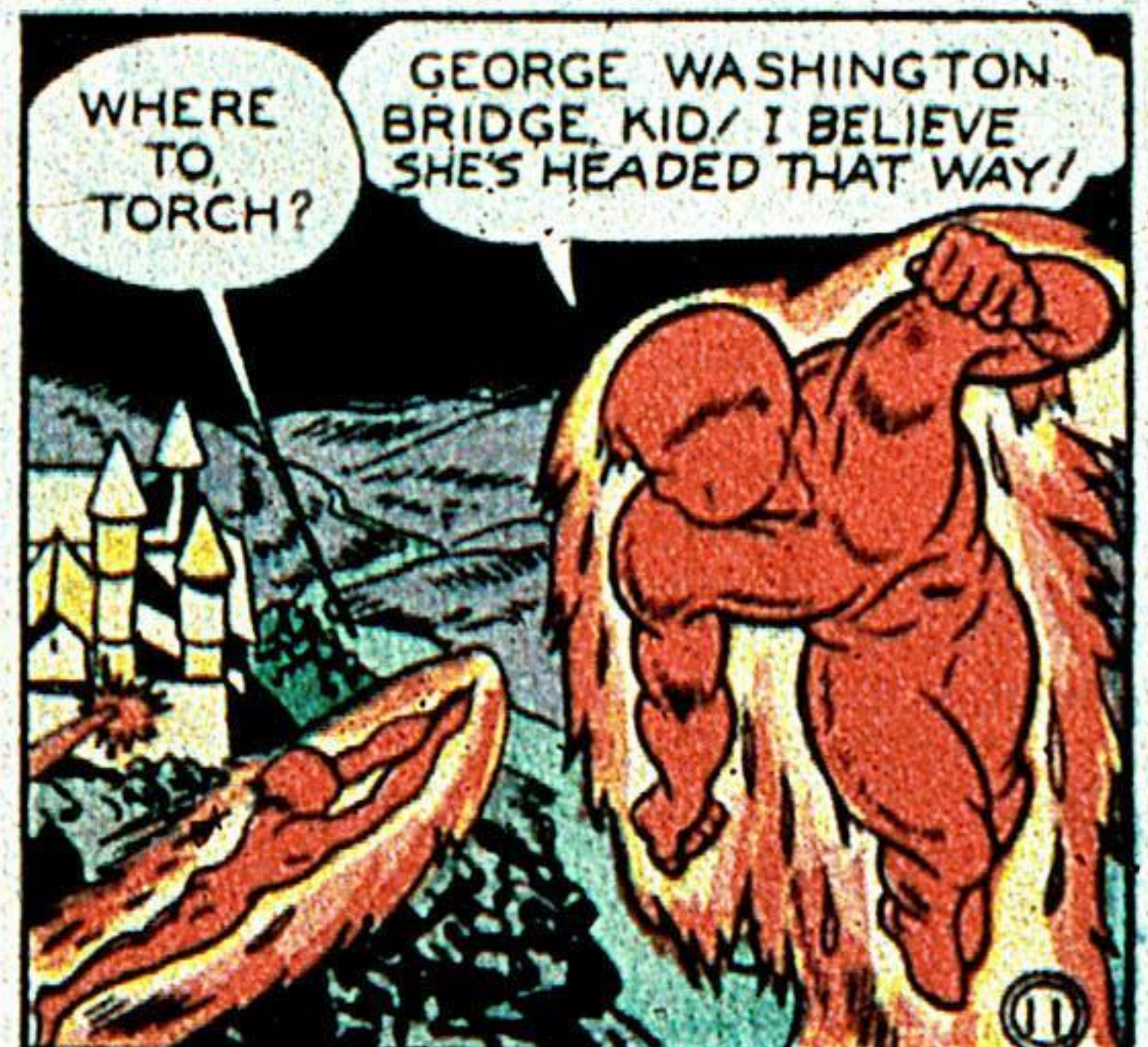
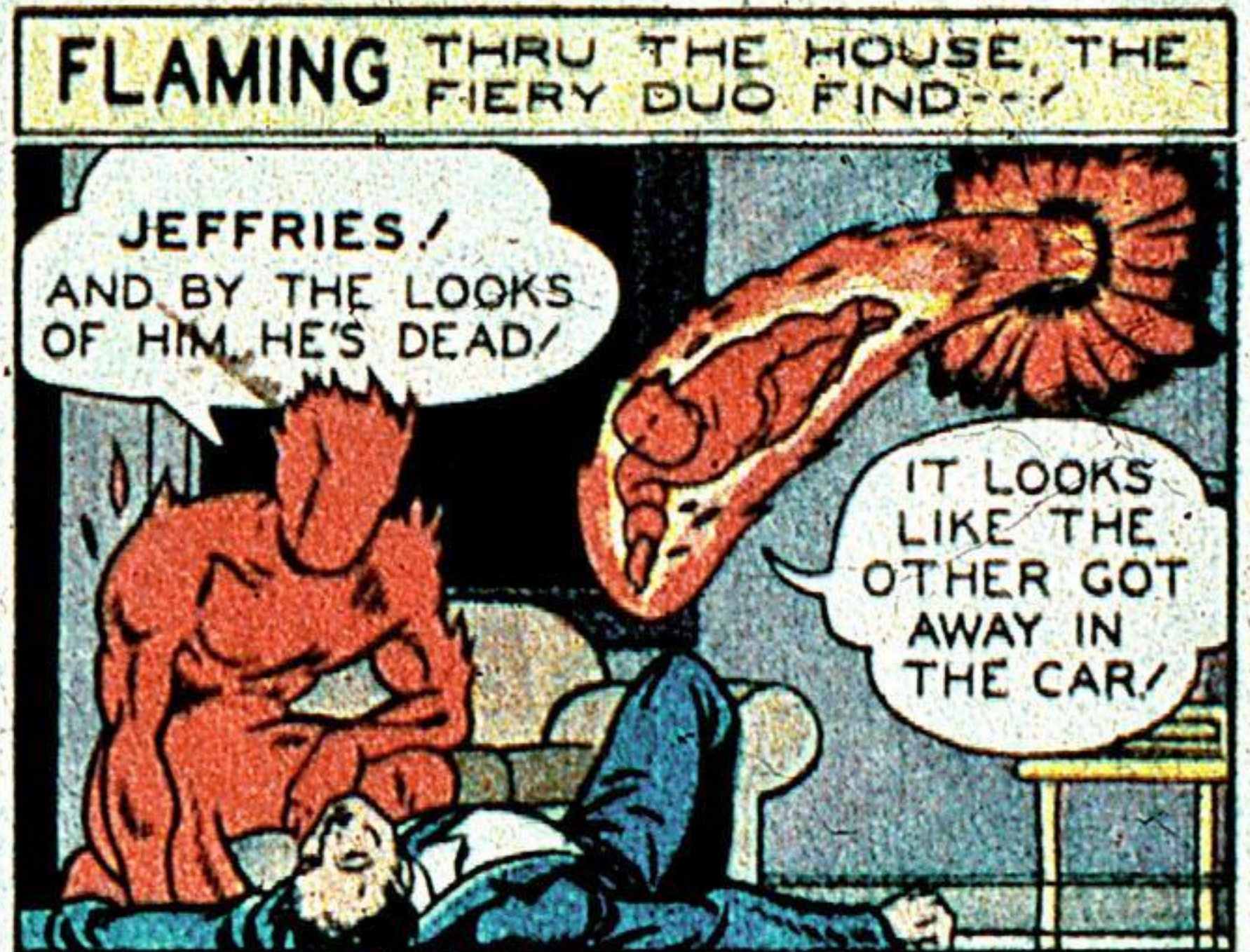


AS THE CHAUFFEUR
TURNS TOWARDS THE
DOOR, THE HOUSEKEEPER--

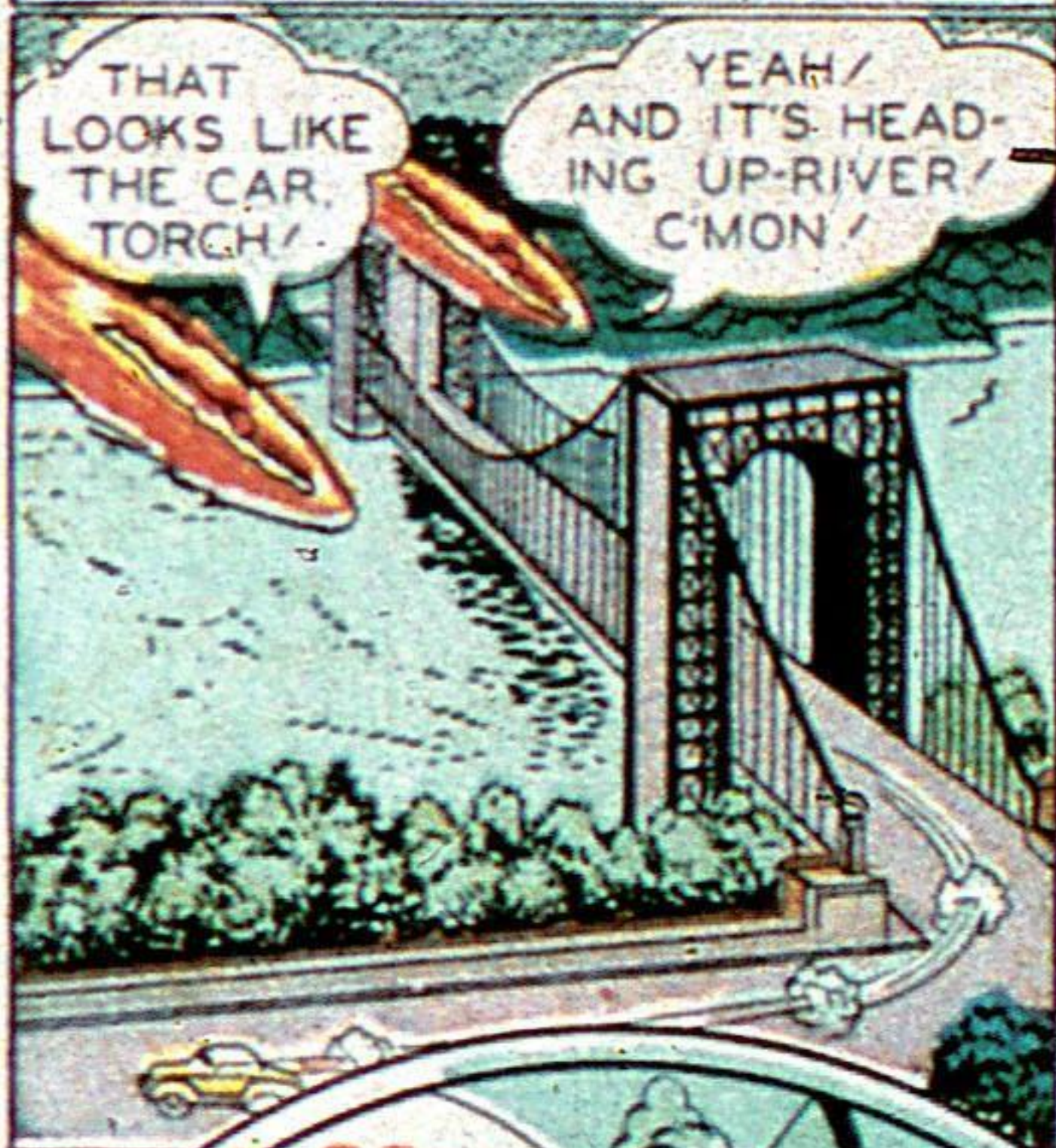


AND BELOW--THE
WATER SWIRLS
EVER HIGHER!

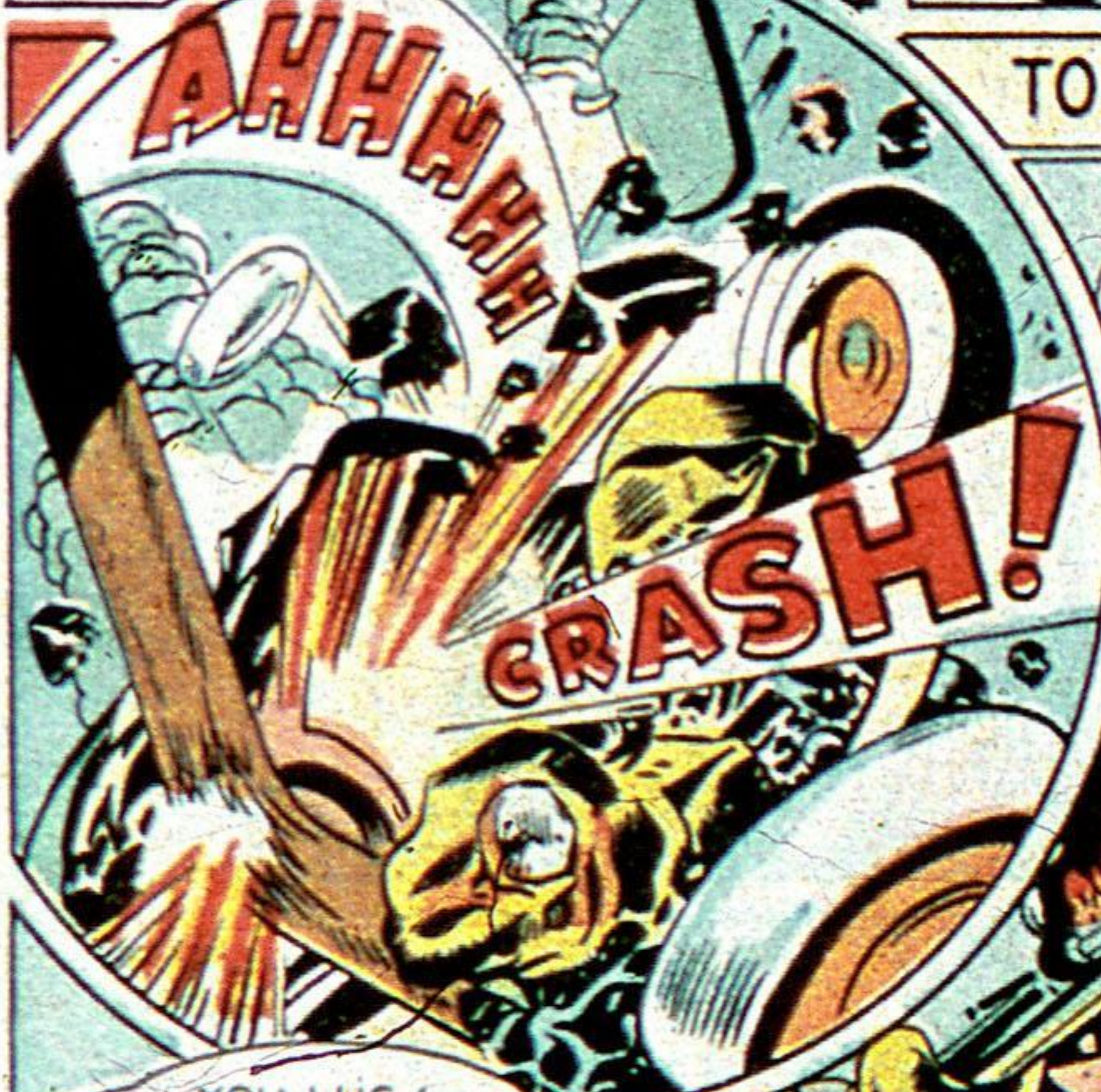
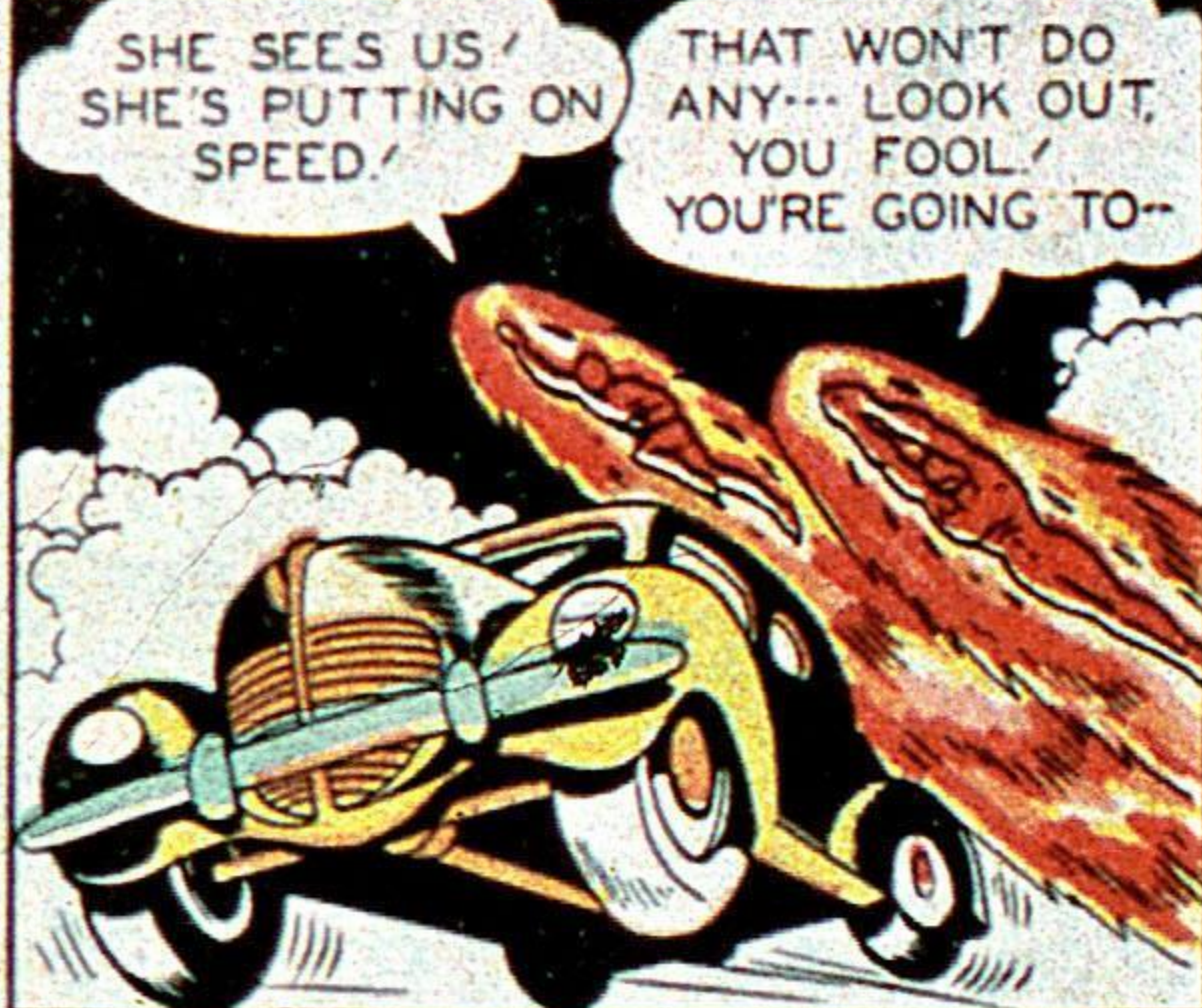




MOMENTS LATER!

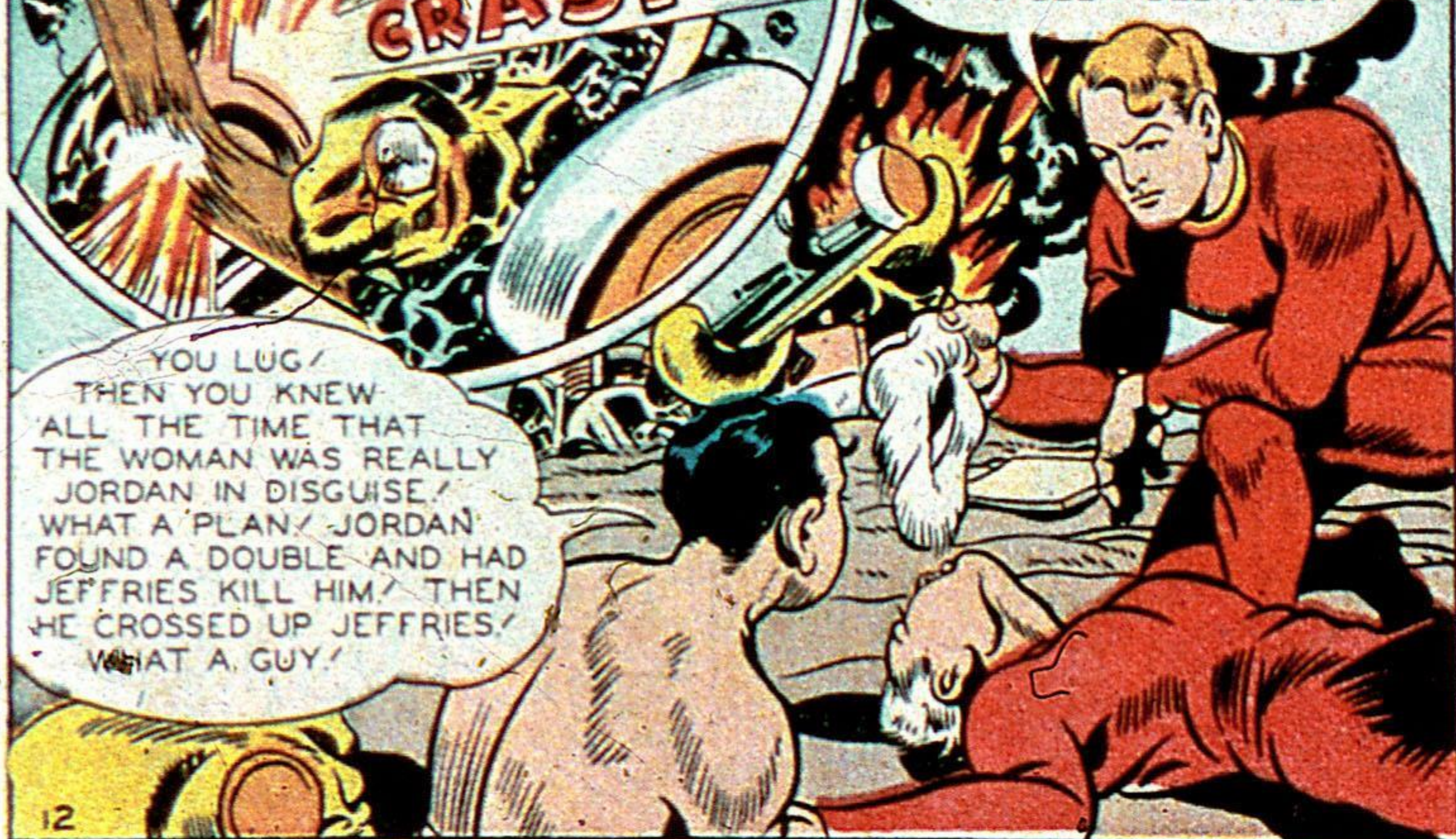


PUTTING ON SPEED, THE DUO CATCH UP WITH THE SPEEDING CAR ON A HORSE-SHOE CURVE!



TORCH STEPS UP TO THE BROKEN BODY AND

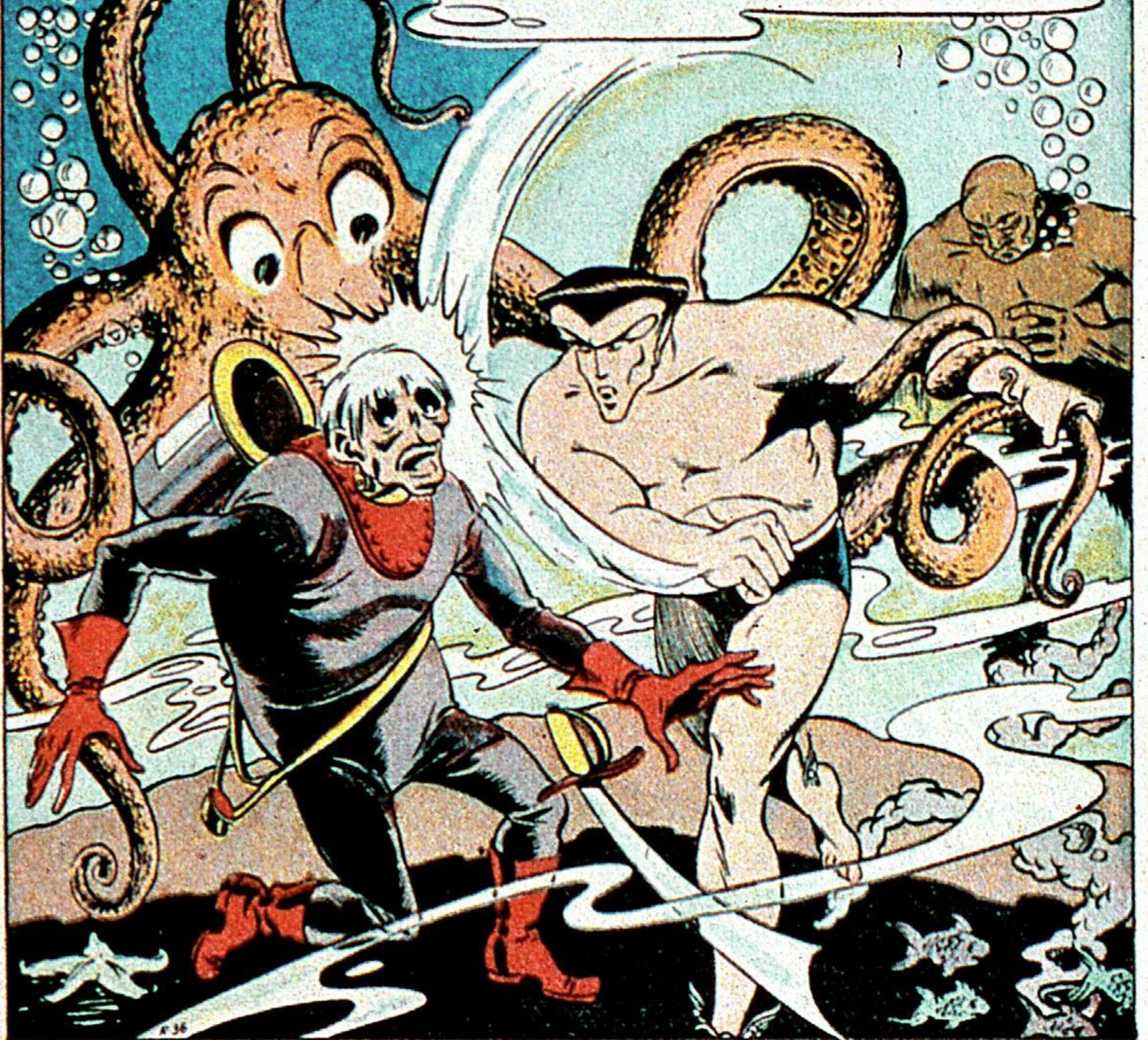
LOOK KID! JUST AS I THOUGHT ALL ALONG! THE REAL MR. JORDAN! HE AND JEFFRIES PLANNED TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER! I SUSPECTED SOMETHING WRONG WHEN I FOUND THAT THE MURDER VICTIM'S HAIR HAD BEEN BLEACHED!

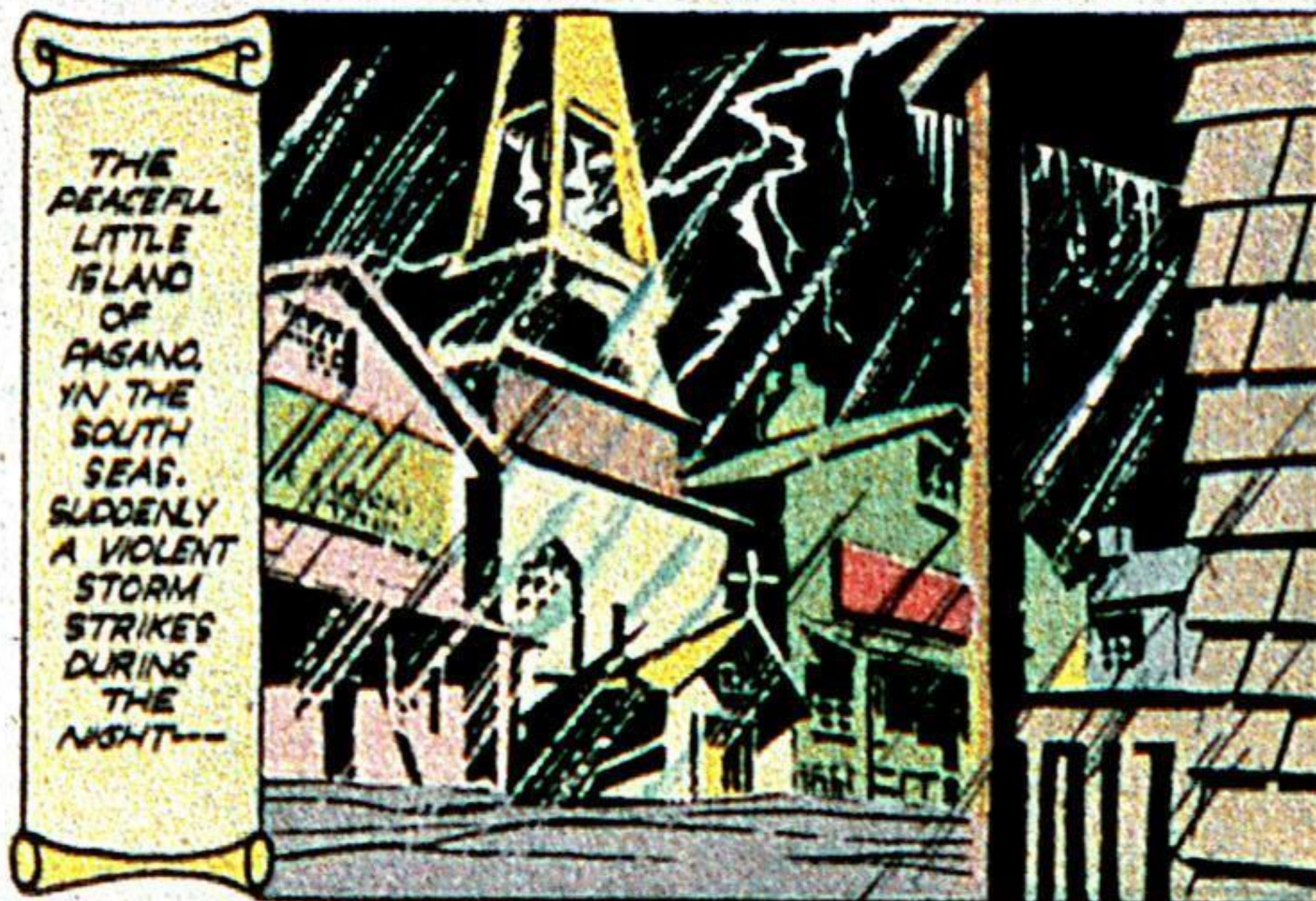


SUB-MARINER

PARADISE OF HORROR

WHAT ARE THEY--THESE GHASTLY, COMPOSITE CREATURES OF EVIL? WHAT STRANGE SECRET HOLDS THE CLUE TO HAVOC AND DEATH THEY SPREAD? AN ADVENTURE FANTASTIC AND GRUESOME, CHALLENGING THE WIT AND CUNNING OF SUB-MARINER AS HE ALONE DARES INVADE THE PARADISE OF HORROR!!





LATER, THE GRUESOME CREATURES RAID A SMALL GROCERY STORE!

GOOD! GOOD! HEH-HEH! YOU ARE DOING GOOD, MY SLAVES!



SUDDENLY, THE GROCER RUSHES IN FROM THE BACK PART OF HIS STORE--!

WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE? THINK YOU CAN STEAL MY GROCERIES AND GET AWAY WITH IT? I'LL CALL THE POLICE! I'LL ---



TINS OF FOOD CRASH SICKENINGLY TO THE FLOOR! ONE OF THE UNEARTHLY FIGURES TURNS, HIS FACE TWISTED WITH HATE---



GREAT HEAVENS-- THEY'RE--NOT-- HUMAN--! HELP! HELP!

UG.. UGH..

RELENTLESS AS BANDS OF STEEL, HANDS CLAMP AROUND THE GROCER'S THROAT--!



NEXT DAY, SUB-MARINER VIEWS THE STRANGE WRECKAGE WITH ISLAND OFFICIALS--

THE CHURCH STEEPLE-- ROOFS MISSING-- A DOOR TORN OFF AND STOLEN! PRETTY QUEER--

WHAT WOULD ANYBODY WANT WITH THINGS LIKE THAT? AND WHAT SORT OF MEN WOULD HAVE THE STRENGTH TO TEAR OFF A CHURCH STEEPLE DURING THE NIGHT?



AFTER THE PUZZLED OFFICIALS HAVE GONE, SUB-MARINER SEARCHES ON ALONE--!

THIS IS A WEIRD CASE-- BETTER DO SOME INVESTIGATING ON MY OWN!



SUB-MARINER SEARCHES THE PLUNDERED GROCERY-STORE, WHEN SUDDENLY--!

ALL THE FOOD GONE--STOLEN! AND---WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY GROANING!

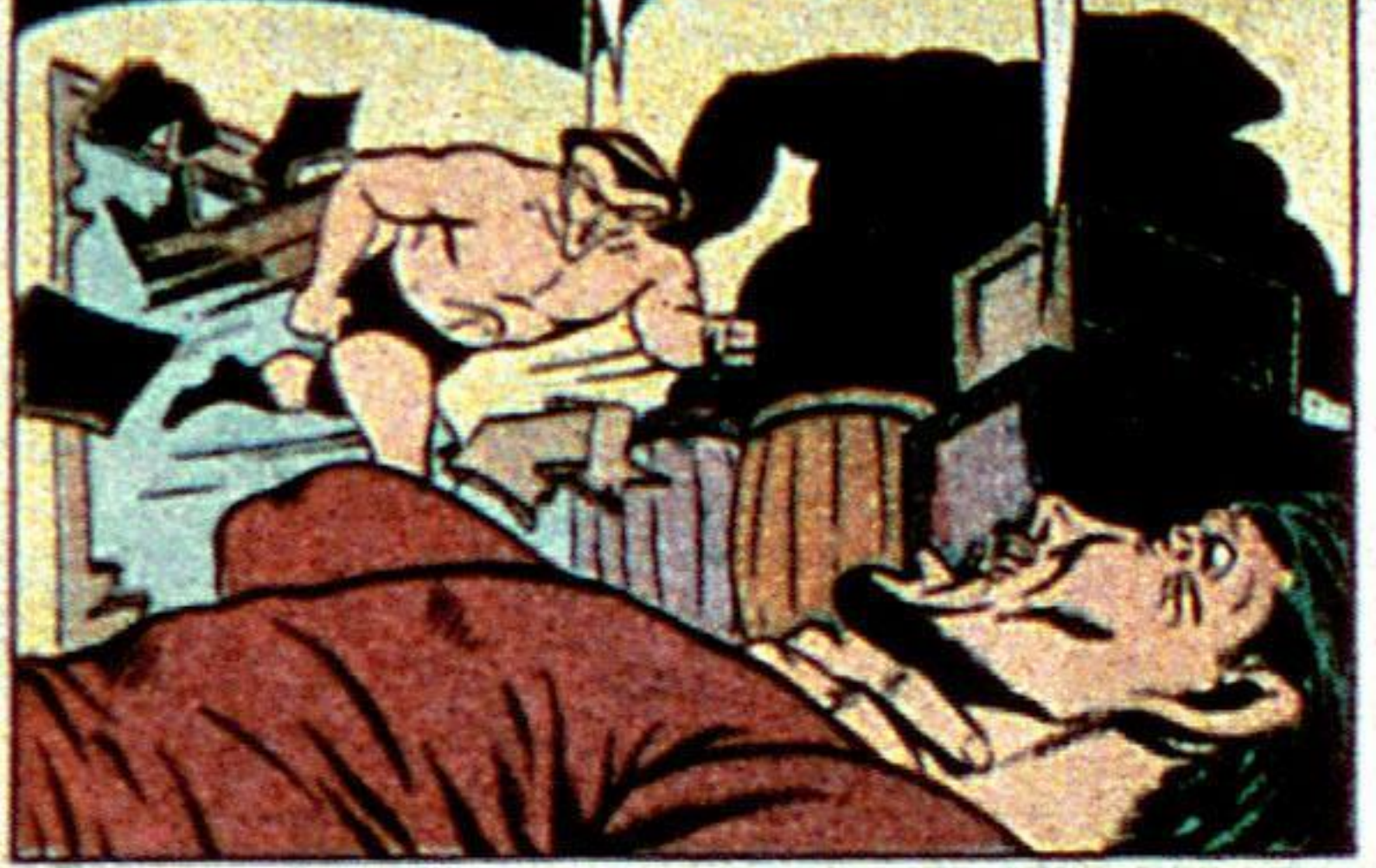
GROANN--HELD



BURSTING INTO A BACK ROOM OF THE LITTLE STORE, SUB-MARINER FINDS--!

GREAT GARFISH--MUST BE THE GROCER! HE LOOKS HALF-DEAD!

MY--THROAT--HELP--I'M---DYING---



THEY--WERE--MONSTERS--MEN WITH MANY ARMS--ONE STRANGLER ME--HELP--

COMPOSITE MEN! HE MUST BE DELIRIOUS!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY! LATER YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!



THAT NIGHT, SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, SUB-MARINER TALKS TO THE HOSPITAL SURGEON AND TO HIS SKILLED ASSISTANT, GRACE JOHNSON---

WE'LL HAVE TO OPERATE--HIS WIND-PIPE'S PARTIALLY CRUSHED! IF WE WORK FAST ENOUGH, WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM!

I HOPE SO! MANY LIVES MAY DEPEND ON HIM! IF HE COULD ONLY TELL US WHAT HAPPENED! THEN WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO PREVENT MORE CATASTROPHE!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS NOW! WE'LL TRY TO PULL HIM THROUGH!

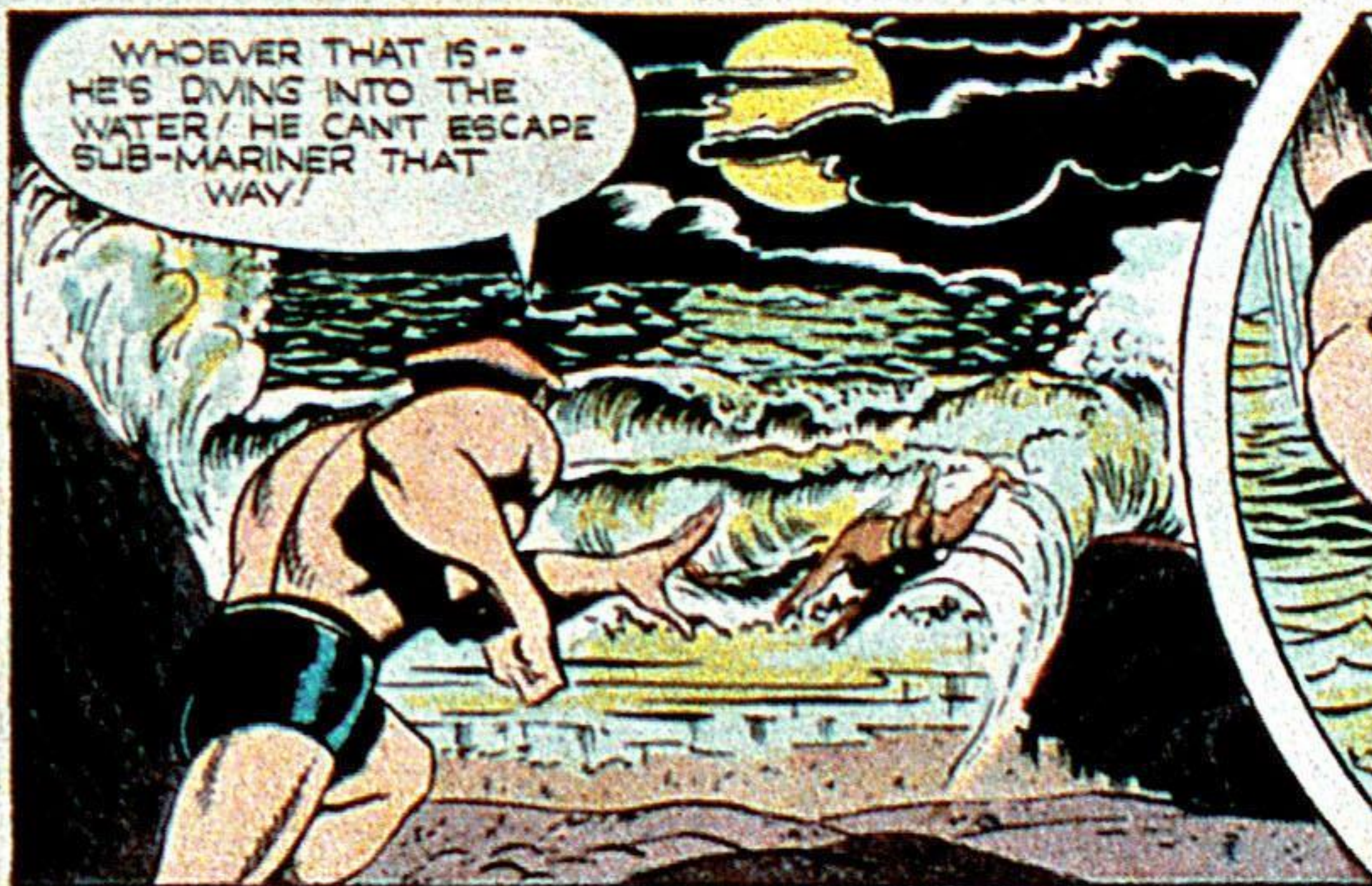
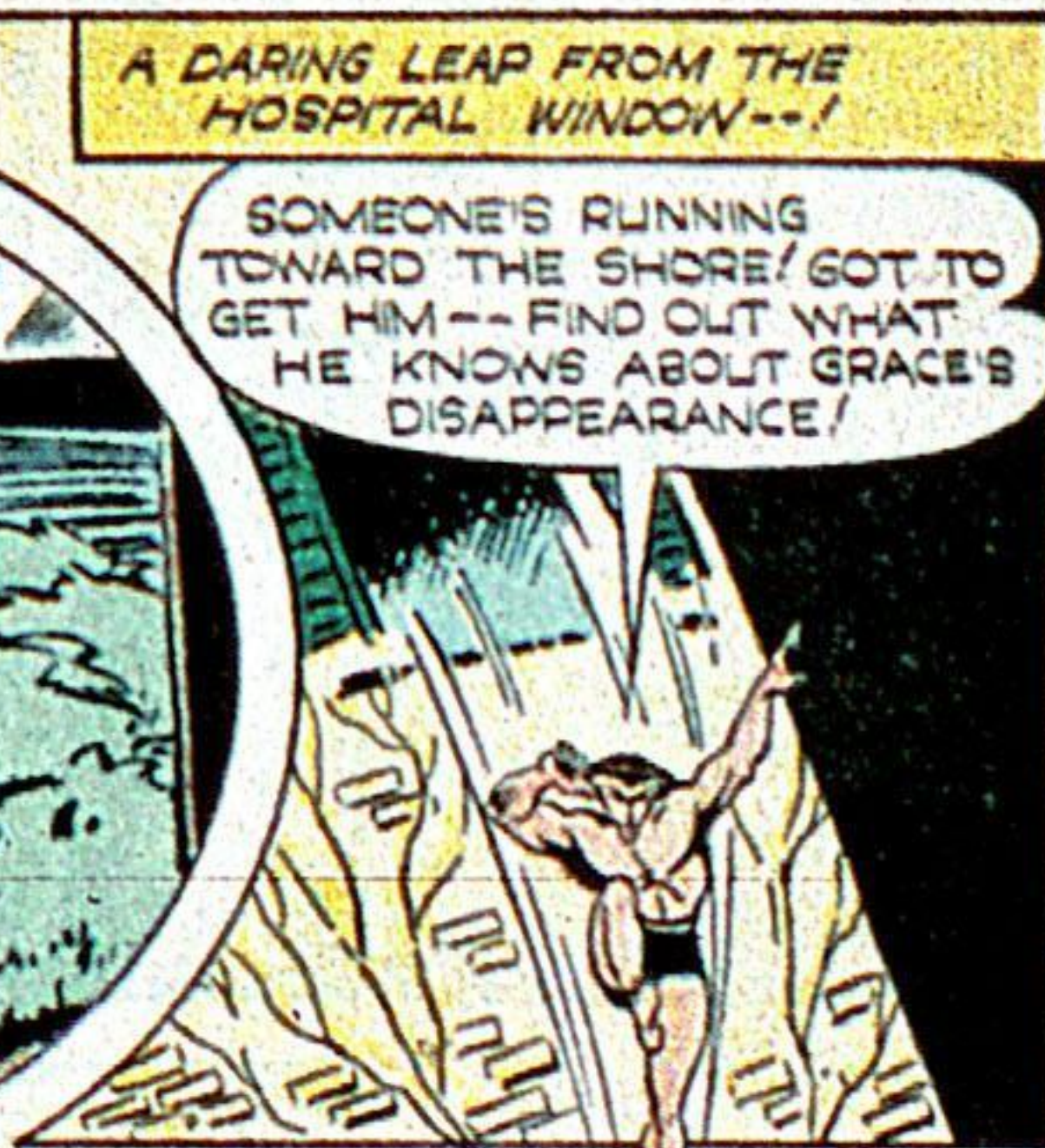
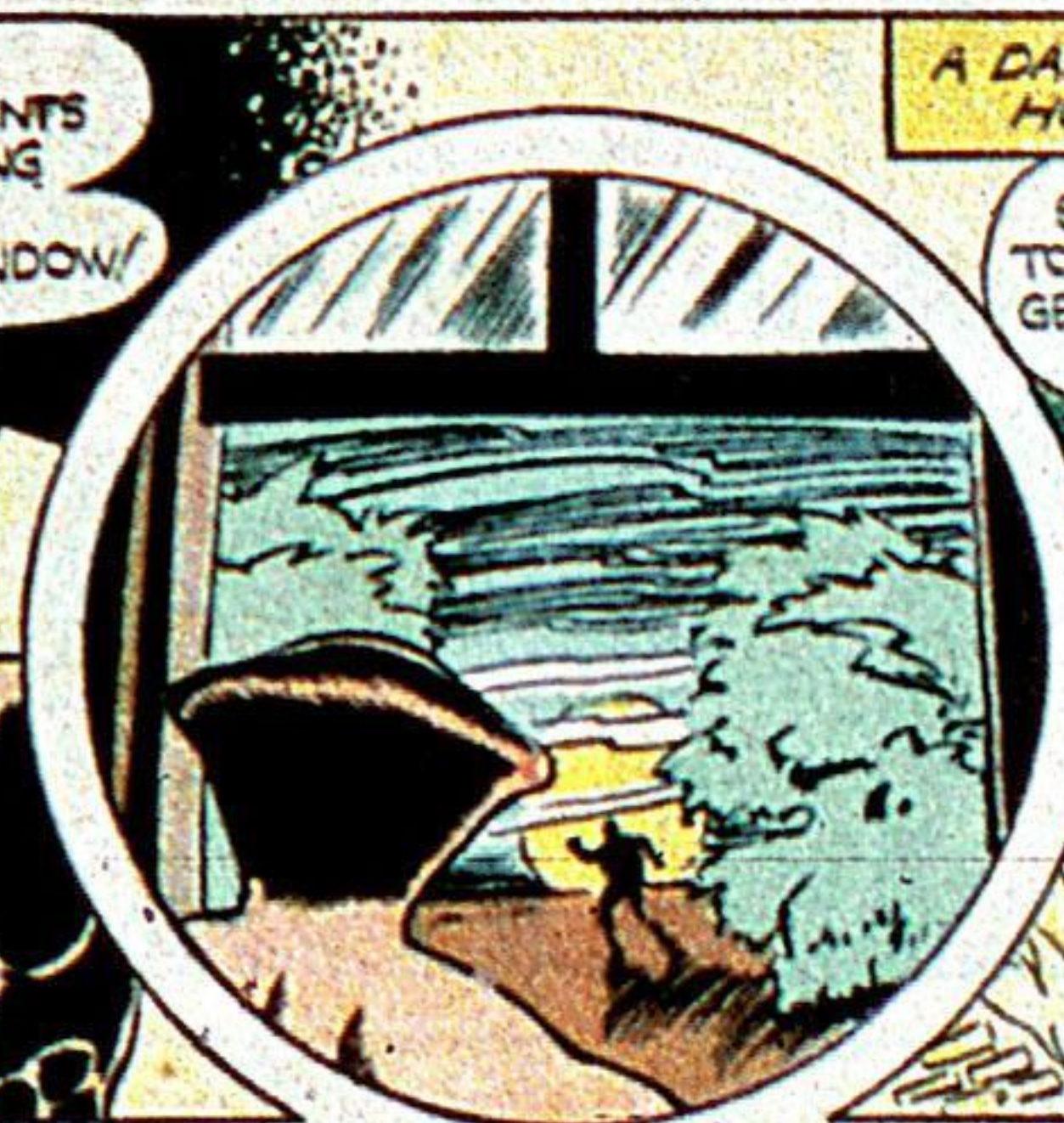
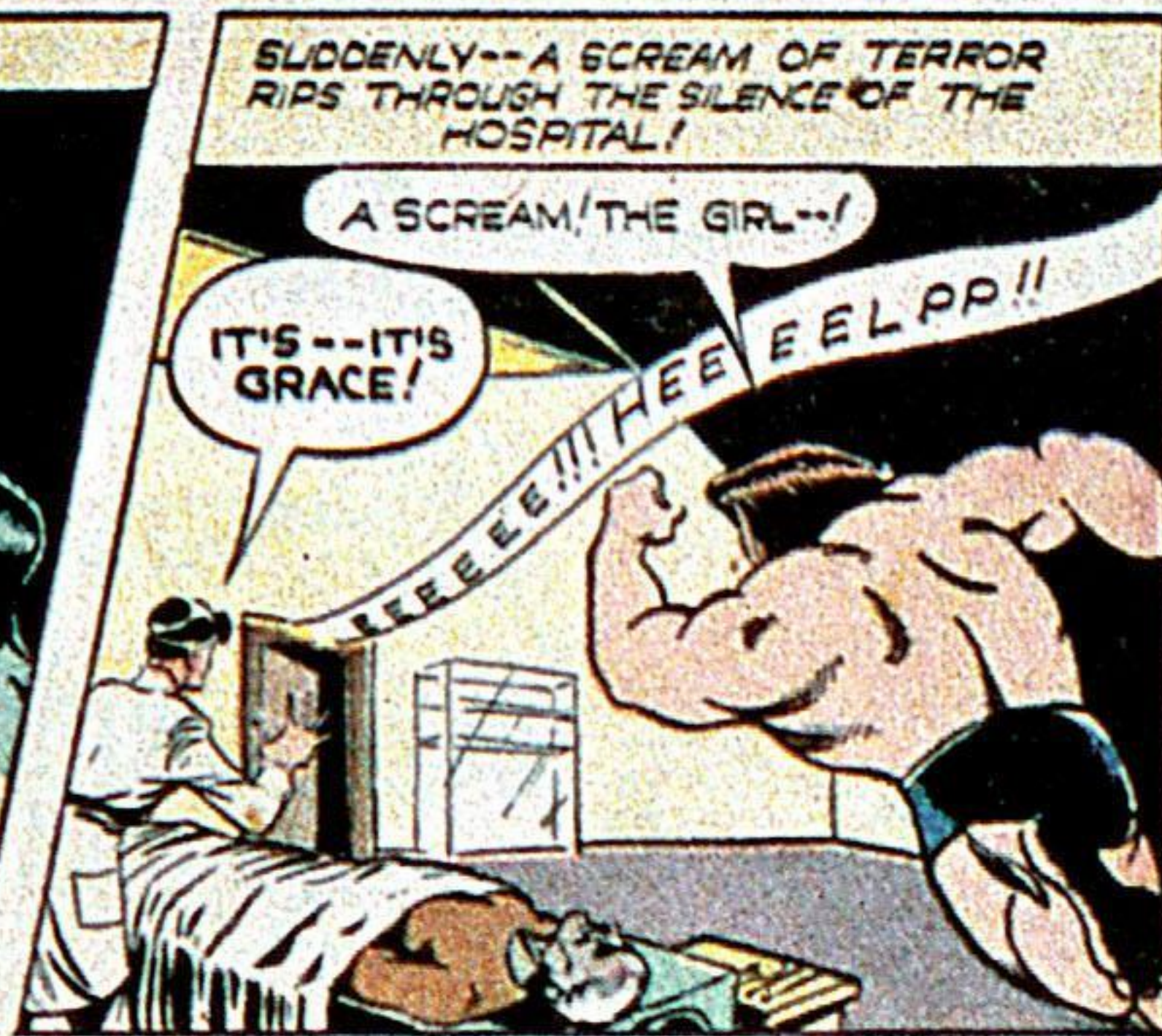
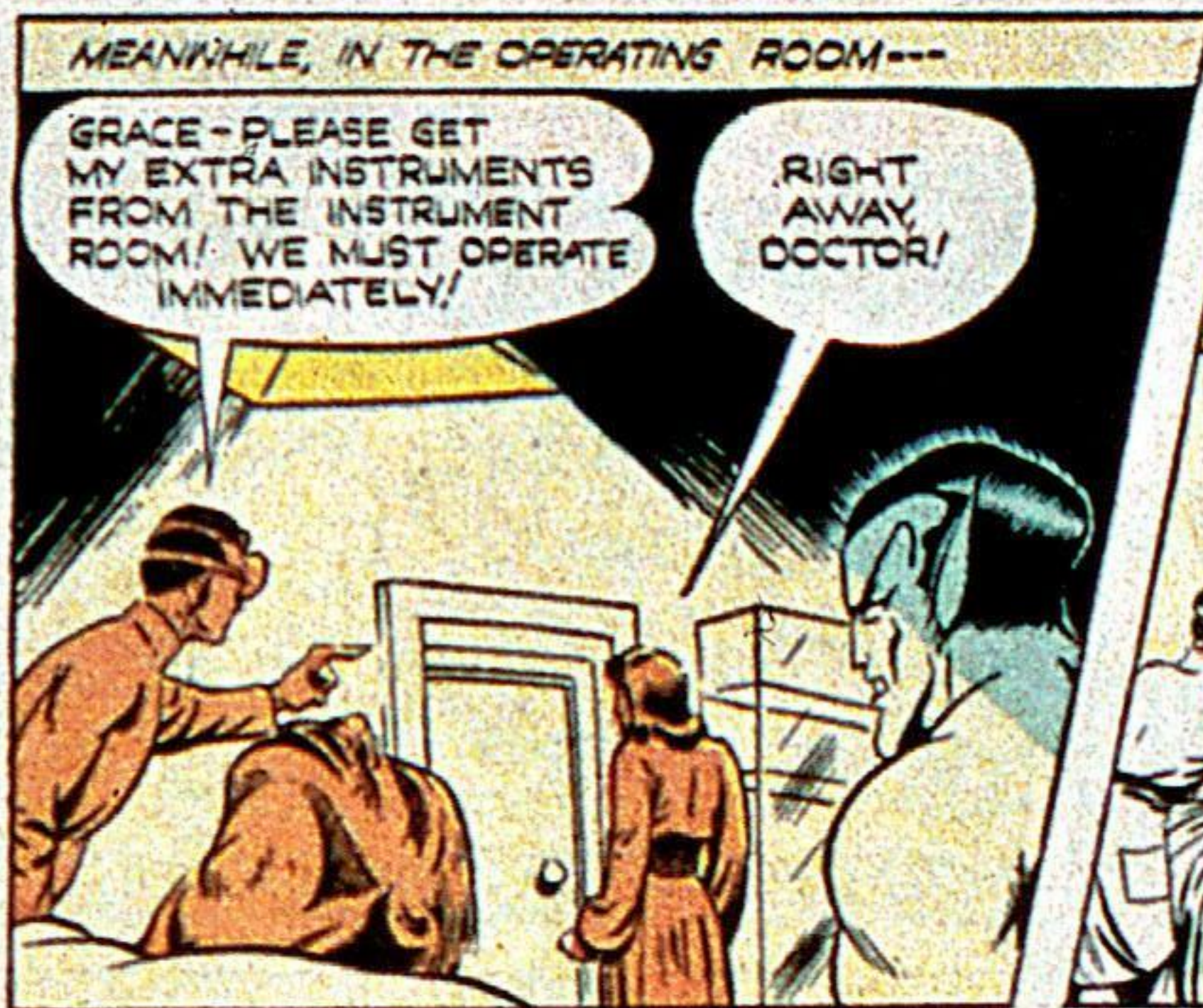


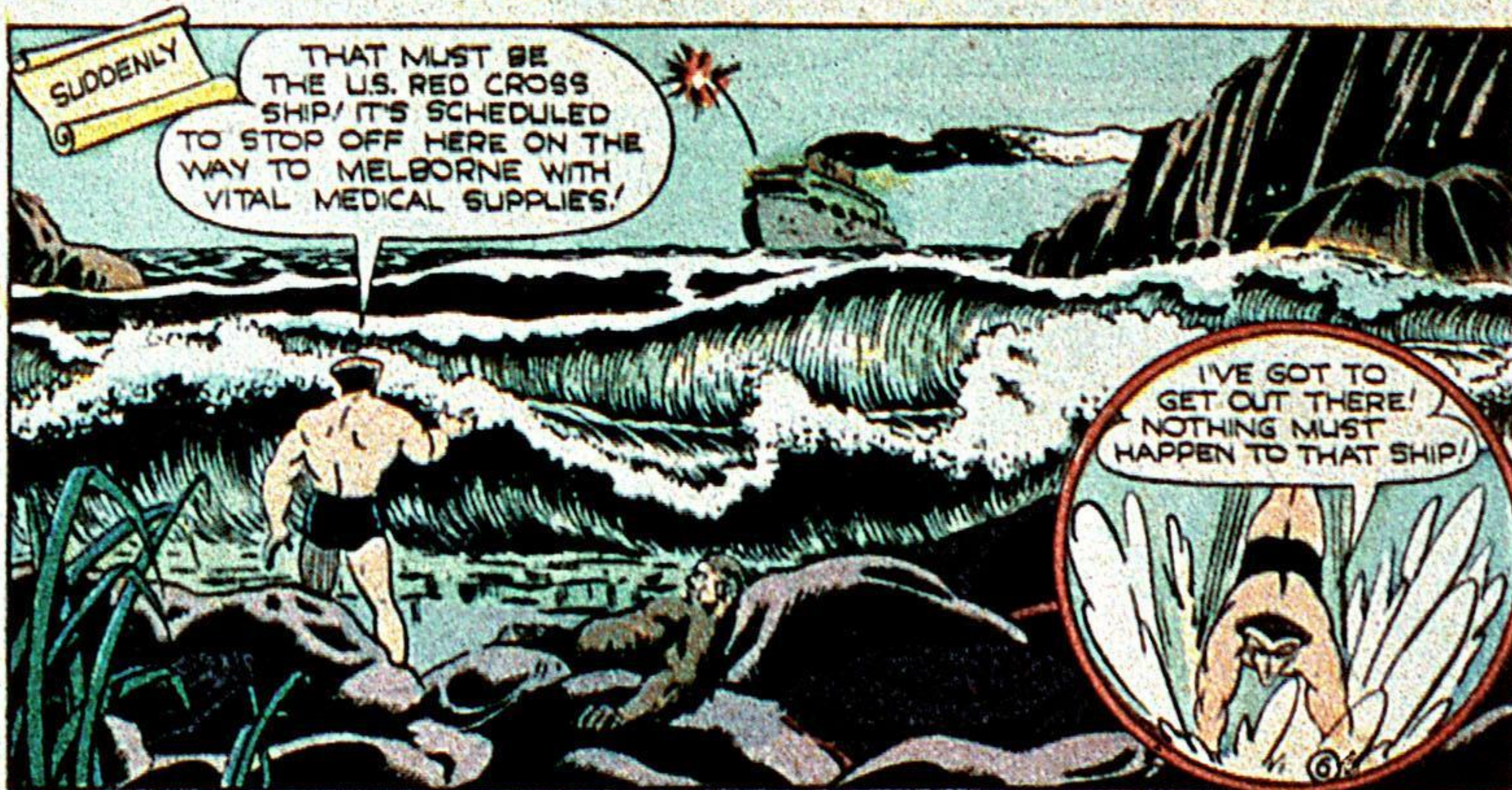
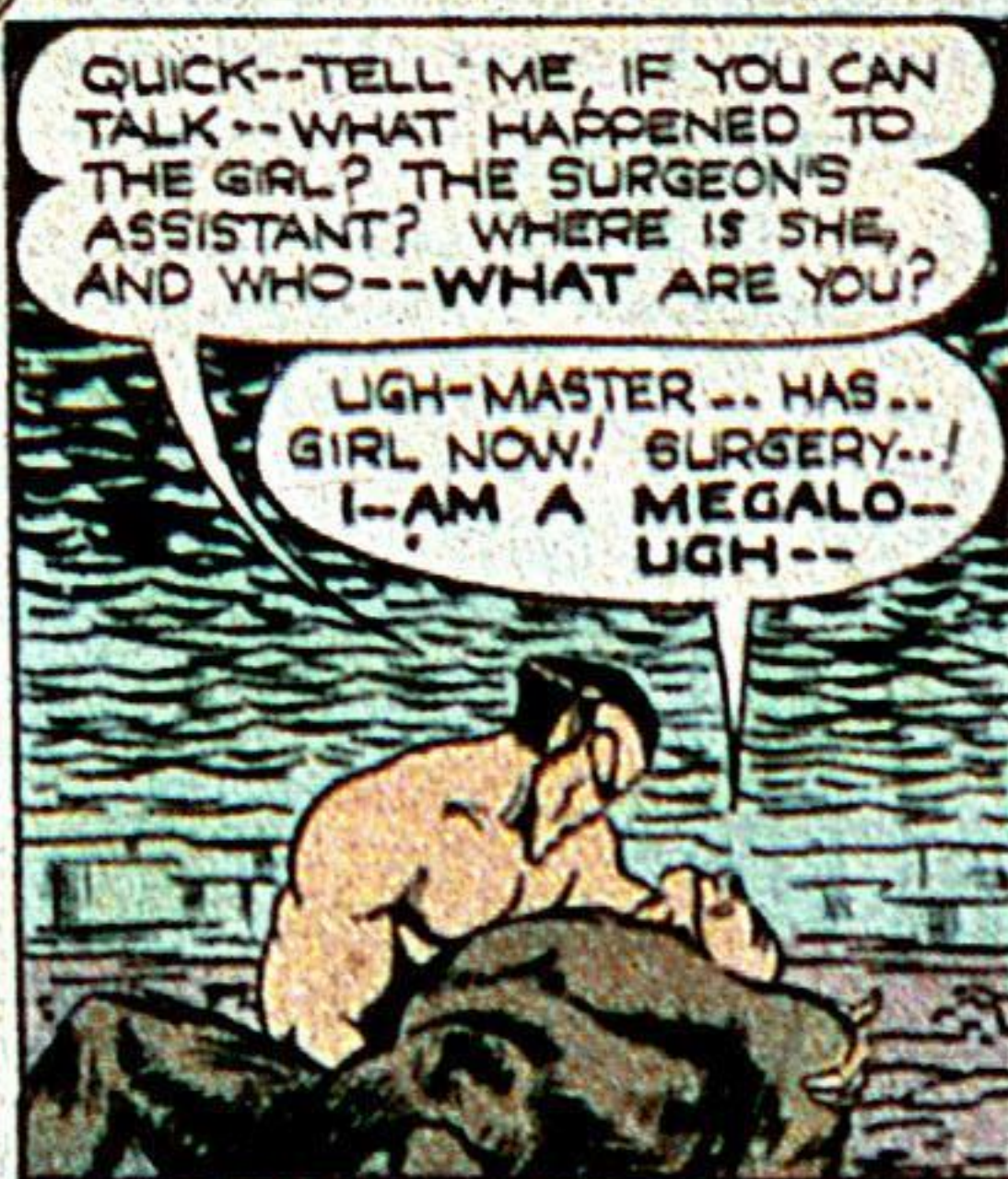
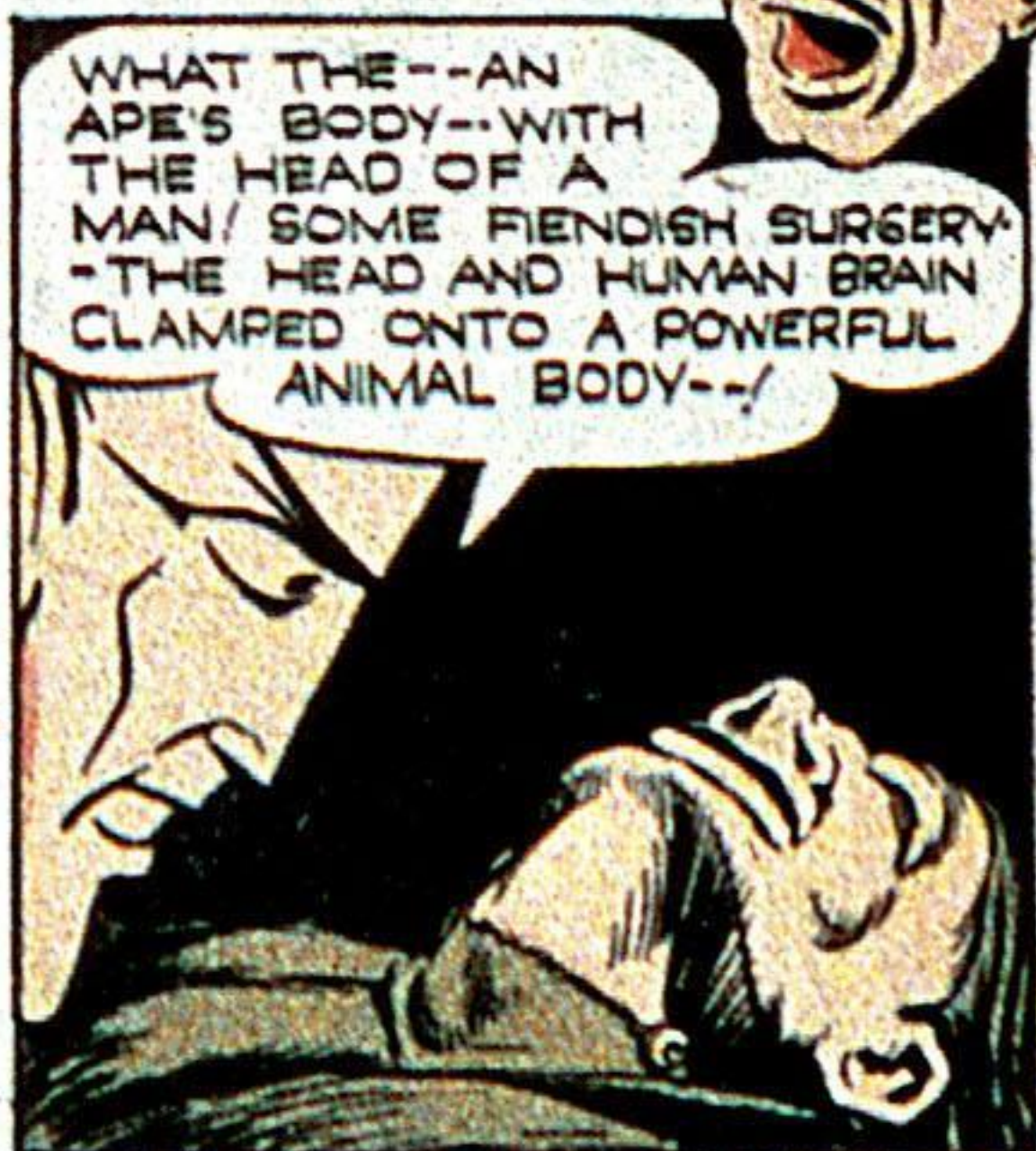
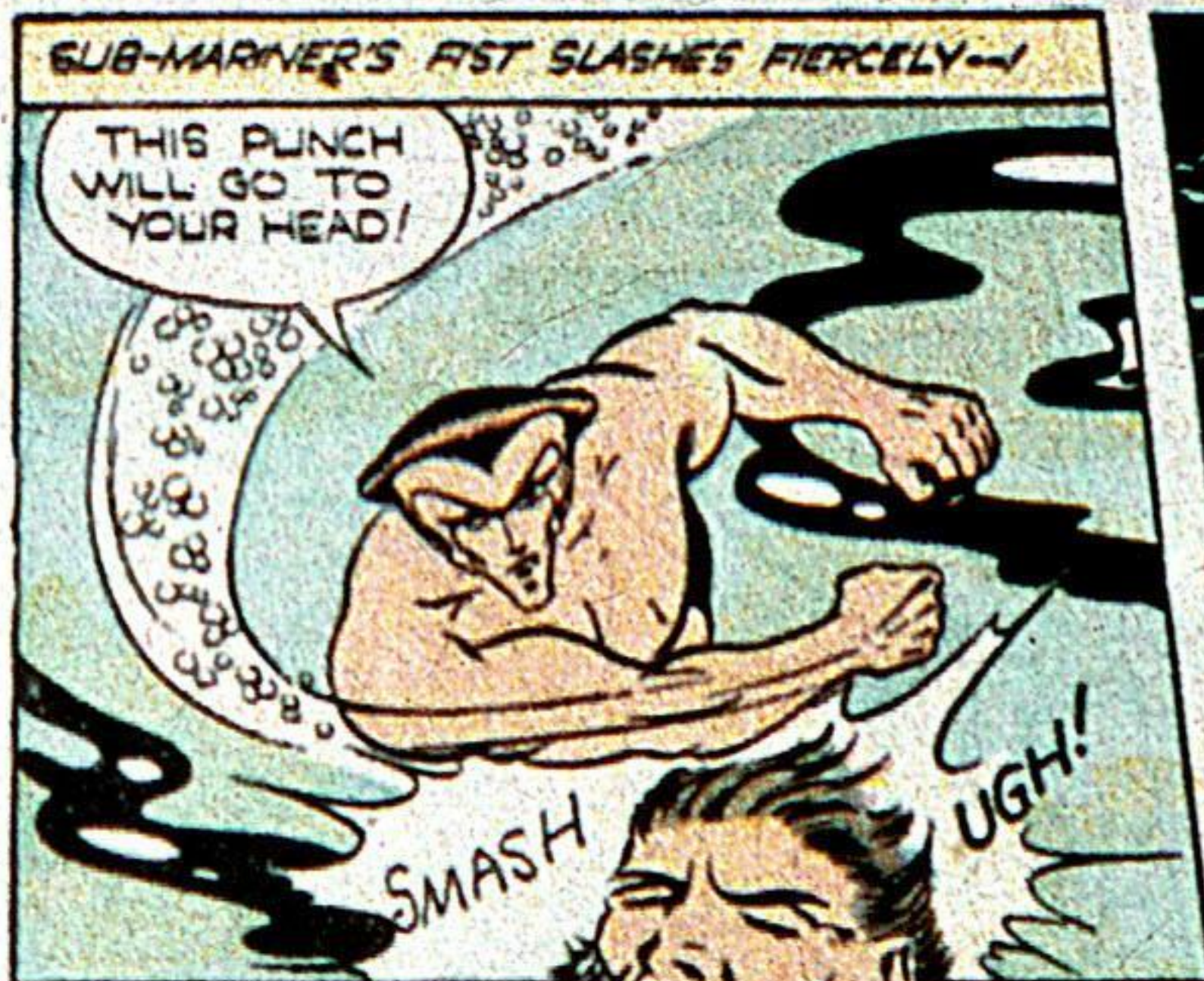
BUT AT THAT VERY INSTANT--OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, AN AWESOME, TERRIFYING SCENE!

THE GIRL--SO SKILLED IN SURGERY--GET HER! AND THE SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS!

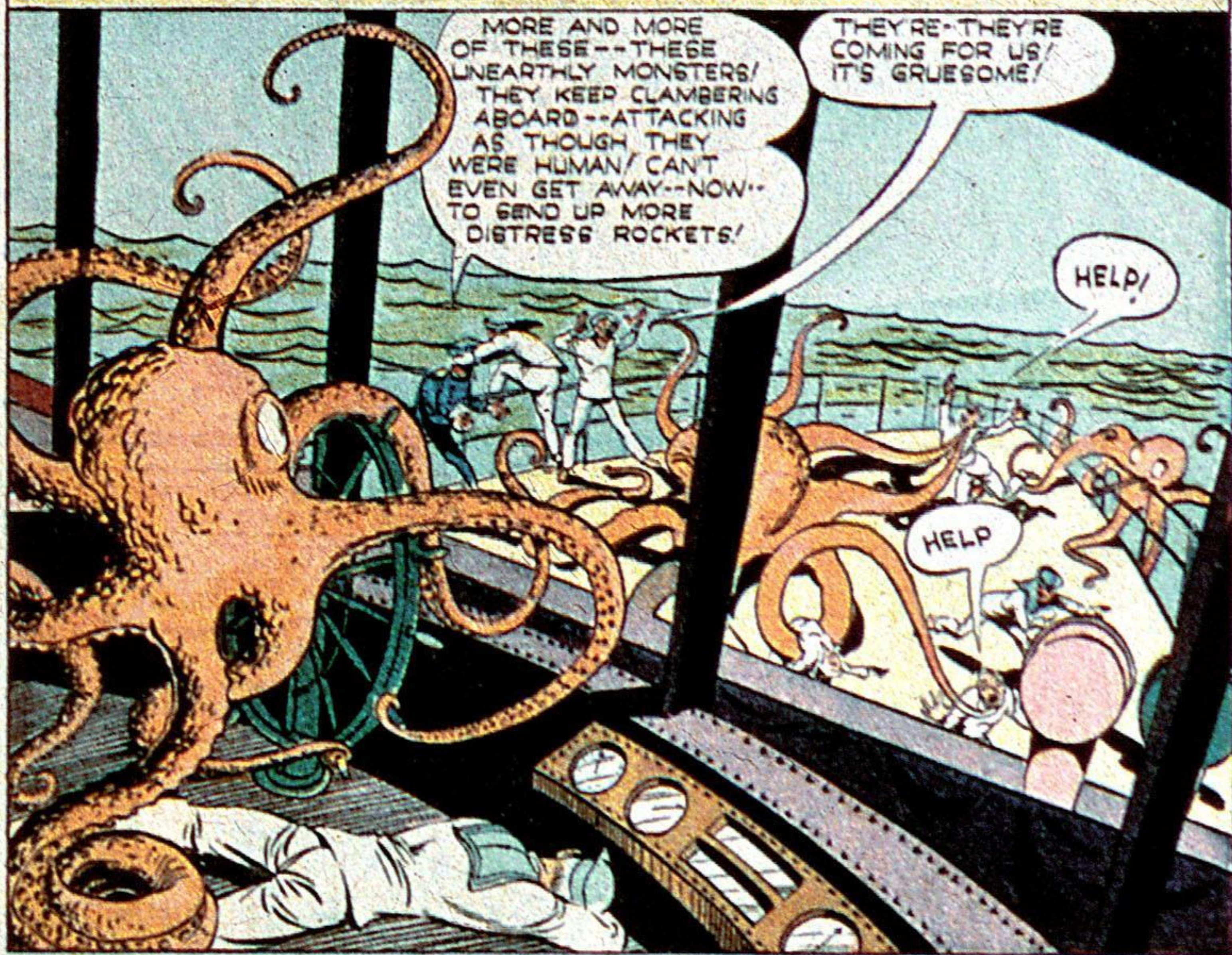
YES MASTER!







ABOARD THE RED CROSS SHIP, A MURDERED MAN LIES NEAR HIS POST! BUT AT THE TILLER, STEERING THE SHIP--AN OCTOPUS! STEERING, AS THOUGH THE SLITHERING MONSTER HAD A BRAIN OF A HUMAN BEING!

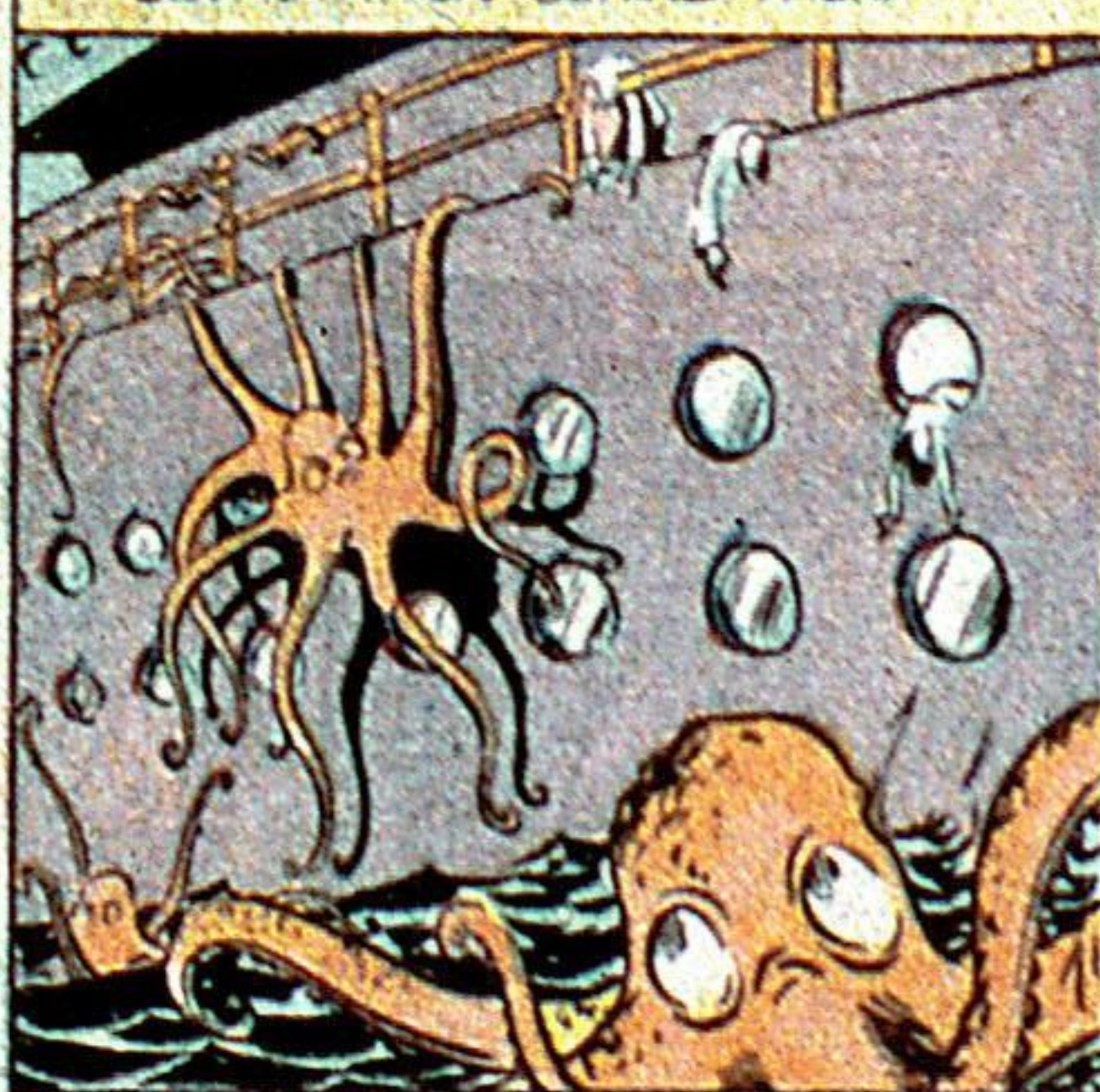


SUB-MARINER
PLUNGES THROUGH
THE WATER TOWARD
THE STRICKEN SHIP!

STRANGE--NO MORE
ROCKETS! AND THE
SHIP SEEMS TO BE
TURNING, HEADING
AWAY FROM SHORE!
ALL THESE QUEER
HAPPENINGS---PER-
HAPS TIED UP TO-
GETHER SOMEHOW?

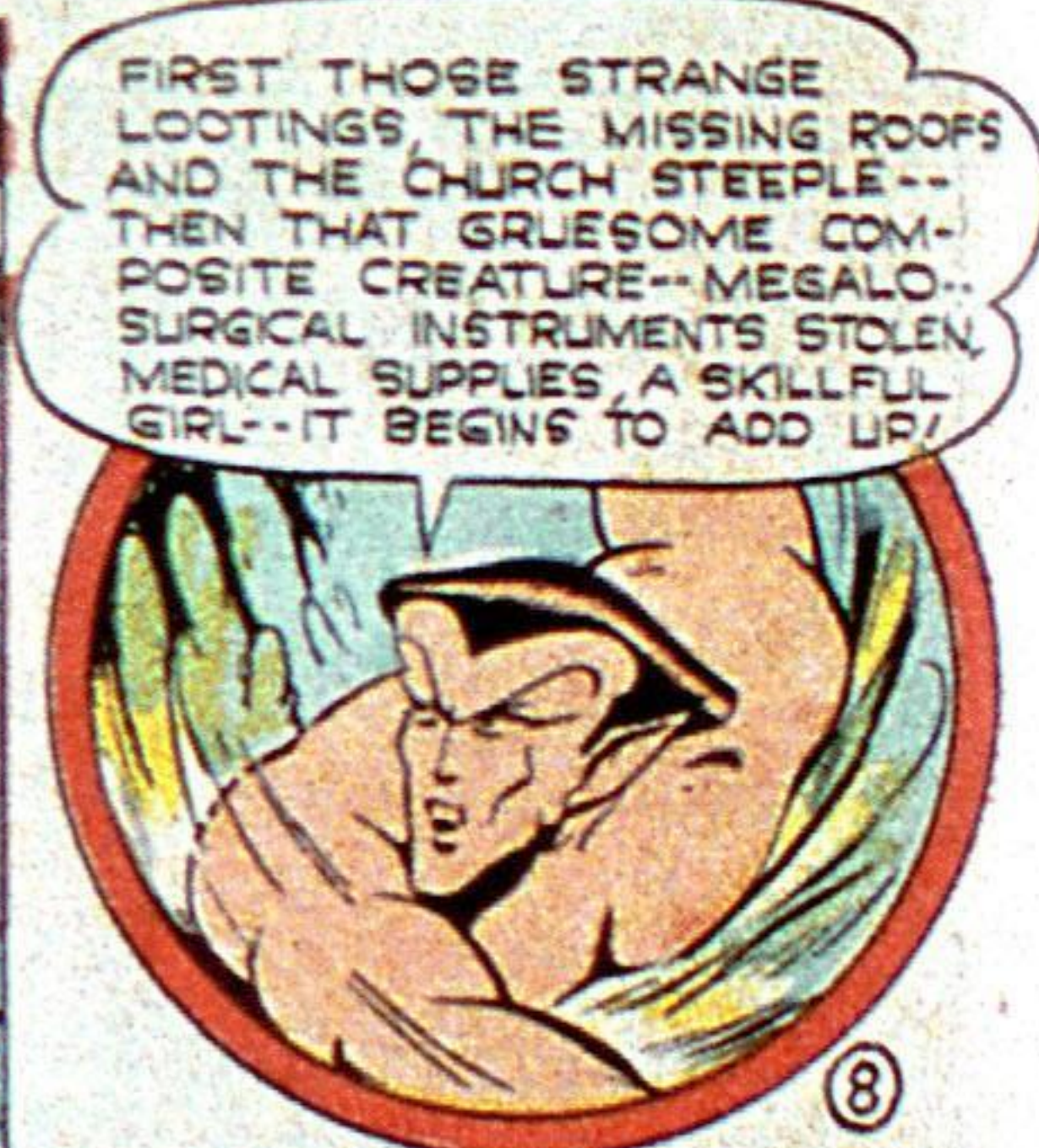
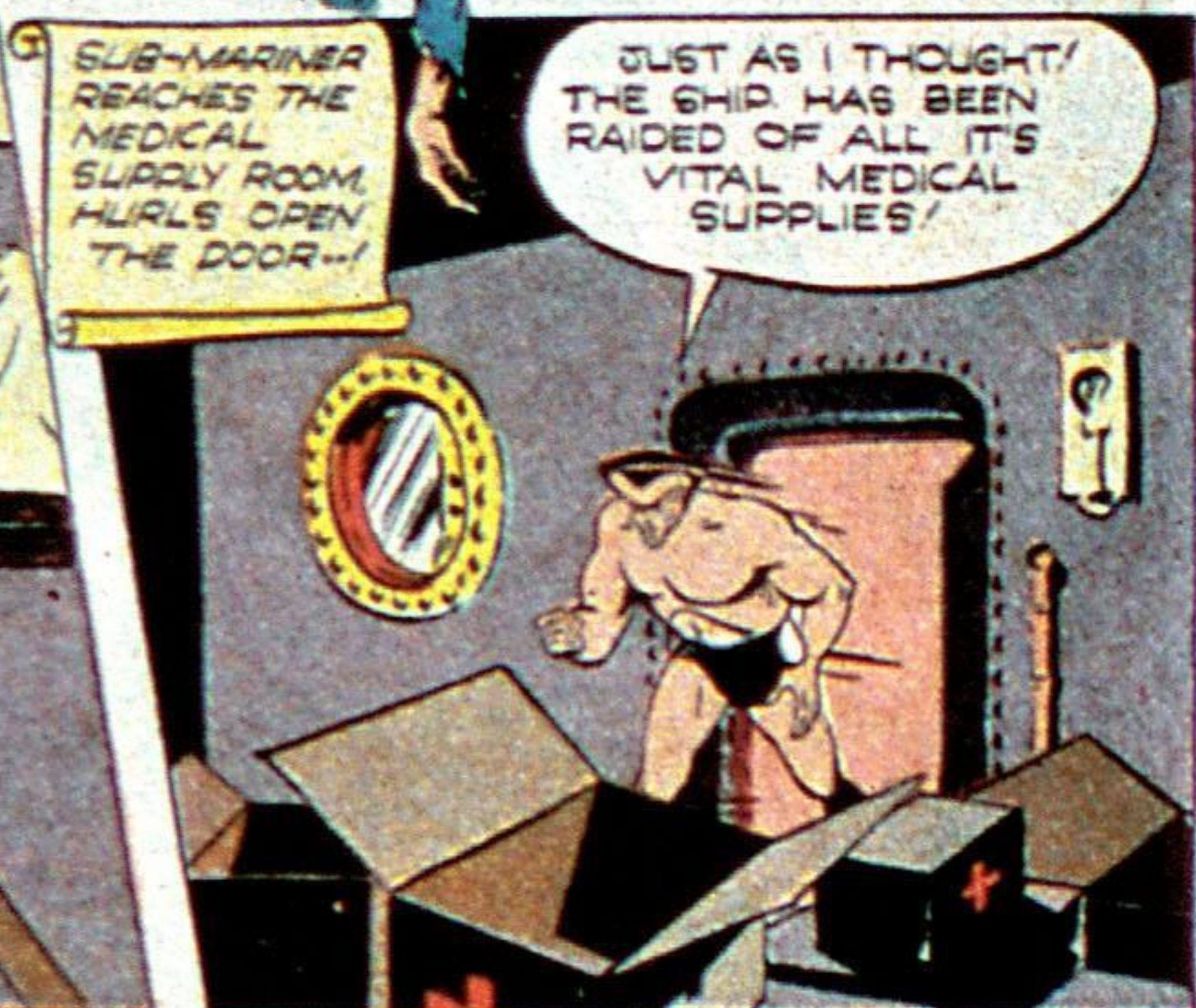
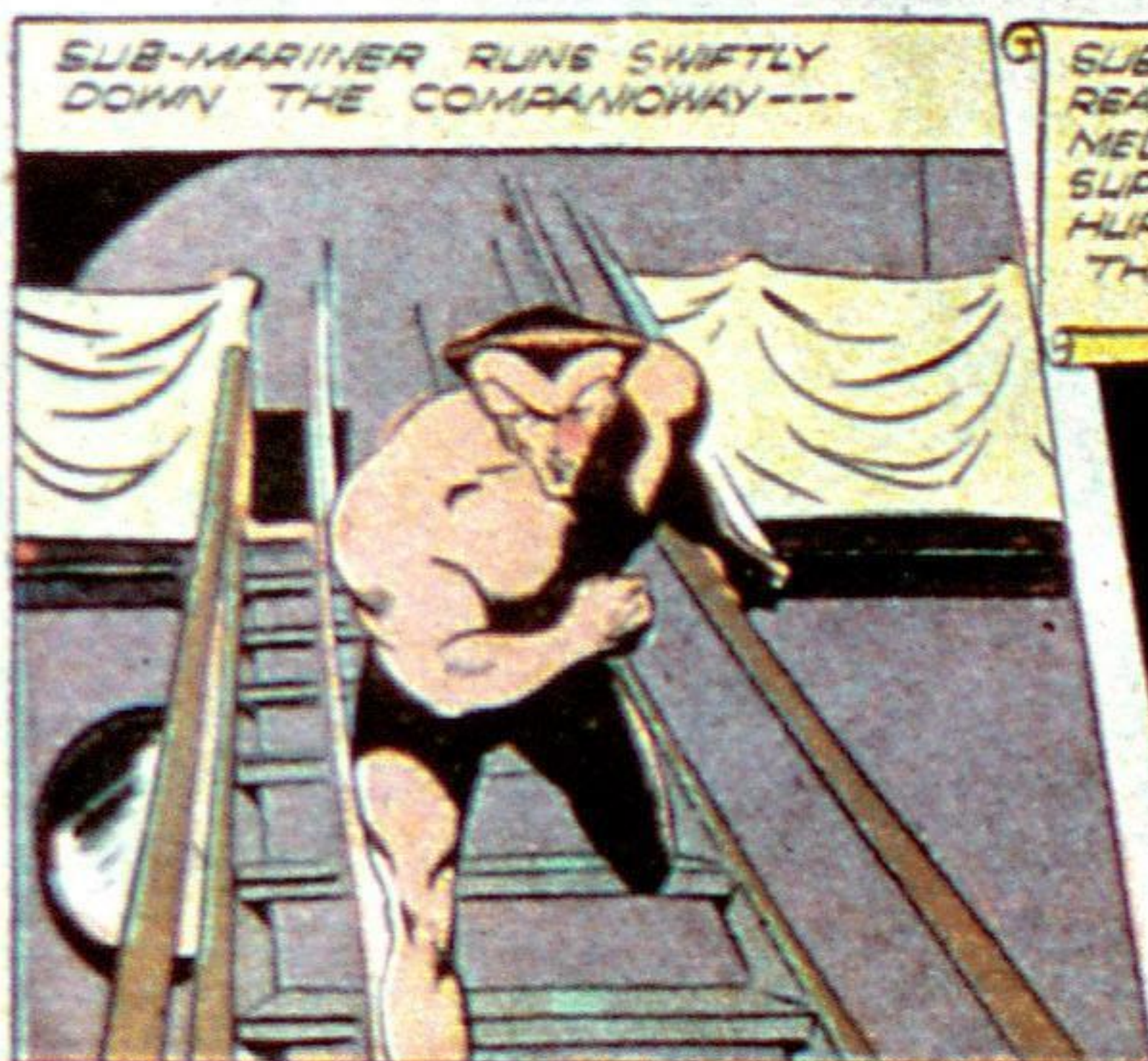
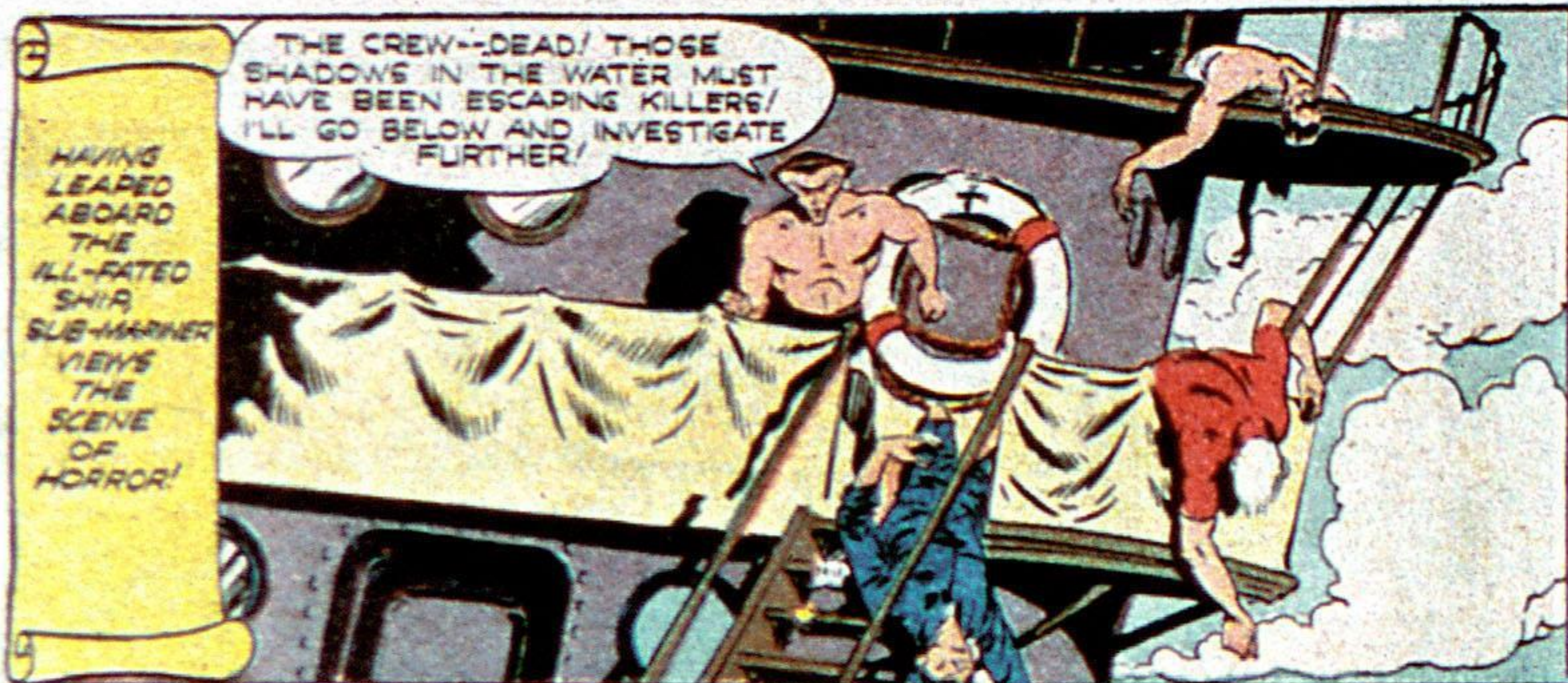


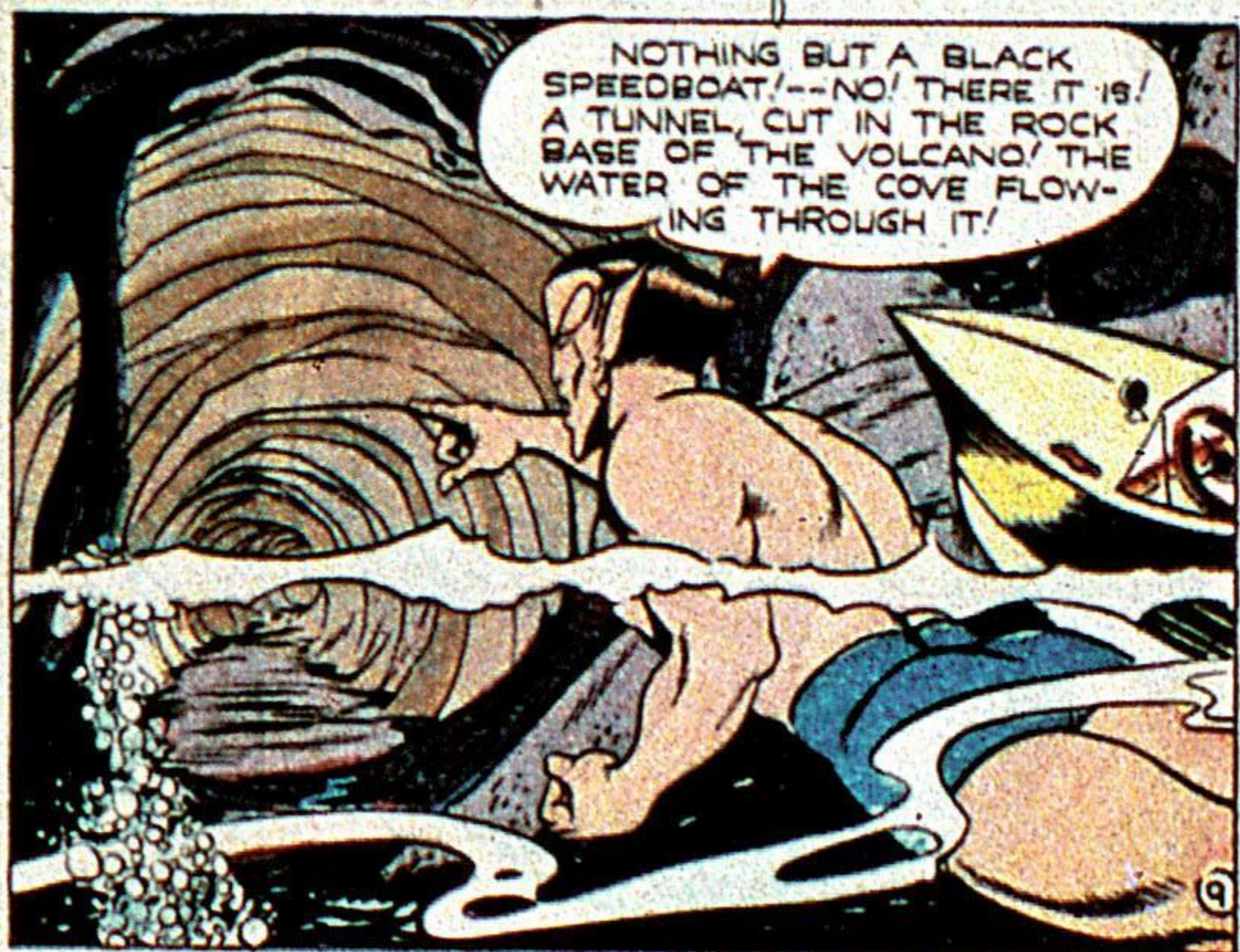
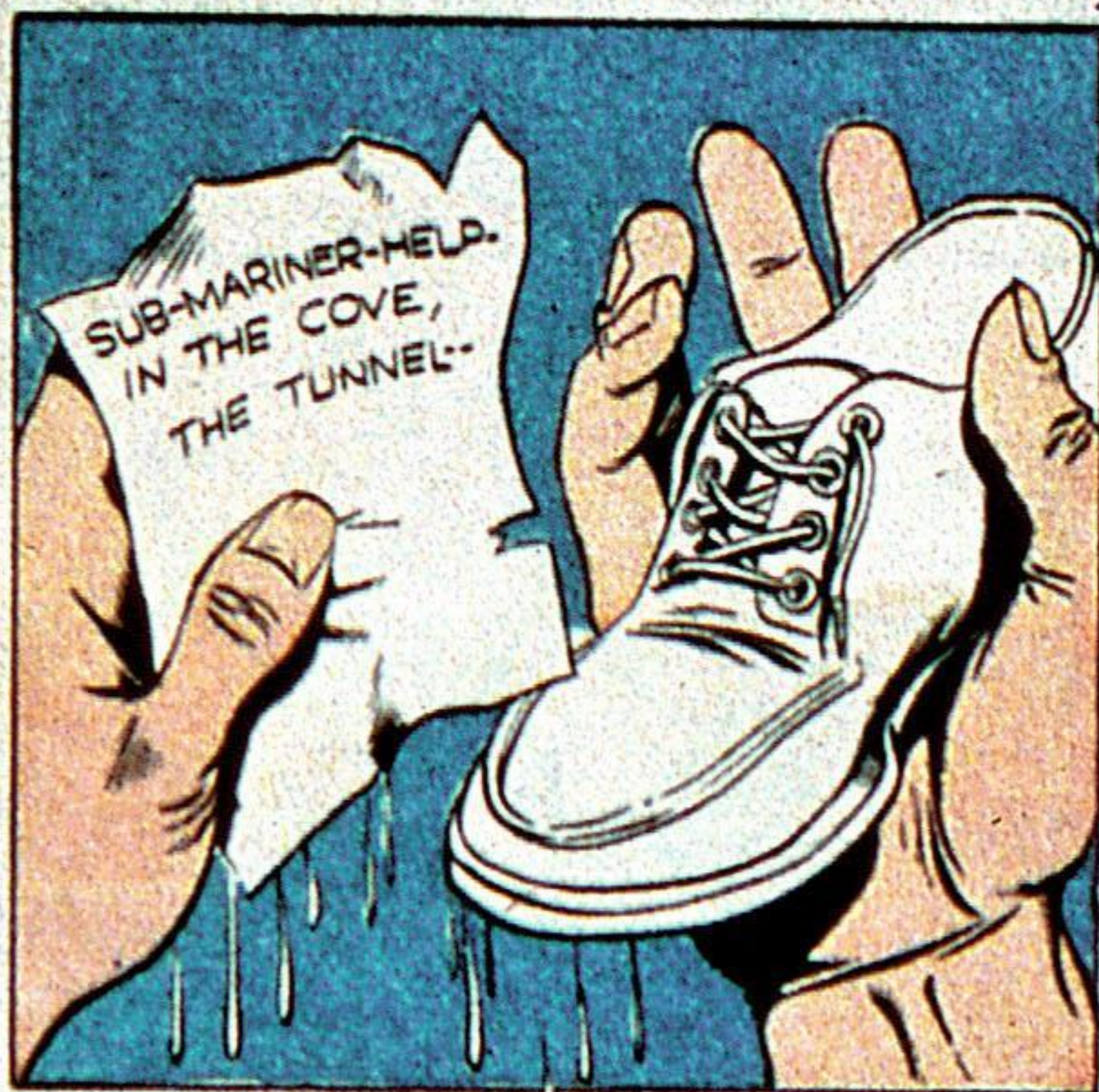
BUT SUBMARINER CANNOT SEE THE
DREADED CREATURES AS THEY
GLIDE AWAY--LEAVING DEATH AND
DEVASTATION BEHIND THEM!



THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING
IN THE WATERS AHEAD,
RIGHT NEAR THE SHIP! JUST
SHADOWS PROBABLY! THE
IMPORTANT THING NOW IS
FOR ME TO GET ON BOARD
AND FIND OUT WHAT THOSE
ROCKETS MEANT!







SUB-MARINER GLIDES RAPIDLY THROUGH THE WATER OF THE TUNNEL!



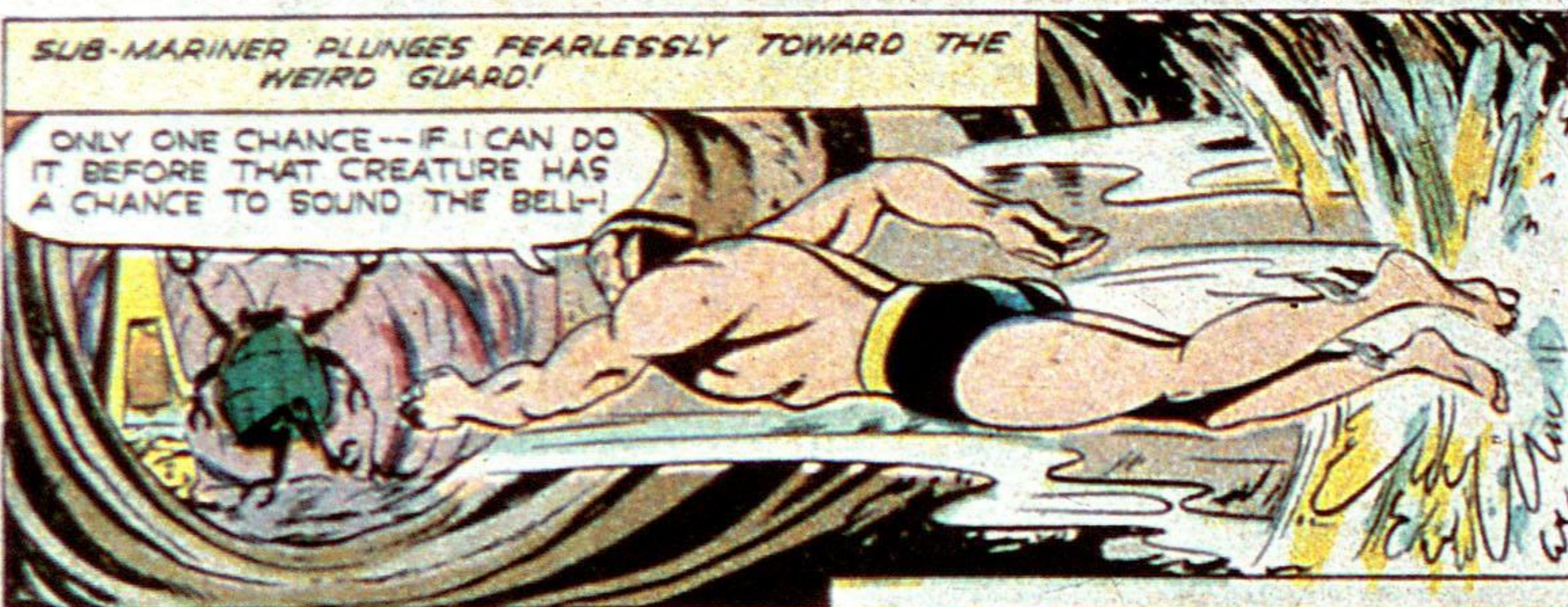
SLUDDENLY--A FANTASTIC SIGHT! NOT FAR FROM SUB-MARINER, IN THE WATERS OF THE TUNNEL--!

GREAT GARFISH, IT--IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE! A GIANT CRAB--SITTING ON THAT WEIRD THRONE, LIKE A HUMAN GUARD! WAITING TO KILL ALL INTRUDERS! AND THE CHURCH STEEPLE THERE, WITH A BELL TO SOUND THE ALARM!



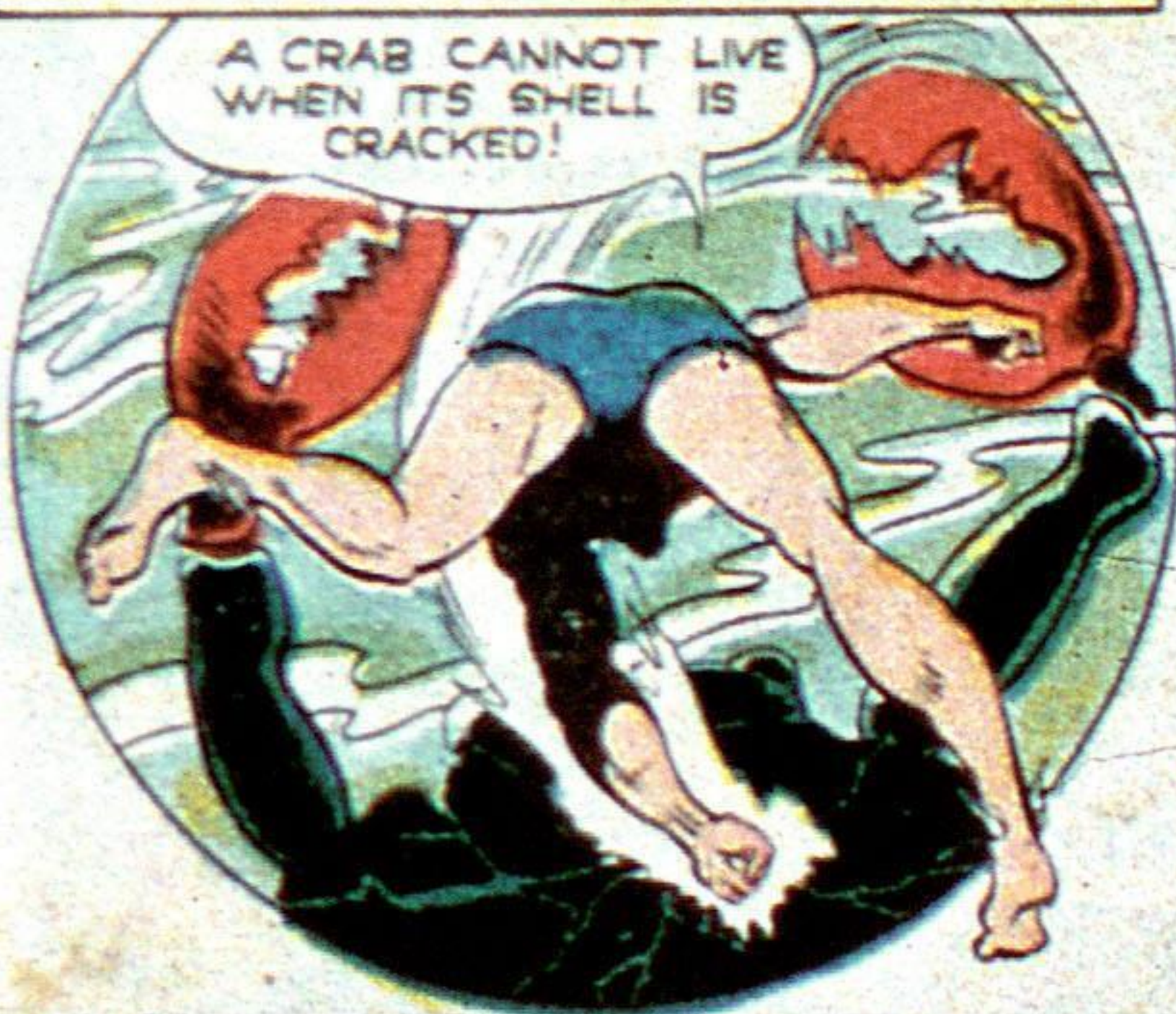
SUB-MARINER PLUNGES FEARLESSLY TOWARD THE WEIRD GUARD!

ONLY ONE CHANCE--IF I CAN DO IT BEFORE THAT CREATURE HAS A CHANCE TO SOUND THE BELL--!



SUB-MARINER WHIRLS THE CRAB FROM ITS STRANGE THRONE, AND HIS FISTS CRASH DOWN ON ITS SHELL!

A CRAB CANNOT LIVE WHEN ITS SHELL IS CRACKED!



HIS GHASTLY ANTAGONIST DEAD, SUB-MARINER RAPIDLY PLUNGES TOWARD THE END OF THE TUNNEL!

THE TUNNEL'S WIDENING OUT AHEAD!



A HUGE ROCK GROTTO IN THE CONE OF THE VOLCANO! PLACE OF TERROR AND UNHOLY MYSTERY!

HEH-HEH! SO YOU HAVE FOUND MY PARADISE, SUB-MARINER! PERHAPS THAT IS JUST AS WELL! PERHAPS I WILL USE YOUR BRAIN IN ONE OF MY MIGHTY MEGALOS! I AM THE MASTER! THE WORLD THOUGHT I WAS INSANE--HEH-HEH!--BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL SHOW THE WORLD WHAT POWERFUL BEINGS I CAN

CREATE!
HEH-HEH!

SO THAT'S IT! HORRIBLE SCHEME-- HUMAN BRAINS IN ANIMAL BODIES! THE WARPED MIND OF THIS MEGALO-MANIAC THINKS HE CAN PRODUCE A SUPREME RACE BY COMBINING ANIMALS WITH HUMAN BRAINS!

HELP!
HELP!



SUB-MARINER, THAT MASTER MEGALO-ESCAPED FROM AN INSANE ASYLUM AND HAS ASYLUM INMATES BRAINS IN THESE MONSTERS!

AND--NOW--THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME BECAUSE I REFUSED TO PERFORM ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE OPERATIONS!

HEH-HEH! AND THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN SAVE HER, SUB-MARINER!

INSANE BRAINS--IN THESE GIANT CREATURES! HOW CAN I CONQUER THEM!



DARINGLY, SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF ON THE INSANE MASTER MEGALO!

THIS MAY NOT WORK--BUT I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT!

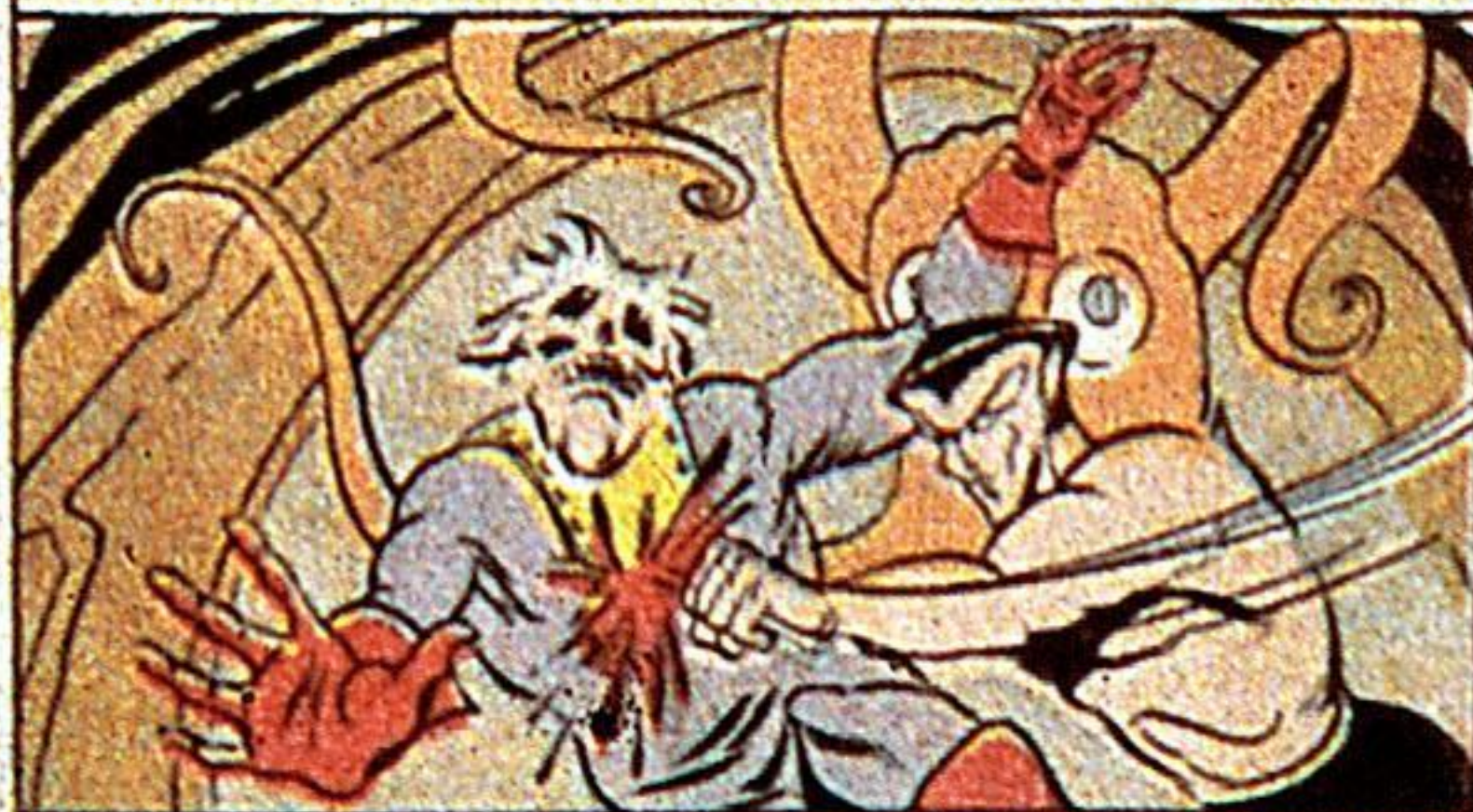
OOF--!



AS THE
EVIL
MONSTERS
RUSH TO
THEIR
MASTER,
SUB-MARINER
REACHES
SWIFTLY
INTO THE
PILE
OF
INSTRUMENTS!



THE LONG SURGICAL KNIFE PLUNGES INTO
THE HEART OF THE MASTER MANIAC!



AGILELY ELUDING THE ATTACK-
ING MONSTERS, SUBMARINER
LEAPS TO A ROCKY LEDGE
OF THE GROTTO--!



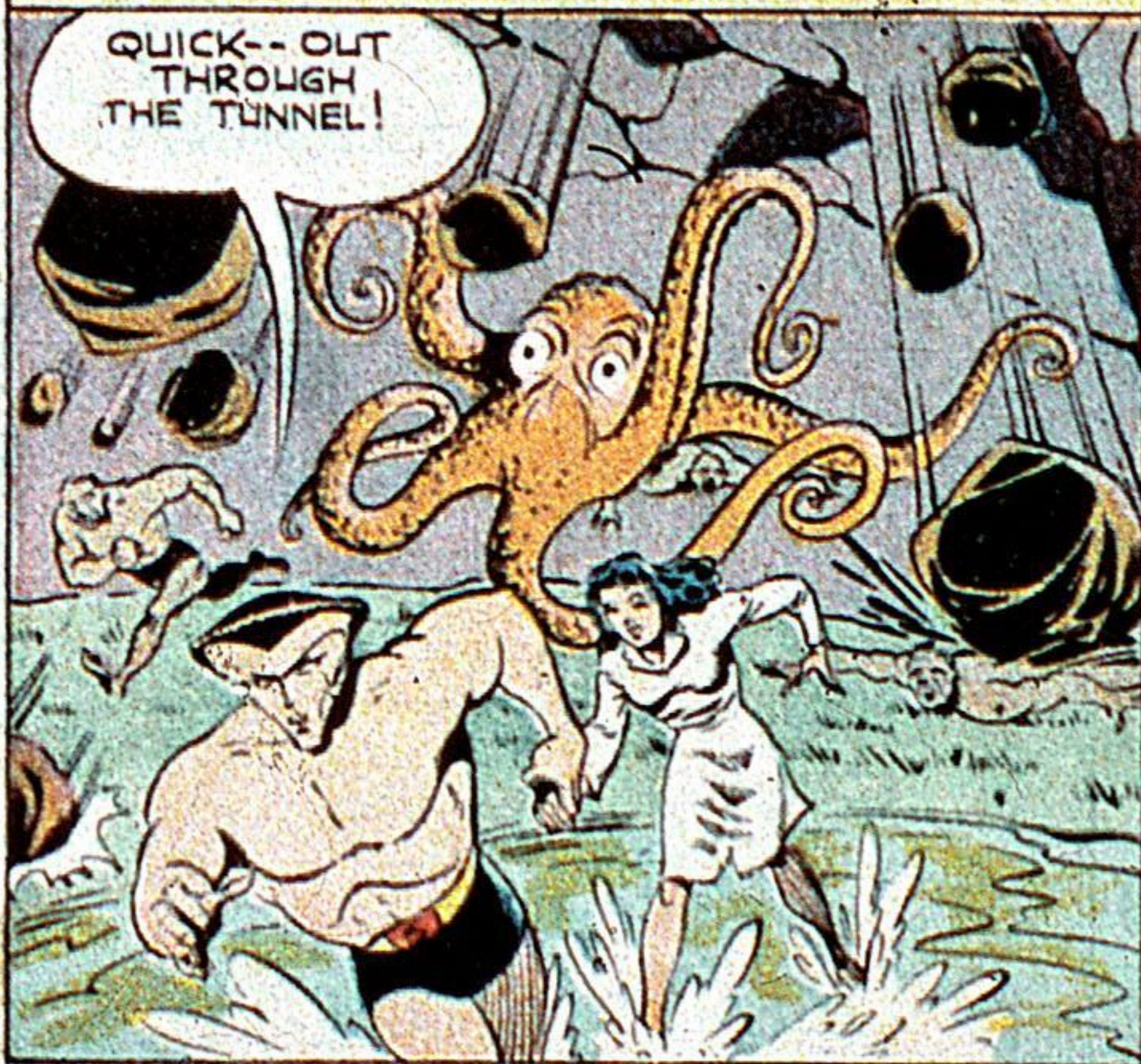
SUB-MARINER'S MIGHTY FISTS SMASH
DEVASTATINGLY AT THE ROCK WALL!

THIS WILL SET UP A
VIBRATION IN THE
WHOLE INTERIOR
OF THE VOLCANO!



VIBRATIONS SHATTER AND CRACK THE ROCK!
BOULDERS ARE LOOSENEED! AS SUB-MARINER
STRINGS, HE WRENCHES GRACE JOHNSON FROM
THE GRASP OF HER GHASTLY CAPTORS!

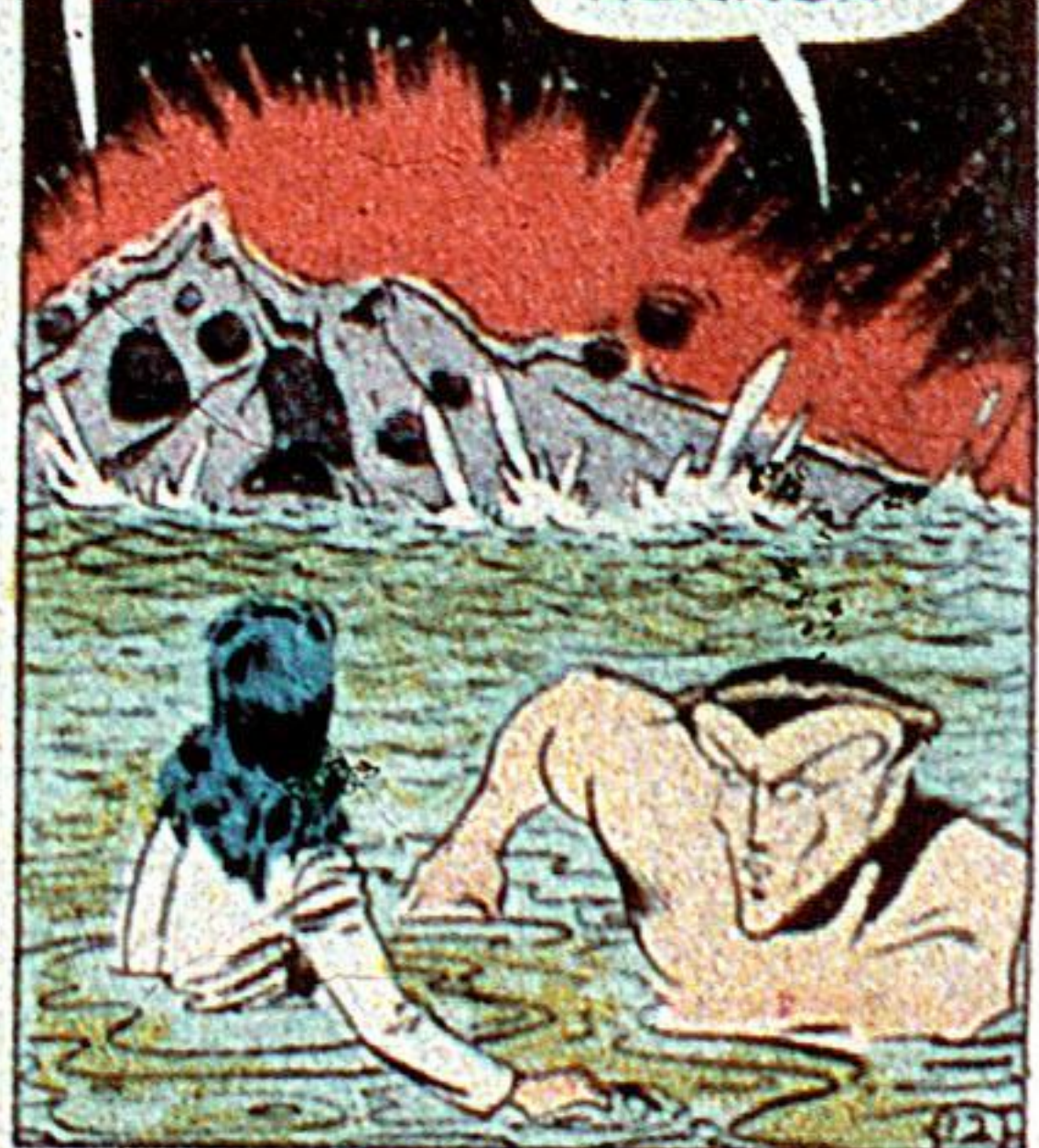
QUICK-- OUT
THROUGH
THE TUNNEL!

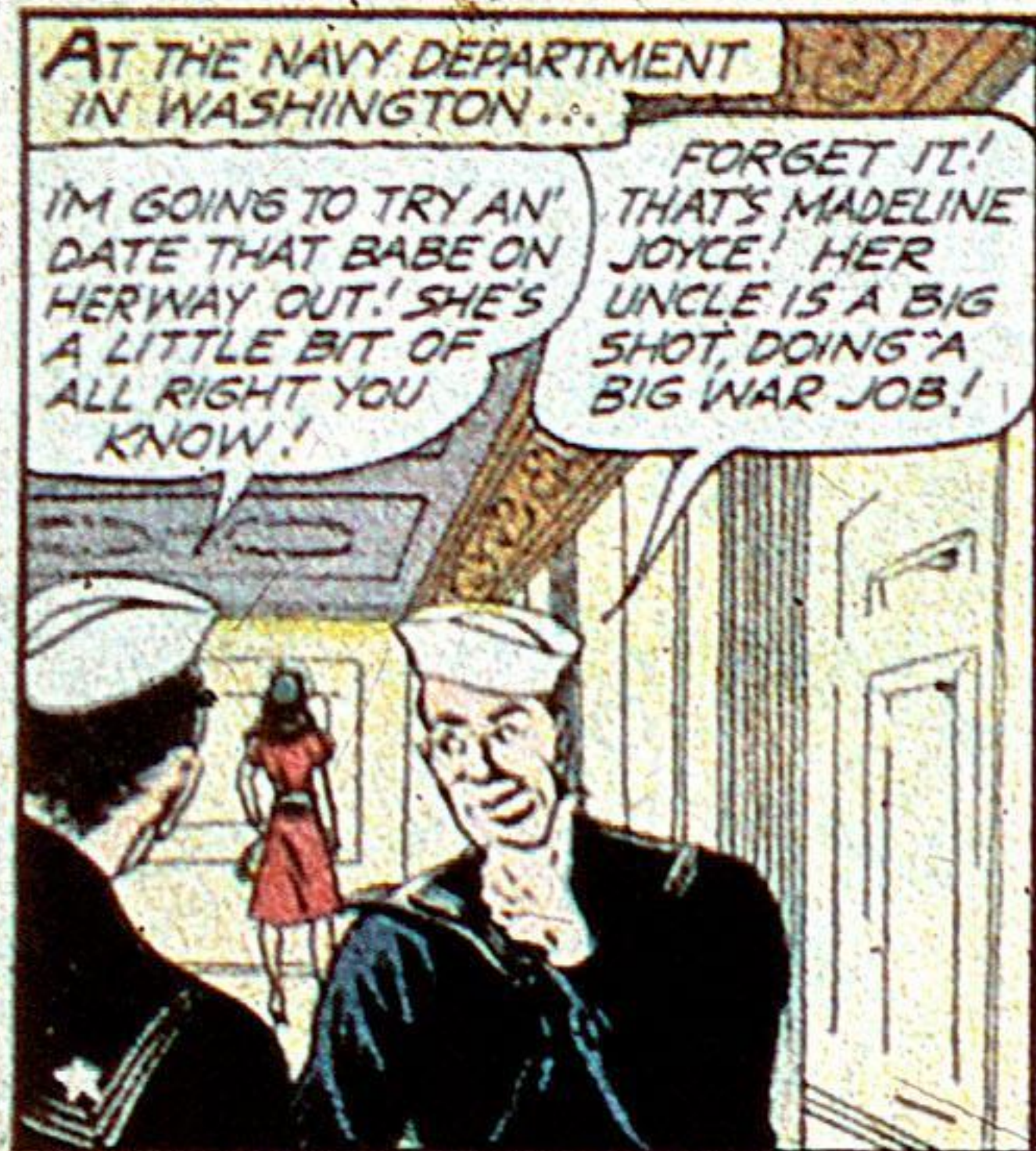


CHAOS, DEVASTATION! DEATH
FOR THE MONSTROUS
MEGALOS AND THEIR INSANE
MASTER--DESTRUCTION OF
A KINGDOM TOO WEIRD AND
GRUESOME FOR SURVIVAL!

THE--THE
END OF
THAT--
TERRIBLE
PARADISE?

YES-PARADISE
FOR INSANE
CREATURES--
BUT ONLY A
PARADISE OF
HORROR!







BURNING, BLISTERING EYES THAT CAUSE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION... SEARING EYES THAT SPREAD PANIC AND STARK TERROR! LETHAL EYES THAT THREATEN TO STOP MISS AMERICA COLD IN HER VALIANT CRUSADE AGAINST TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION! THAT GLEAM FROM THE CRUEL FACE OF VON HELSTOG, THE MASTER SABOTEUR'S..

"EYES OF DOOM"

AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT
IN WASHINGTON...

I'M GOING TO TRY AN'
DATE THAT BABE ON
HER WAY OUT! SHE'S
A LITTLE BIT OF
ALL RIGHT YOU
KNOW!

FORGET IT!
THAT'S MADLINE
JOYCE! HER
UNCLE IS A BIG
SHOT, DOING A
BIG WAR JOB!



I DON'T REMEMBER
WHICH OFFICE UNCLE
TOLD ME TO MEET HIM
IN... OH WELL, I'LL
ASK IN HERE...







ADELINE OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND A FIGURE SLUMPED OVER THE DESK!



OH-OH!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!

A

HURRIED EXAMINATION BEARS OUT HER FEARS!



CAN'T WAKE HER
UP! SHE'S DRUG-
GED OR IN SOME
KIND OF
COMA!



I HAVE A KIND OF HUNCH
THAT MISS AMERICA IS
GOING TO BE NEEDED
TO--- SAY, WHAT'S
GOING ON IN THE
NEXT ROOM?

A

ND BEHIND THE GLASS DOOR
EVEN AS MISS AMERICA
PREPARES TO INVESTIGATE!



WRITE AS I COM-
MAND AND THEN
SIGN IT! YOU
MUST FORGET ALL
THAT IS HAPPENING
HERE WHEN YOU
COME TO AFTER
I HAVE
GONE!



HELLO! A NEST
OF VULTURES!

WE FOUND
SOME VERY
IMPORTANT
BLUEPRINTS,
DR. VON HEL-
STOG!

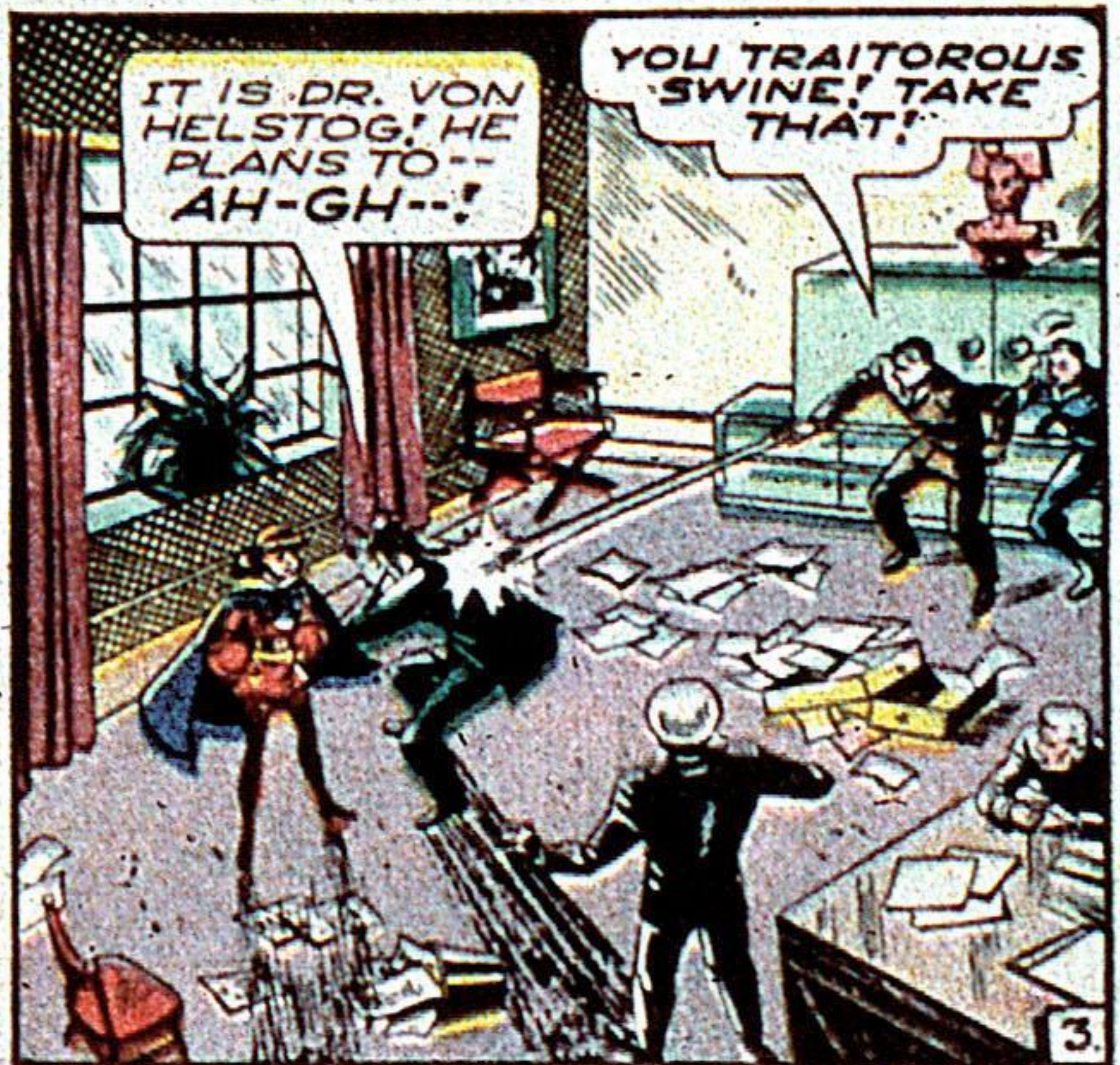
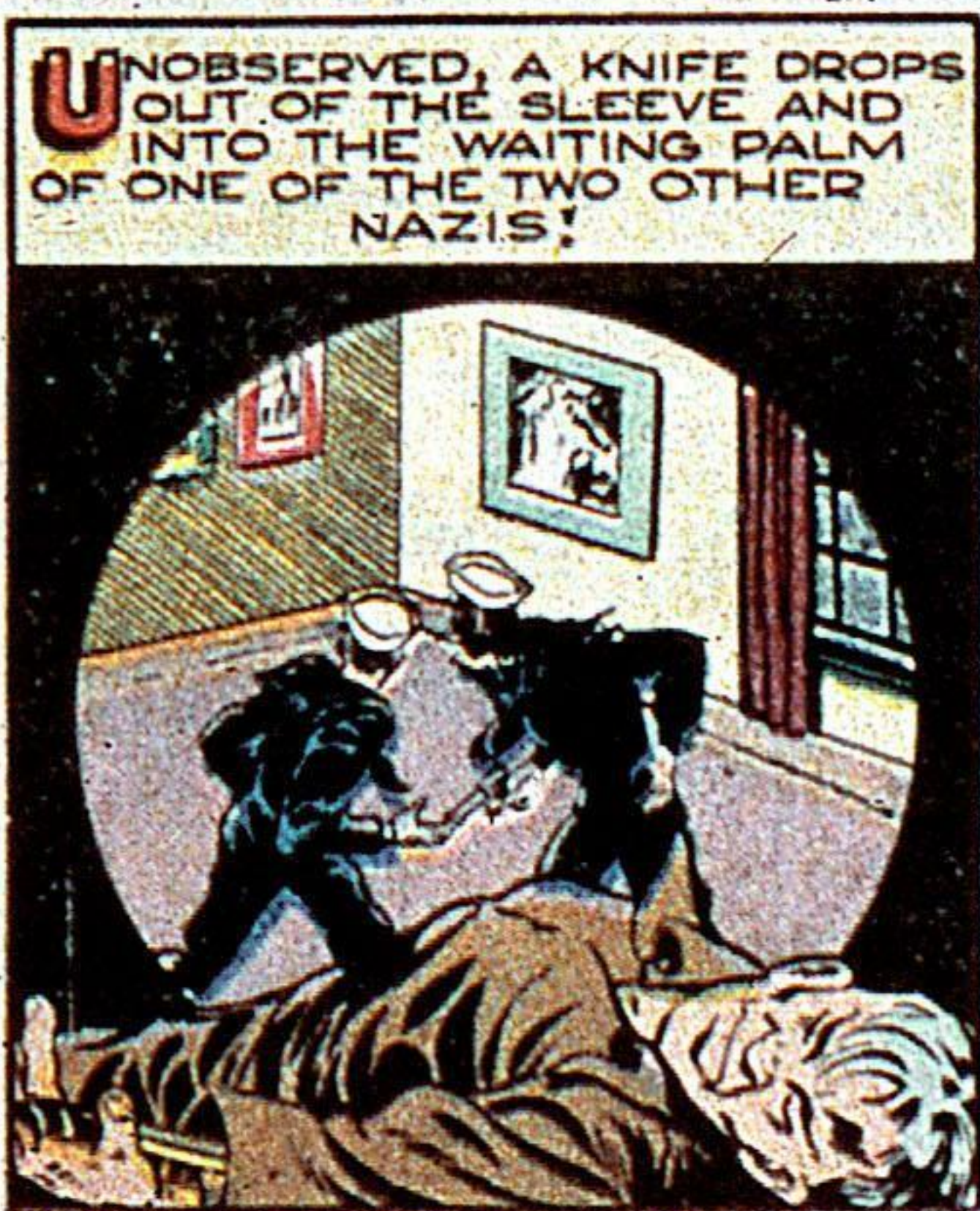
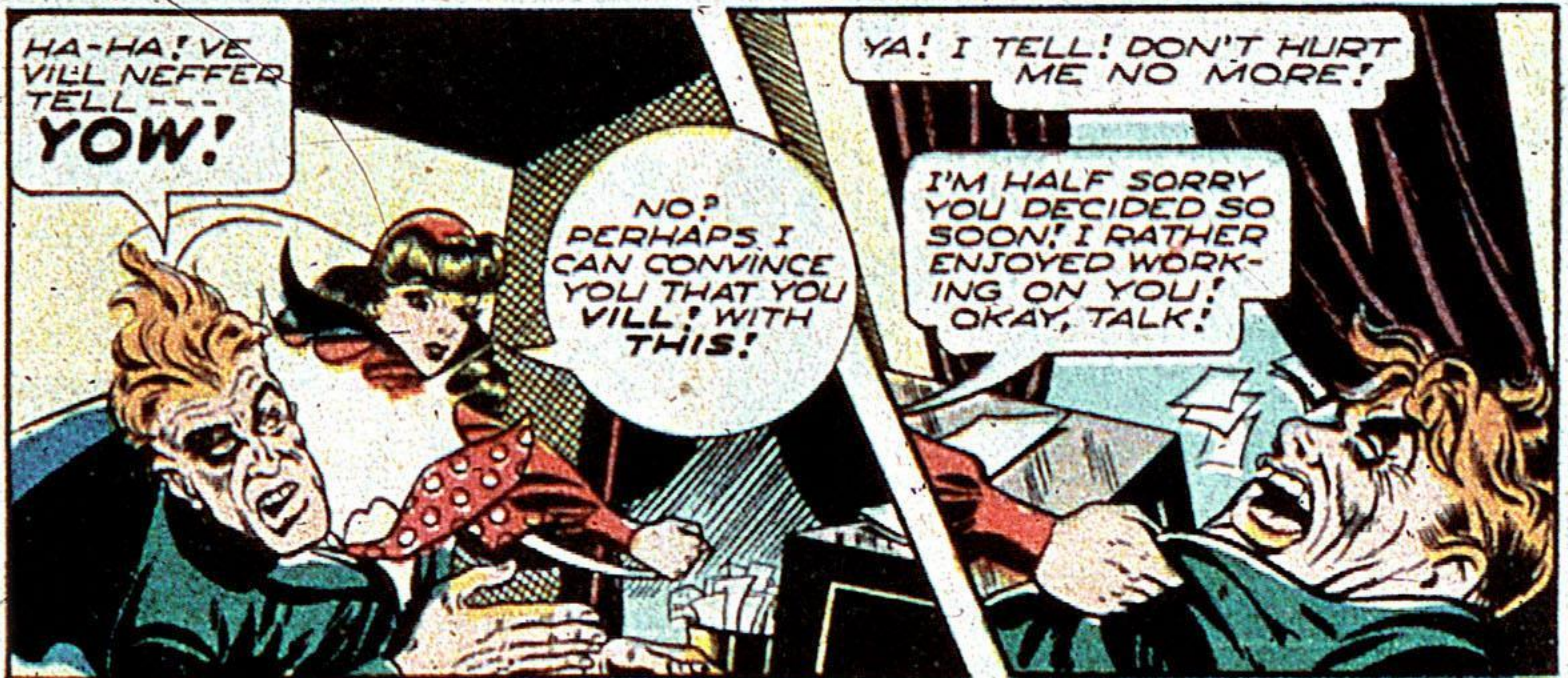
GOOD! I
HAVE THE
ORDER! WE
MUST
LEAVE BE-
FORE--HUMFF!
MISS
AMERICA!



RUN, DOCTOR! VE VILL
SHTOP HER!

YOW!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!



THE NOISE OF THE, FRAY BRINGS THE GUARDS!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? HOLY CATS! IT'S MISS AMERICA!

HURRY, SOUND THE ALARM! STOP A TALL, MEAN-LOOKING MAN!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER....

(GROAN) NICE STUFF! THE MAIN GUY GETS AWAY AND WE CAN GET THIS GUY TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED OR WHAT THEY WERE AFTER!

I'LL MAKE THIS ONE TALK!

HA-HA! VE VILL NEFFER TELL --- YOW!

NO? PERHAPS I CAN CONVINCE YOU THAT YOU VILL! WITH THIS!

YA! I TELL! DON'T HURT ME NO MORE!

I'M HALF SORRY YOU DECIDED SO SOON! I RATHER ENJOYED WORKING ON YOU! OKAY, TALK!

UNOBSERVED, A KNIFE DROPS OUT OF THE SLEEVE AND INTO THE WAITING PALM OF ONE OF THE TWO OTHER NAZIS!

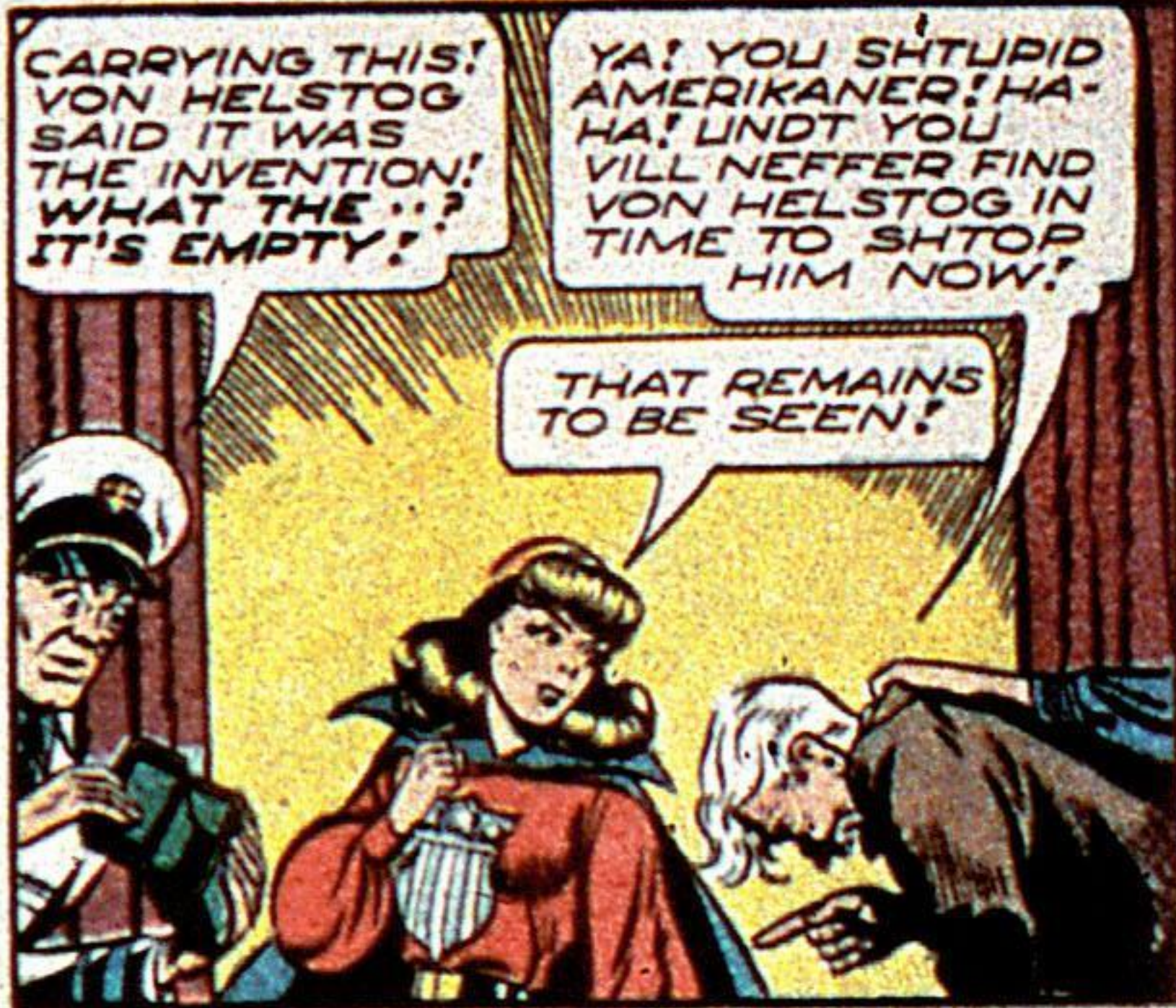
IT IS DR. VON HELSTOG! HE PLANS TO-- AH-GH--!

YOU TRAITOROUS SWINE! TAKE THAT!



VON HELSTOG?? HE'S THE CRACKPOT INVENTOR WHO'S BEEN BOTHERING US WITH THAT NEW GADGET! CONVINCED THE COMMANDER HERE TO GIVE HIM AN INTERVIEW!

BUT HOW DID THE OTHER THREE GET BY YOUR MEN?



CARRYING THIS! VON HELSTOG SAID IT WAS THE INVENTION! WHAT THE...? IT'S EMPTY!

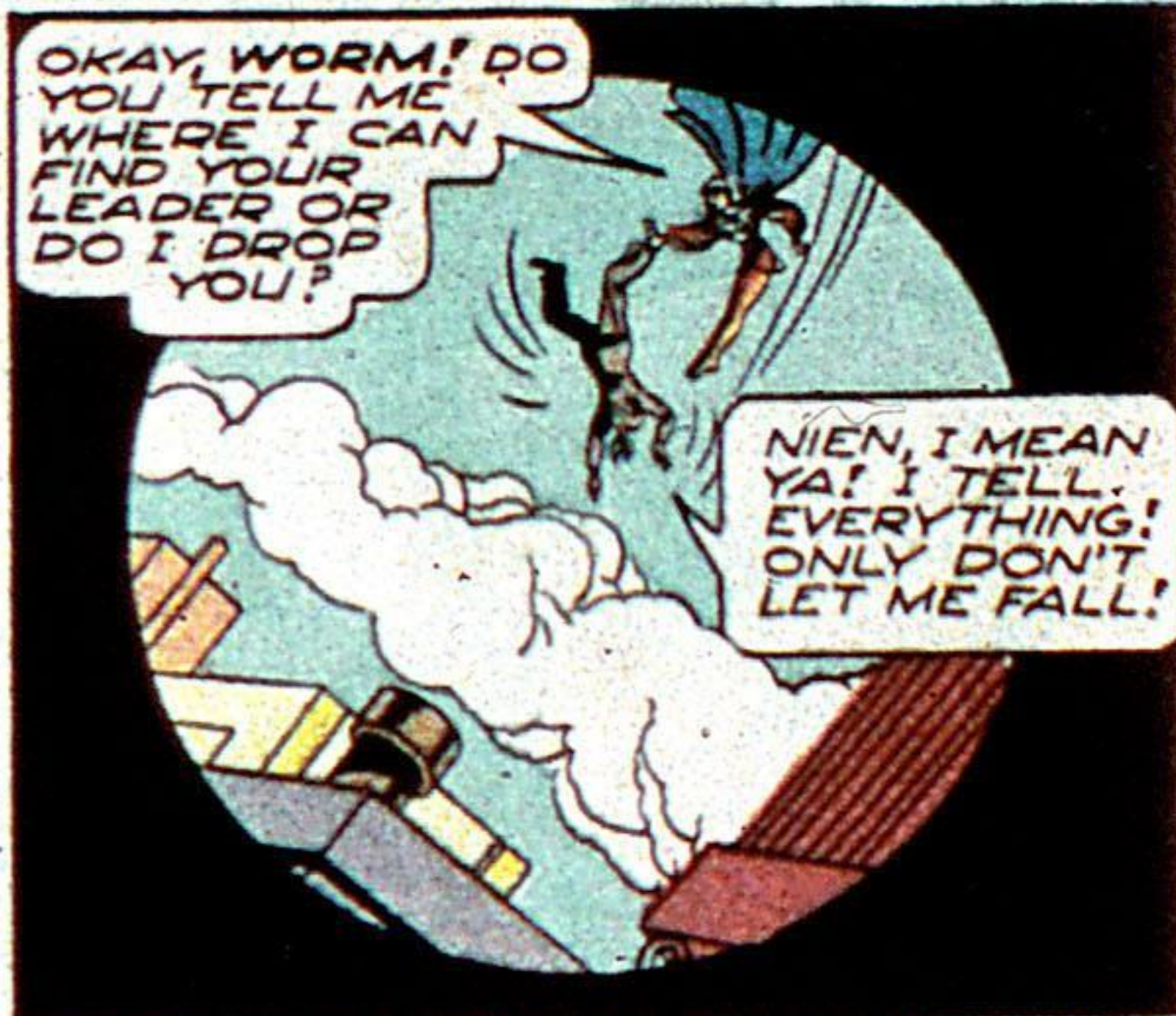
YA! YOU SHTUPID AMERIKANER! HA-HA! LINDT YOU VILL NEFFER FIND VON HELSTOG IN TIME TO SHTOP HIM NOW!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!



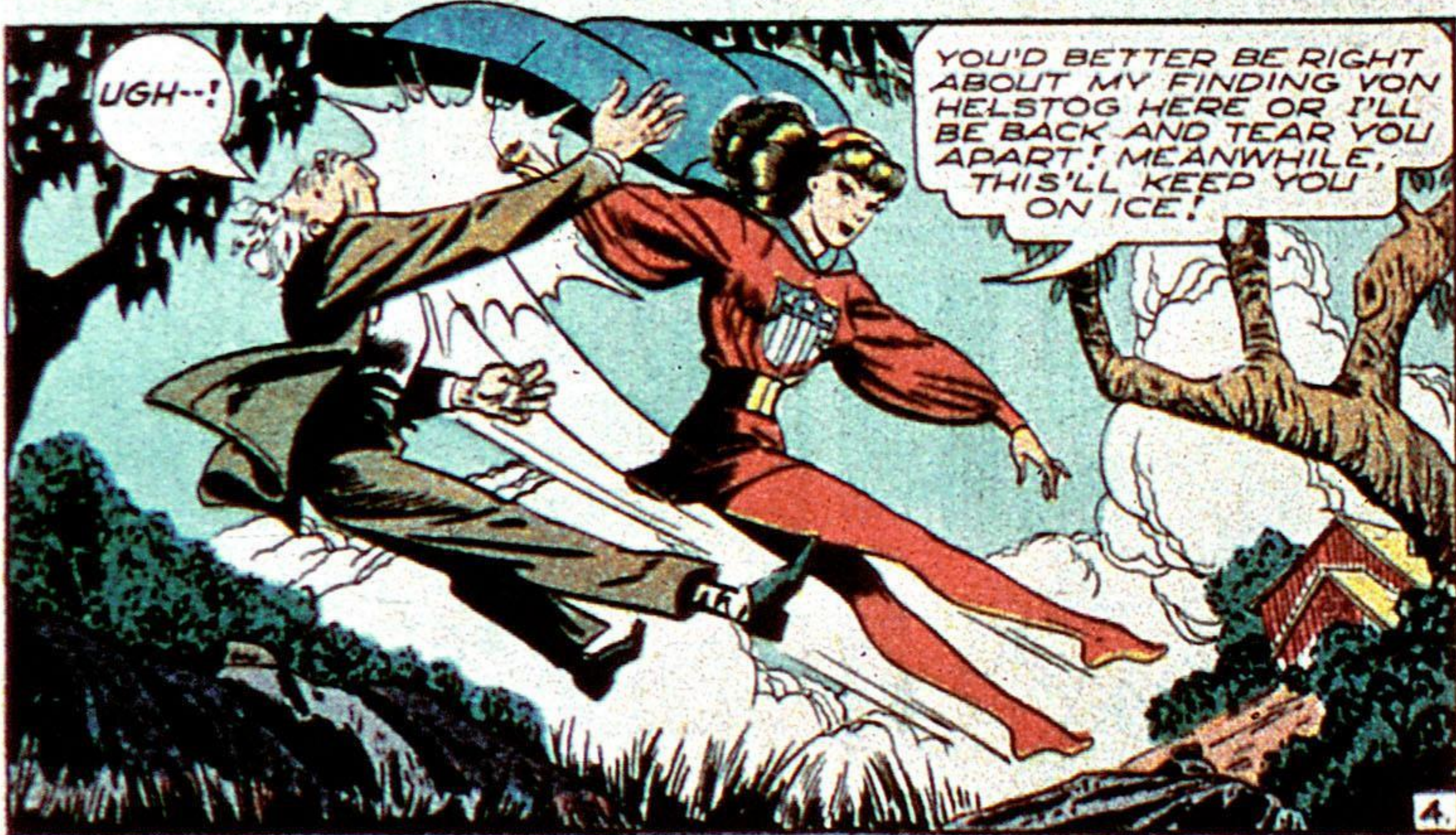
YOU'RE GOING ON A TRIP-- SOMETHING IS UP AND I CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME IF I'M GOING TO STOP YOUR DR. VON HELSTOG!

VASS GIBT..? YAI-OW-WW!



OKAY, WORM! DO YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND YOUR LEADER OR DO I DROP YOU?

NIEN, I MEAN YA! I TELL EVERYTHING! ONLY DON'T LET ME FALL!



UGH--!

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT MY FINDING VON HELSTOG HERE OR I'LL BE BACK AND TEAR YOU APART! MEANWHILE, THIS'LL KEEP YOU ON ICE!



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AFTER HASTILY DISPOSING OF THE NAZI GUIDE, MISS AMERICA ENTERS THE RUINED OLD HOUSE AND HESITATES AS SHE HEARS THE WEIRD STRAINS OF A VIOLIN ECHOING DOWN FROM A CLOSED DOOR ON THE BALCONY!

UGH! CREEPY OLD PLACE! SOUND EFFECTS AND EVERYTHING--WHAT'S THAT?

HA! HA! I'LL FINISH YOU NOW, MISS--



SHARP EARS HEAR THE CREAK OF BOARDS AND MISS AMERICA'S TRIGGER MIND AND LITHE BODY COORDINATE IN ACTION!

UGH!

OOPS! PRETTY CLOSE CALL! TOO CLOSE!



SUDDENLY, OUT STEPS VON HELSTOG!

THE MUSIC STOPPED--OH! SO IT'S YOU!

YA! MY DEAR MISS AMERICA! AND I AM WAITING FOR YOU!



WELL, YOU WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT!--HEY--I FEEL QUEER! IT'S HIS EYES!



AND MISS AMERICA'S DASH UP THE STEPS IS STRANGELY SLOWED BY THE EVIL TOWER OF THE BURNING EYES IN THE FACE OF THE FIGURE ADVANCING DOWN ON HER----

THE MIGHTY WILL OF MISS CLASHES WITH THE SINISTER POWER OF HELSTOG!

YOU ARE HELPLESS BEFORE ME, MISS AMERICA! I, VON HELSTOG, COMMAND YOU! HALT WHERE YOU ARE AND OBEY!



NO! NO! I MUST FIGHT--FIGHT--MUST NOT LET THIS NAZI--

SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP!



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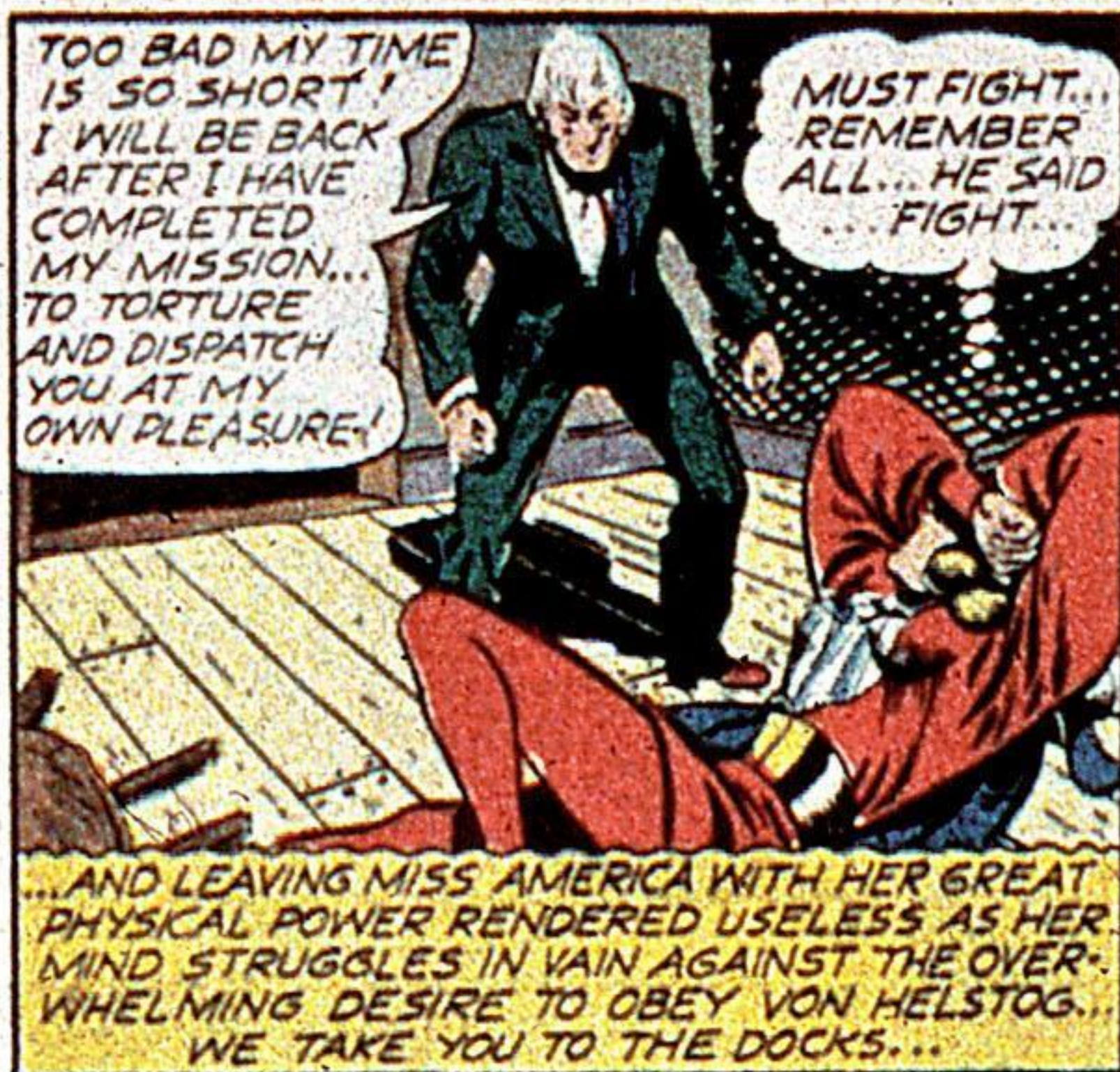
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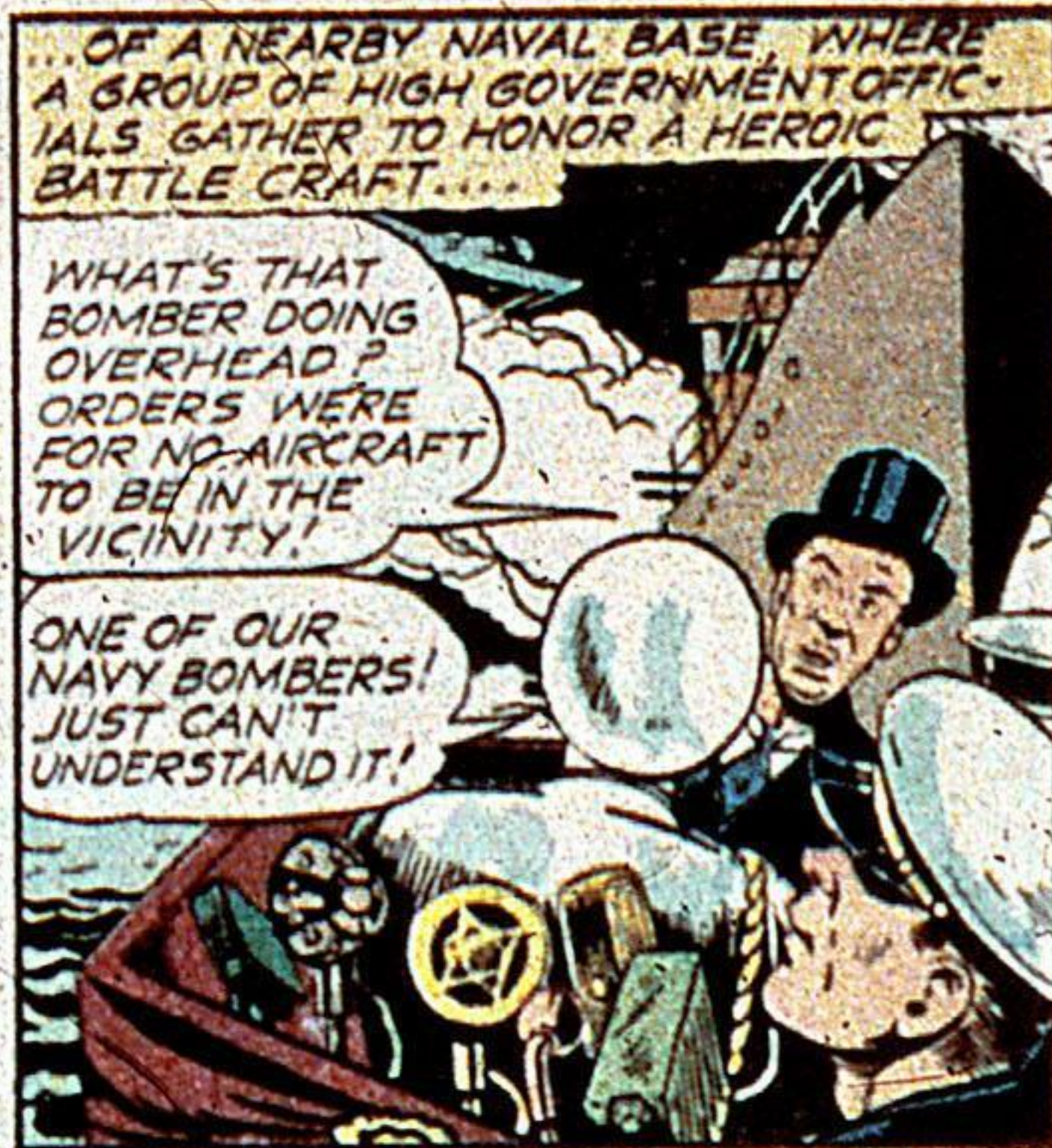
SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP!



TOO BAD MY TIME IS SO SHORT! I WILL BE BACK AFTER I HAVE COMPLETED MY MISSION... TO TORTURE AND DISPATCH YOU AT MY OWN PLEASURE!

MUST FIGHT... REMEMBER ALL... HE SAID... FIGHT...

...AND LEAVING MISS AMERICA WITH HER GREAT PHYSICAL POWER RENDERED USELESS AS HER MIND STRUGGLES IN VAIN AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO OBEY VON HELSTOG... WE TAKE YOU TO THE DOCKS...



...OF A NEARBY NAVAL BASE, WHERE A GROUP OF HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS GATHER TO HONOR A HEROIC BATTLE CRAFT...

WHAT'S THAT BOMBER DOING OVERHEAD? ORDERS WERE FOR NO AIRCRAFT TO BE IN THE VICINITY!

ONE OF OUR NAVY BOMBERS! JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



AND IN THE PILOT'S SEAT OF THE APPROACHING BOMBER...

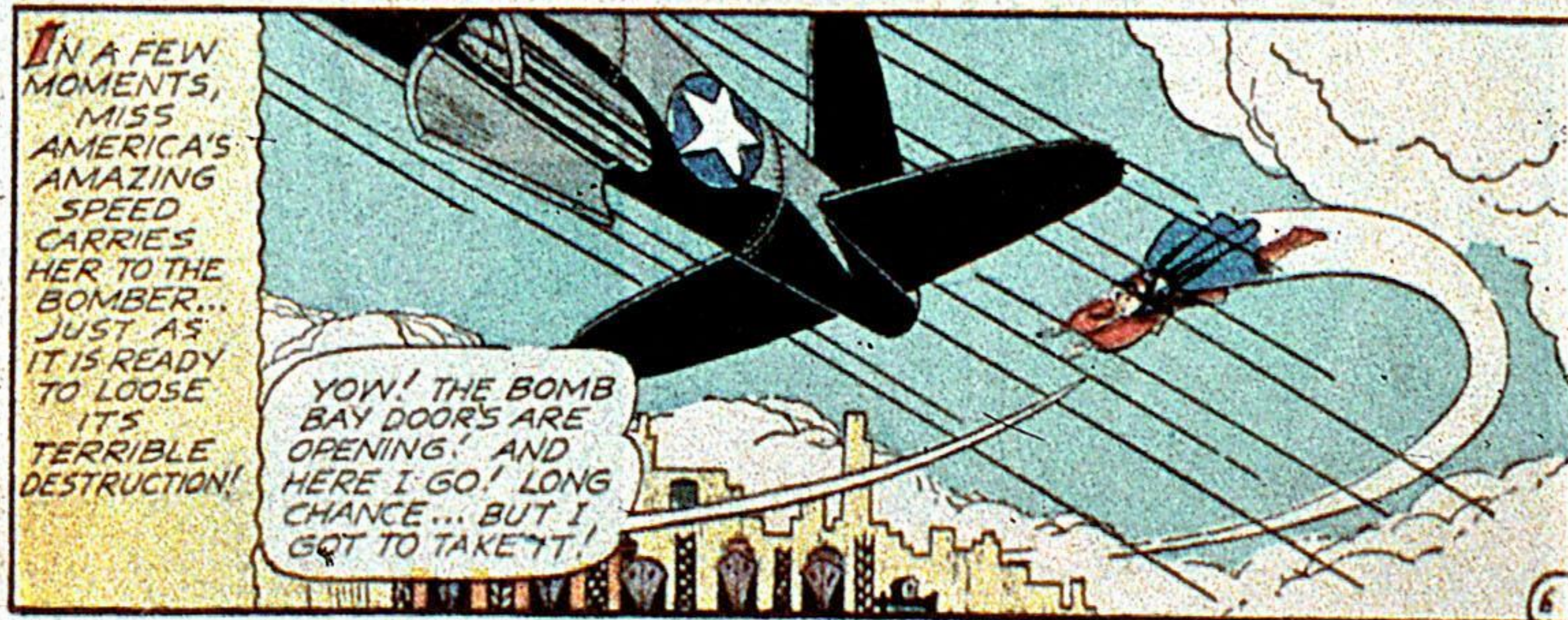
HA! HA! I HYPNOTIZE THE COMMANDER INTO GIVING ME ORDERS TO TAKE THIS BOMBER ALOFT AND THEN USE IT TO BLAST THE OFFICIALS, WARSHIPS AND DOCKS!

...BUT LET'S RETURN TO THE DESERTED HOUSE WHERE A COURAGEOUS MISS AMERICA HAS FINALLY WON HER MIGHTY STRUGGLE TO OVERCOME THE DEADLY HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE OF VON HELSTOG'S TERRIBLE EYES

MUST REMEMBER WHAT THAT NAZI BOASTED HE WAS GOING TO DO! OOPS! STILL DIZZY BUT I CAN FEEL MY STRENGTH RETURNING!

SUDDENLY MISS AMERICA'S MIND CLEARS AND SHE ZOOMS INTO THE AIR AND AWAY...

YOW! NOW I REMEMBER WHAT HE SAID HE WOULD DO WHEN HE THOUGHT I WAS COMPLETELY IN HIS POWER!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, MISS AMERICA'S AMAZING SPEED CARRIES HER TO THE BOMBER... JUST AS IT IS READY TO LOOSE ITS TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION!

YOW! THE BOMB BAY DOORS ARE OPENING! AND HERE I GO! LONG CHANCE... BUT I GOT TO TAKE IT!



WITH NEVER A THOUGHT OF HER OWN DANGER, MISS AMERICA FLYS UP AND UNDER THE BELLY OF THE NAZI CONTROLLED BOMBER...

OOPS! JUST IN TIME! I'LL HIT IT HARD AND HOPE THAT IT JAMS SO THEY CAN'T GET IT OPEN AGAIN!

IT'S JAMMED! I CAN'T GET IT OPEN!

HURRY! WE ARE ALMOST ON THE TARGET!

ZTUM TEUFEL! IT IS THAT MISS AMERICA AGAIN!

STOP HER WHILE I CRASH THE BOMBER DOWN ON THE TARGET! WE MUST NOT FAIL!

OUT OF MY WAY! I'M POINTING FOR YOUR BOSS! AND THIS TIME THOSE EYES WON'T STOP ME!

THIS WILL KIND OF CROSS THOSE EYES OF YOURS, OOPS! GOT TO GET THE NOSE OF THIS BOMBER UP AGAIN! IT'S DIVING RIGHT FOR THOSE DOCKS!

AND NOW I'M GETTING OUT BEFORE THIS THING CRASHES!

WOW! THANK HEAVENS IT LANDED IN THE SEA! WELL I GUESS A WELL DESERVED END FOR VON HELSTOG AND HIS NAZI TOOLS!

WOW! I THOUGHT WE WERE DONE FOR! IT WAS DIVING STRAIGHT FOR US AND THEN SUDDENLY CLIMBED!

LOOK! SOMEONE JUMPED!

THE END

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THE END

ROCK POINT LIGHT

TOM JUDSON awoke suddenly from a sound sleep, nerves tense, eyes searching the darkness. He reached for his flashlight and turned it toward the clock. It was midnight. His thoughts turned to the carefree days he was spending at the light tower with his uncle. It was swell of the old man to have him spend his furlough there.

Suddenly, above the howling of the wind, a crunching, grinding sound was audible. Tom jumped from his bed, dressed quickly and ran up the stairs to the light.

"Uncle Jud! Uncle Jud!" he called, as he ran. Upon reaching the door, he stopped short—the light was out. Striking a match, he held it to the lamp. A bright light flared around. Sprawled upon the floor was the form of his uncle. Kneeling beside him, Tom raised his shoulders and shook them roughly.

"What happened?" he asked, as the old man opened his eyes. Without answering, Uncle Jud got stiffly to his feet and glanced toward the light.

"Thank God it's burning," he said in an undertone.

"But I just lighted it, Uncle Jud."

"You did? — That's strange," he said.

Clasping his hands behind him, he walked to the window and stood a second in deep thought. His trained ear quickly caught the ripping, grinding sound below, and his weathered face turned gray. He shot a quick glance at Tom.

"C'mon, lad," he yelled, grabbing a lantern. "Bring that megaphone; there are lives to be saved." Tom followed the old man down the spiral stairway. As they reached the bottom, the door was thrown open and a seaman staggered in. His life-jacket was torn to shreds.

"Hurry, sir," he said in a hoarse voice. "The Dugan Berry's on the rocks and breaking up fast. The cap'n wants to erect a breeches buoy. We might be able to save some of the men."

"How many 'board?" asked Uncle Jud.

"Just the crew, sir. The Dugan Berry's a freighter."

"I see—thought it might be the troop ship. One was due to pass here around midnight."

THEY made their way quickly over the rocks to where the point dropped almost straight into the sea. By the glare of the tower light, the freighter could be seen, the heavy sea and the rocks tearing relentlessly into her crushed bow. Uncle Jud grabbed the megaphone with a firm grip. He knew the wind would make communication difficult.

"Yo-ho-o-o," he called in a throaty voice.

The blare of the loudspeaker on the freighter came back — at first barely audible—then it came clear.

"Stand by," ordered the captain. "We're shooting a line."

A zz-ing sound cut the air as the twine fell within a few feet of the men. Hand over hand they pulled until the heavy cable attached had been drawn ashore and made fast in the rocks. A few minutes after the captain and the crew had been removed from the wreck, the storm in its fury drew the freighter off the rocks, snapping the cable in half as the battered hull slid into the sea.

Several days later, Tom and his uncle were strolling aimlessly along the waterfront, Uncle Jud mumbling occasionally to himself. Presently, he broke the silence.

"Well, lad," he said in a toneless voice, "reckon they won't want me back at the tower again. They think I was asleep—but I wasn't. I drank my coffee at eleven-thirty as usual and went directly to the tower to inspect the light. It was burning bright. But they don't believe me—I know. They told me to take a rest."

"Don't it seem strange to you, Uncle Jud, that a troop ship was due to pass the light about the same time the freighter was wrecked?"

"Now that you mention it — yes. I hadn't connected the two before. You may have something there, lad."

SEVERAL hours later, Tom was still pondering the wreck. It just didn't make sense to him that his uncle would sleep while keeping the light. Reaching in his pocket for a cigarette, his hand came in contact with a hard, smooth object. Suddenly, he remembered. It was the blue vial he had found in the tower the morning of the wreck. In the excitement, he

had stuck it absently in his pocket and completely forgotten it. Now, as he examined it closely, he noticed a tiny Jap inscription on the bottom. He immediately went to the laboratory to have the contents analyzed. The following day, he called on his commanding officer, Captain Riggs of the Coast Guard.

"Good morning, sir," he said, snapping to attention.

"Morning, Tom. What brings you here?"

"It's about my uncle, sir. He's not guilty of negligence, I'm sure. And, with your permission and help, I think I can clear him."

"But what can I do, son? The evidence was all against him. Even you thought he was asleep."

"I know, sir, but yesterday, I found a small bottle I had picked up near the light the morning of the wreck. The chemists are examining the contents now."

"What do you suspect?" asked the captain.

"You'll probably laugh at me, sir," said Tom, his face coloring slightly, "but I suspect sabotage."

Captain Riggs chuckled. "Had an idea you thought that," he said, reaching for the phone.

"Get me the lab," he told the operator. In a few minutes, she had made the connection.

"Hello, yes, this is Captain Riggs speaking. One of my men left a bottle there yesterday—I'd like to know what it contained."

Nervously tapping his desk with a pencil, the Captain waited for a reply. Suddenly the tapping stopped.

"YES... good!" he exclaimed into the phone. "Seems we've uncovered something. You say it's a powerful drug from a flower found in the Orient—a few drops would be capable of producing sound sleep for an hour. Okay—I have it—thanks," he said, slamming the receiver down.

"You're right, Tom," said the Captain, jumping to his feet. "We've got to work fast. We must know the exact time and date the next troop ship is scheduled to pass the light."

Later the same day, Captain Riggs was giving some final orders to his men.

"Now remember," he was saying, "a troop ship passes Rock Point Light at eleven-forty tonight. Guard that information with your life. You men know what is expected of you. Go to your assigned posts and wait—that's all."

He glanced at Tom—hesitated, then beckoned.

"You want me, Sir?"

"Yes, Judson—come with me to the tower."

"Okay, Sir, I was hoping you would take me along."

THERE wasn't much daylight left when Captain Riggs and Tom reached Rock Point. The Captain raised his binoculars and searched the choppy water. Everything was quiet, but the sucking of the surf. Slowly the minutes passed. The zero hour was drawing near. Captain Riggs took his position on the tower ledge and Tom concealed himself by the light. Cold sweat trickled down his spine as thin sounds started to creep about. The lifting of a door latch—the howling of the wind; other sounds, a creaking on the stairway, labored breathing. Tom glanced at the door. A small man was standing there. His bright eyes danced around the tower, coming to rest upon the light. As he advanced a step forward, Tom called, "Halt!"

Without taking aim, the little fellow swiftly drew a knife and threw it. Tom dodged behind the light, cutting loose with his .45, bringing the Jap to his knees. At that moment, Captain Riggs appeared in the doorway, directly behind the crouching figure. Raising the butt of his revolver, he brought it down upon the Jap's head with terrific force.

The report of Tom's revolver had brought the other Coast Guard men running.

"Get this fellow to the hospital at once," ordered the Captain. "We'll want a lot of information from him."

The following morning, Tom hurried to headquarters.

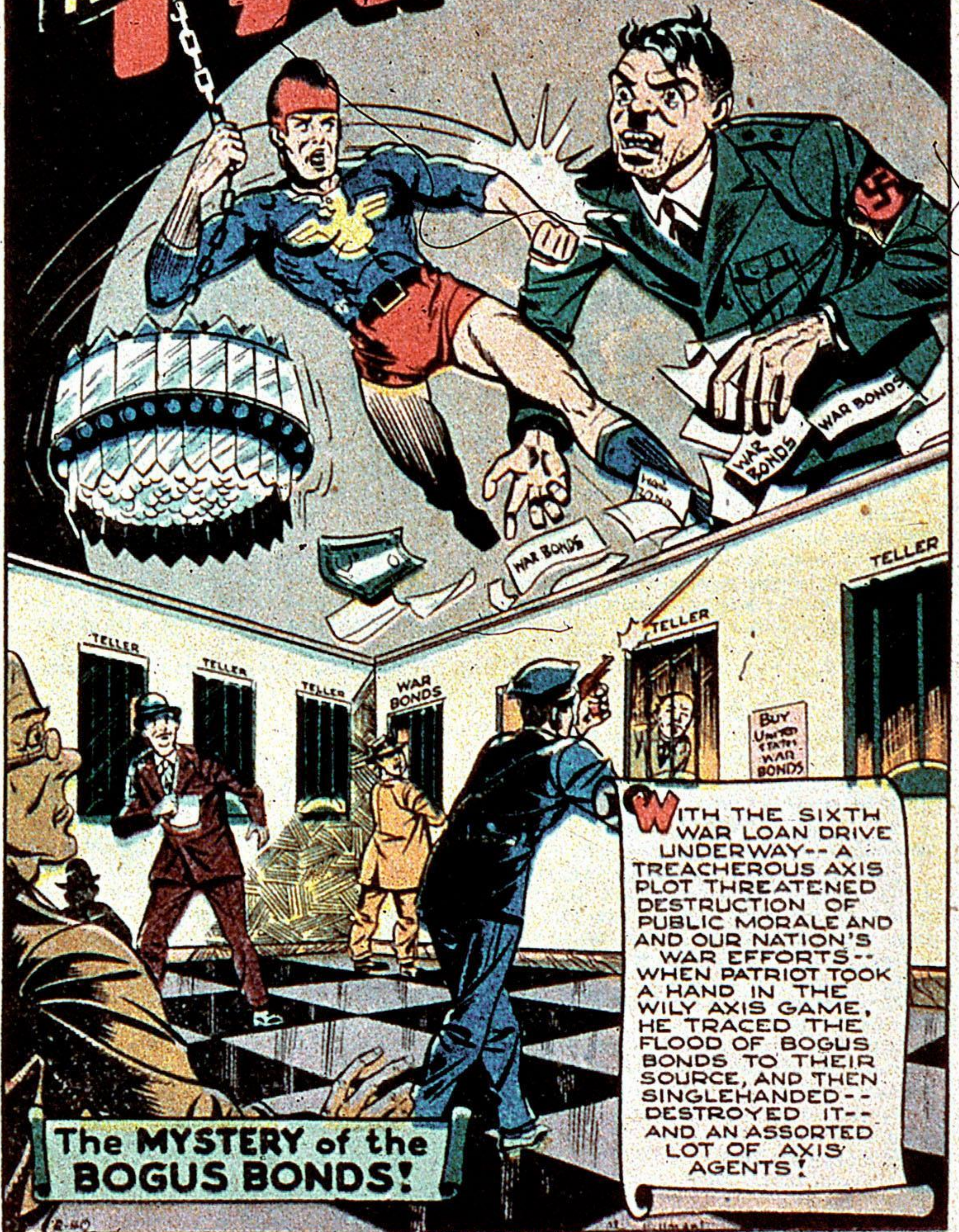
"YOU'RE just the man I want to see, Judson," said Captain Riggs. "I have some information for you. When they searched the Jap, they found several bottles of the dope. He has made a complete confession. He learned your uncle's habit of drinking coffee before midnight and watched his chance to dope it, later putting the light out in an attempt to wreck the troop ship."

The Captain stepped from behind his desk. "You did a fine job, Judson. I'm recommending you for a decoration." He hesitated a second, then went on. "I've just been in communication with the authorities. Your uncle will be called back to duty at once."

Tom stammered his thanks, and his face lighted up. Humming a little tune, he took his leave.

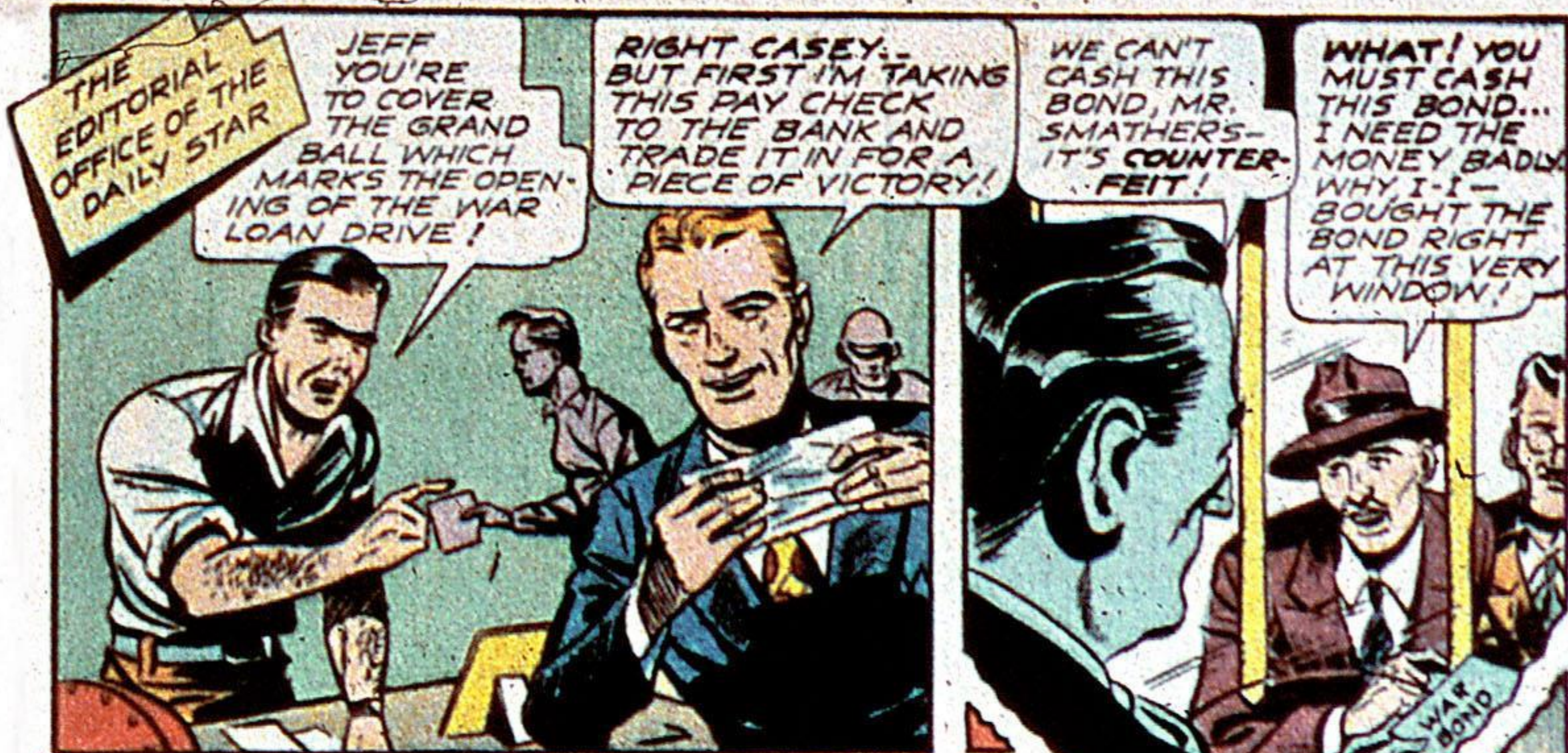
THE END

THE PATRIOT



**The MYSTERY of the
BOGUS BONDS!**

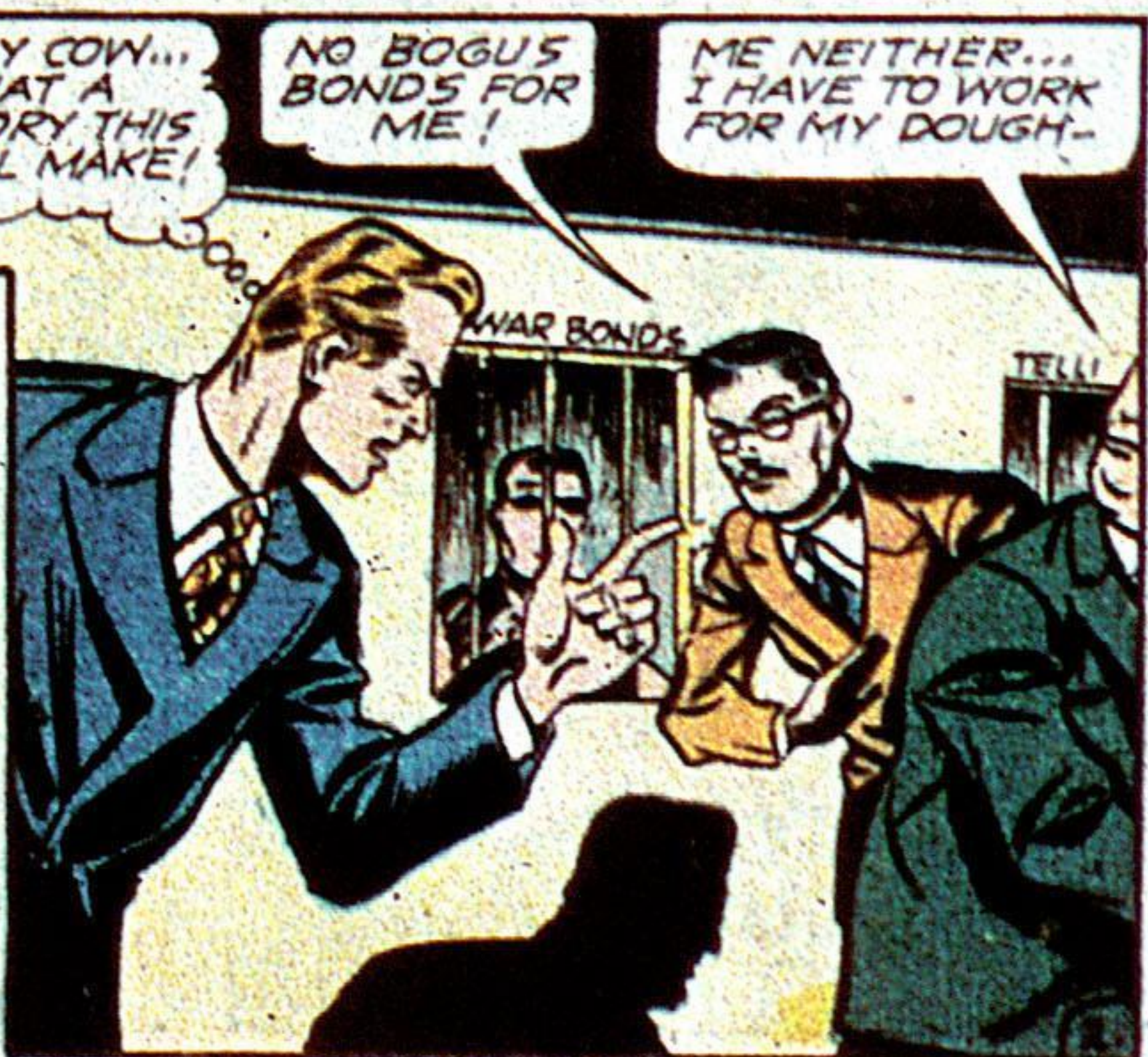
WITH THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE UNDERWAY-- A TREACHEROUS AXIS PLOT THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF PUBLIC MORALE AND OUR NATION'S WAR EFFORTS-- WHEN PATRIOT TOOK A HAND IN THE WILY AXIS GAME, HE TRACED THE FLOOD OF BOGUS BONDS TO THEIR SOURCE, AND THEN SINGLEHANDED-- DESTROYED IT-- AND AN ASSORTED LOT OF AXIS AGENTS!

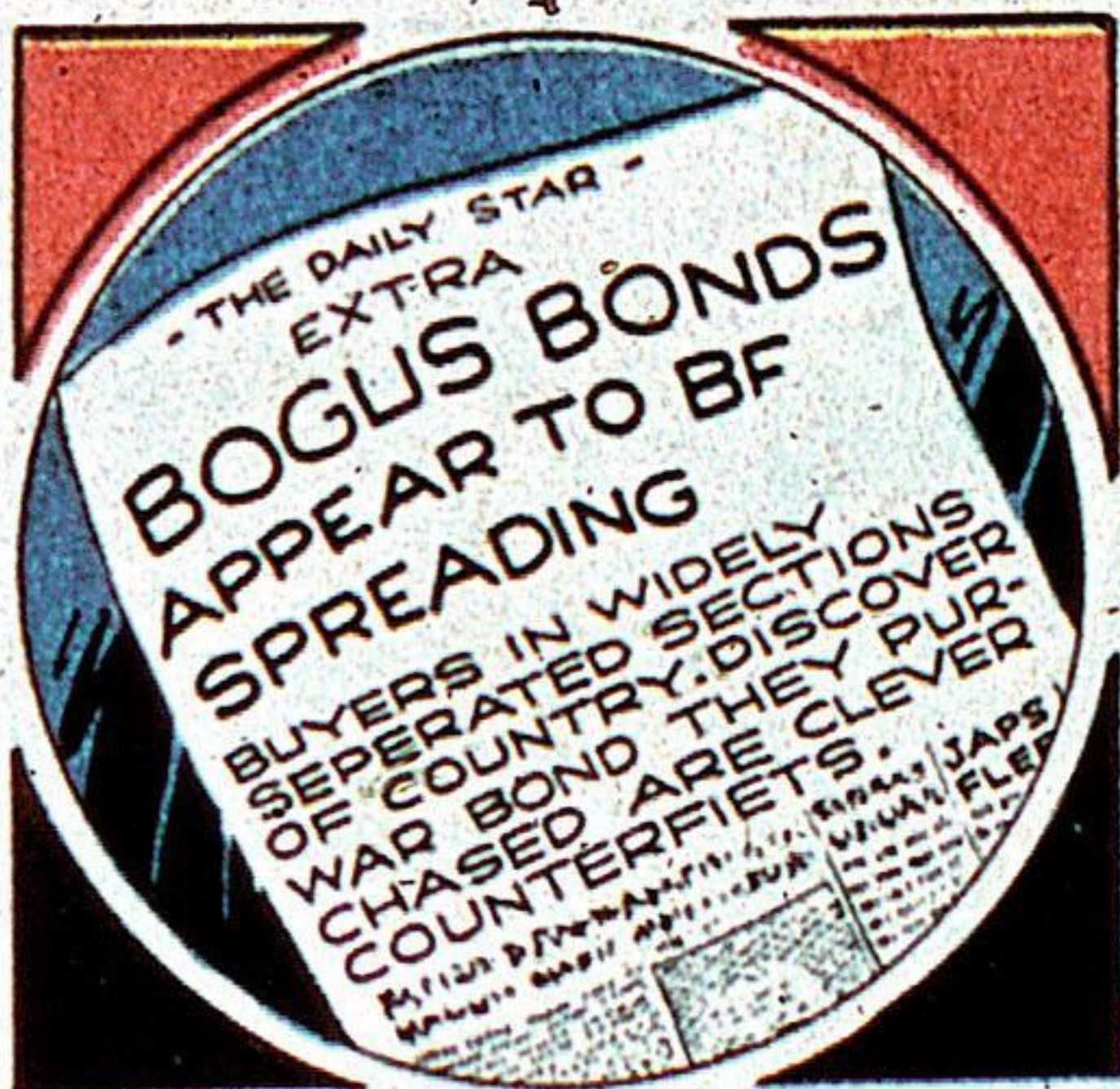


WHAT! YOU MUST CASH THIS BOND... I NEED THE MONEY BADLY! WHY, I—I—BOUGHT THE BOND RIGHT AT THIS VERY WINDOW!



BUT... I—I NEED THAT MONEY TO SEND MY SICK WIFE TO A SANITARIUM!





AND ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON, D.C.



OH-OH-WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE HI-JACKERS THIS MIGHT BE A QUICK WARM UP FOR THE PATRIOT!

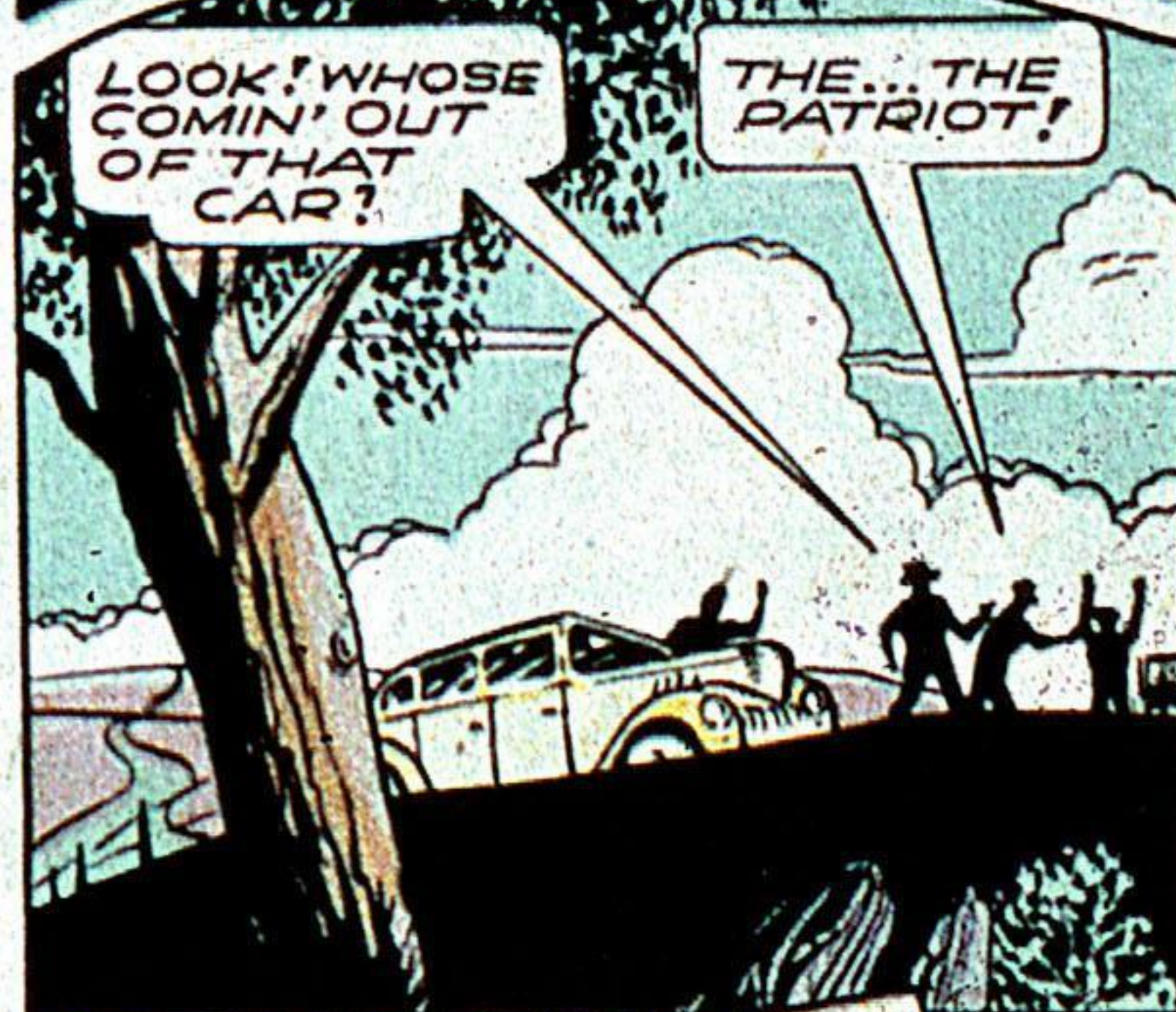


OKAY BOYS! THIS IS SMACKERS FOR HI-JACKERS WEEK!



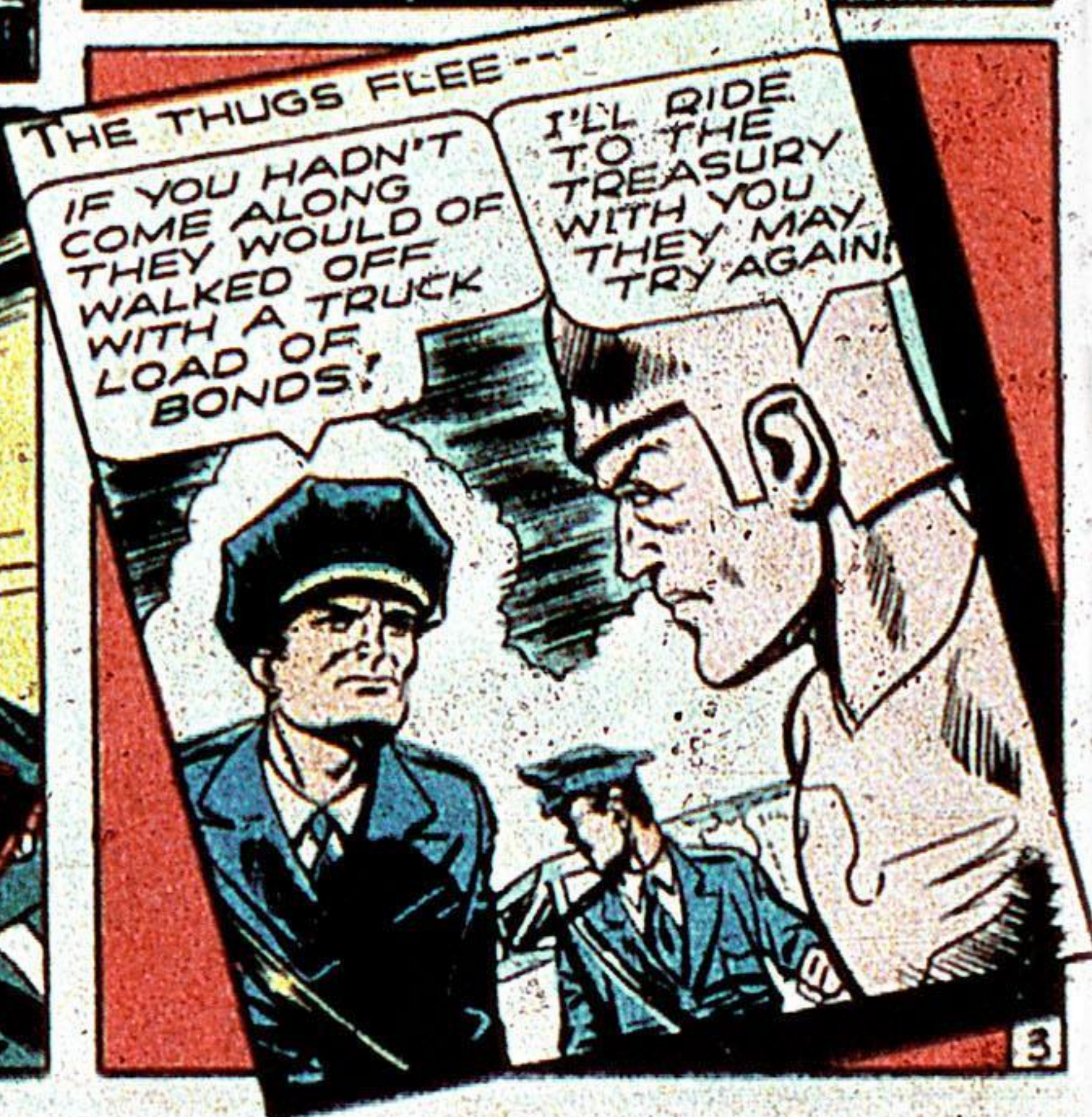
AND BACK AT THE STAR! THAT GRAND BALL IS GOING TO BOUNCE. I'M HEADING FOR THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT AND TRY TO RUN DOWN THE REAL STORY!

GO TO IT, JEFF!



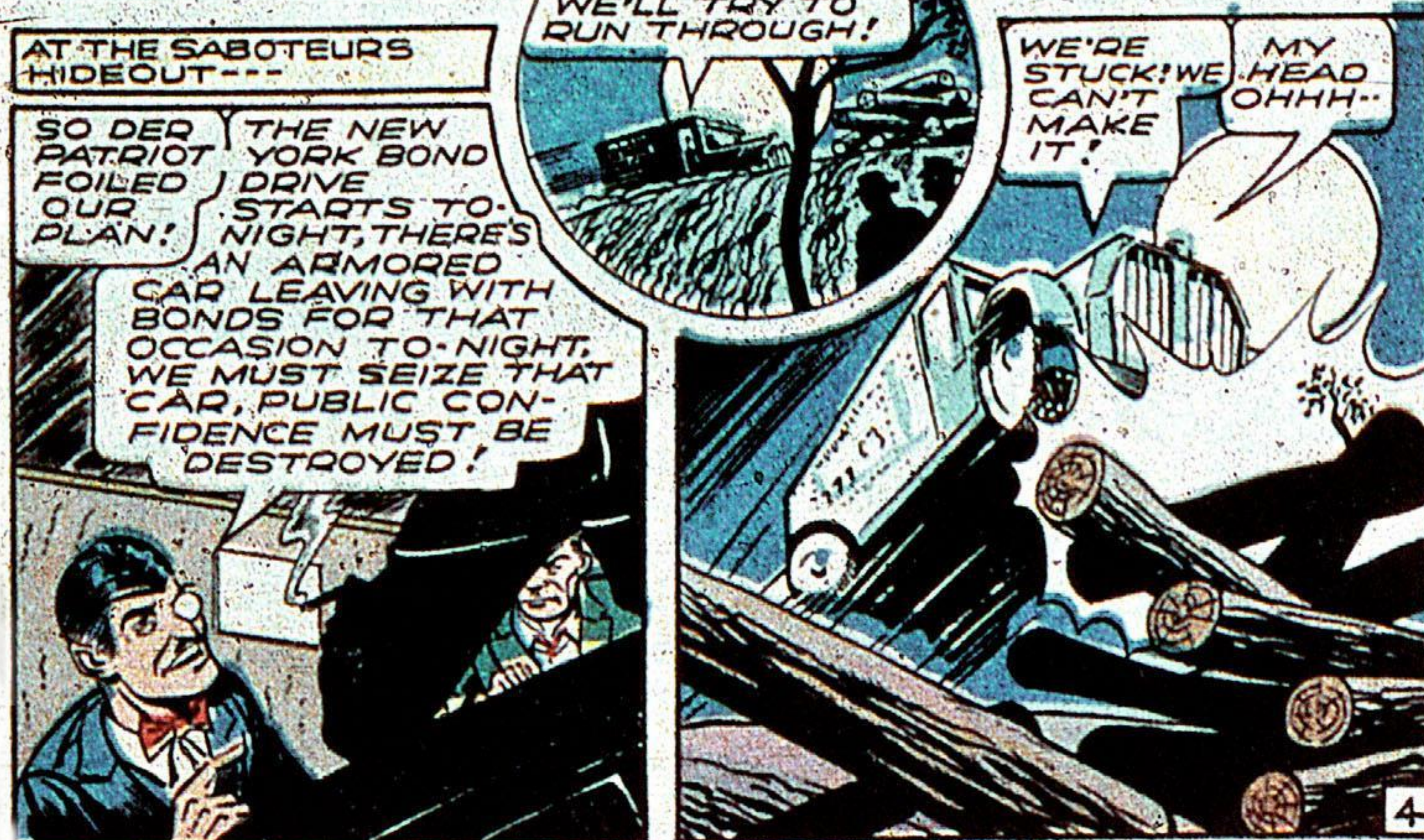
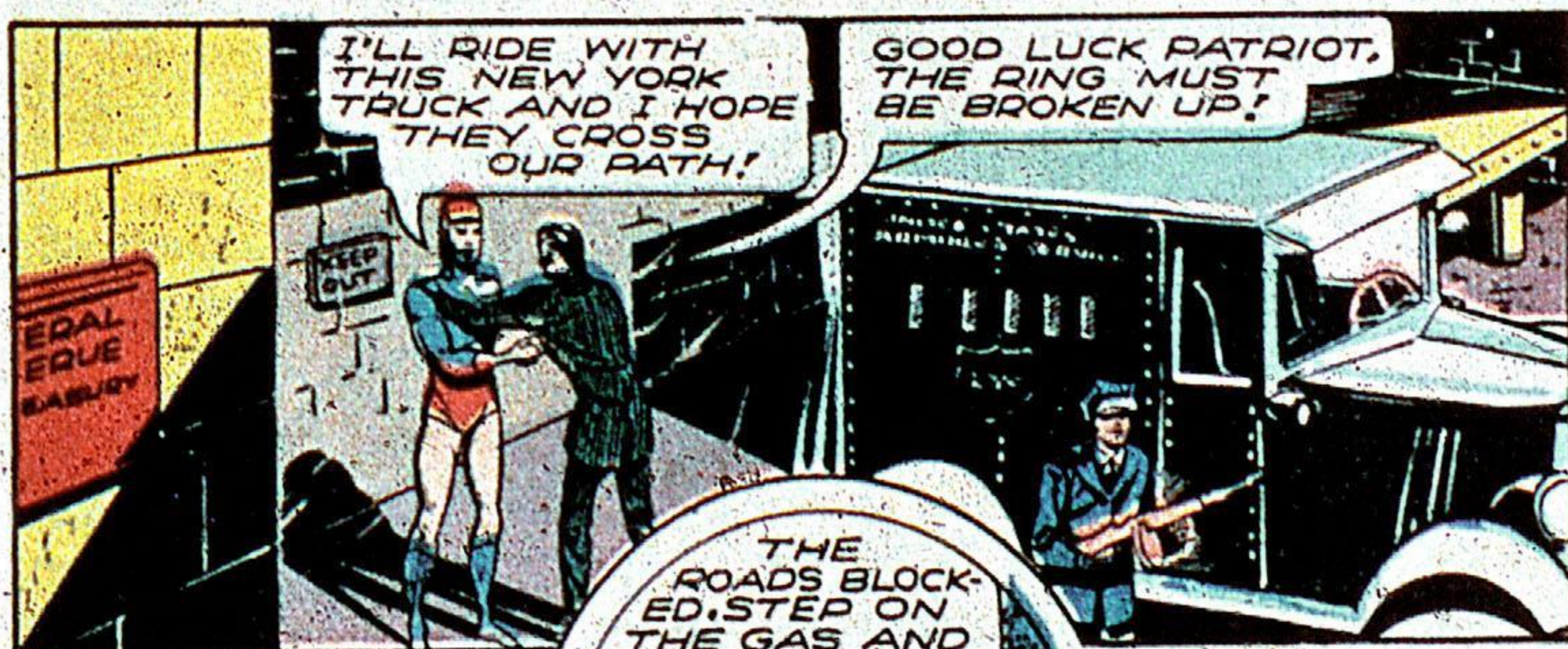
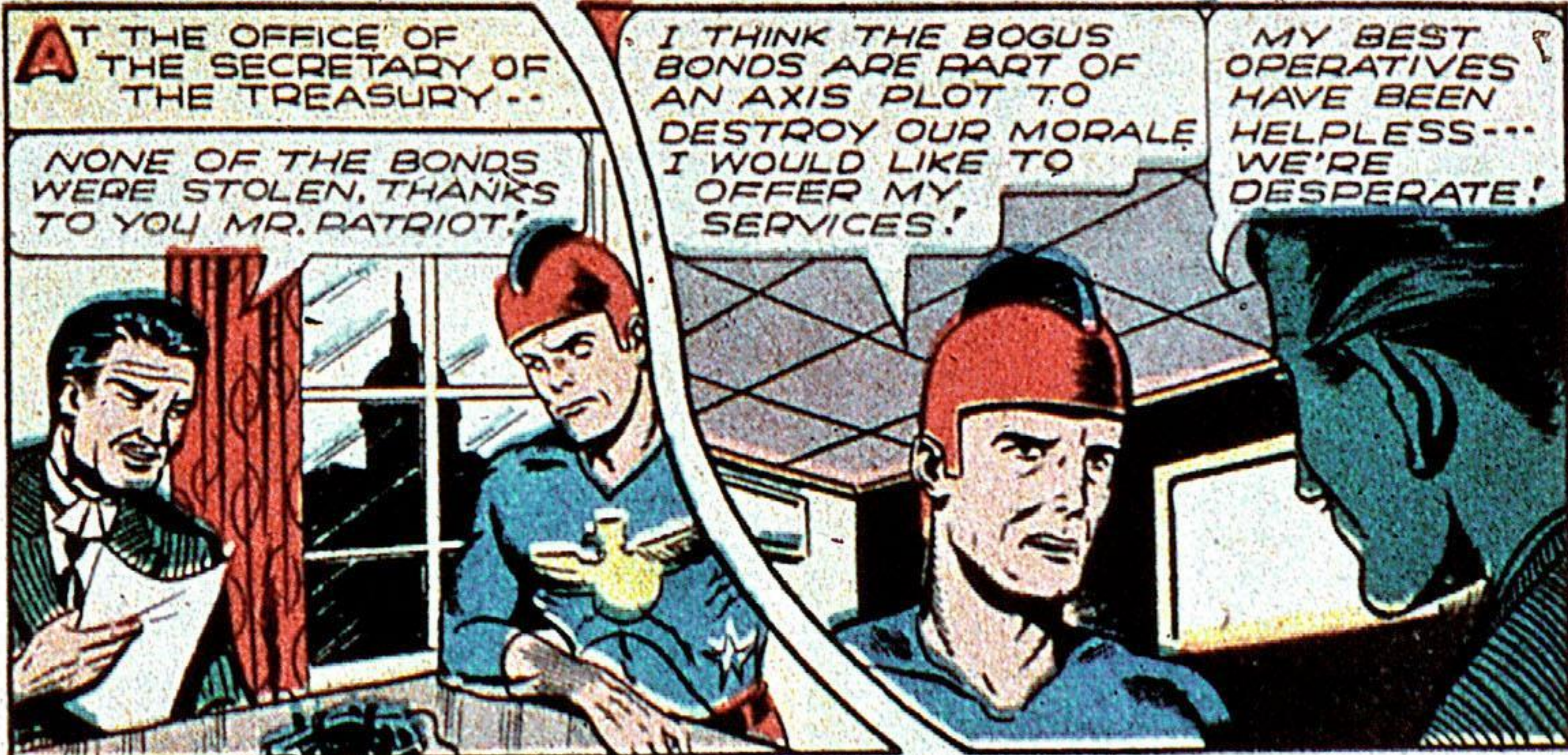
LOOK! WHOSE COMIN' OUT OF THAT CAR?

THE... THE PATRIOT!

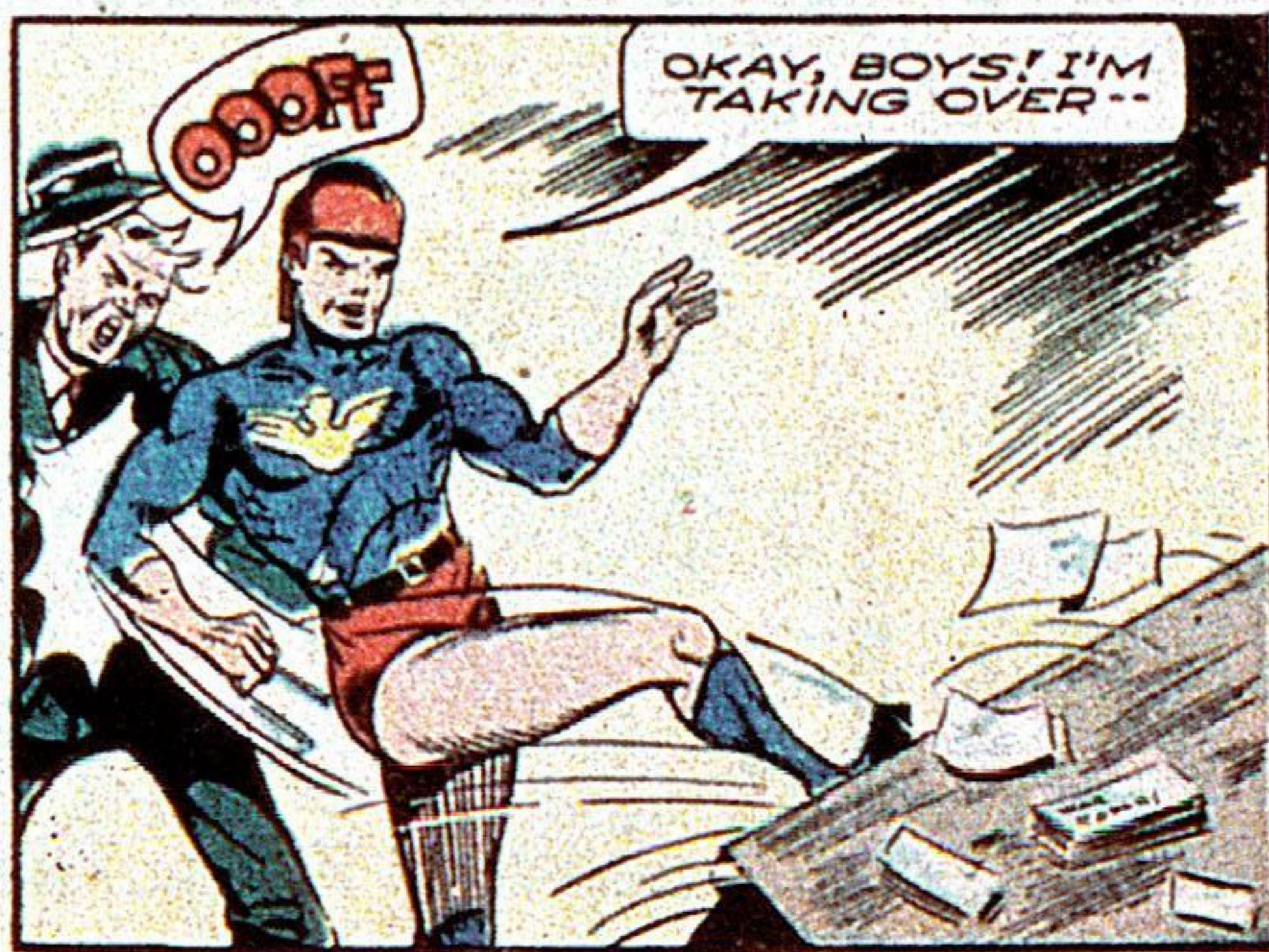
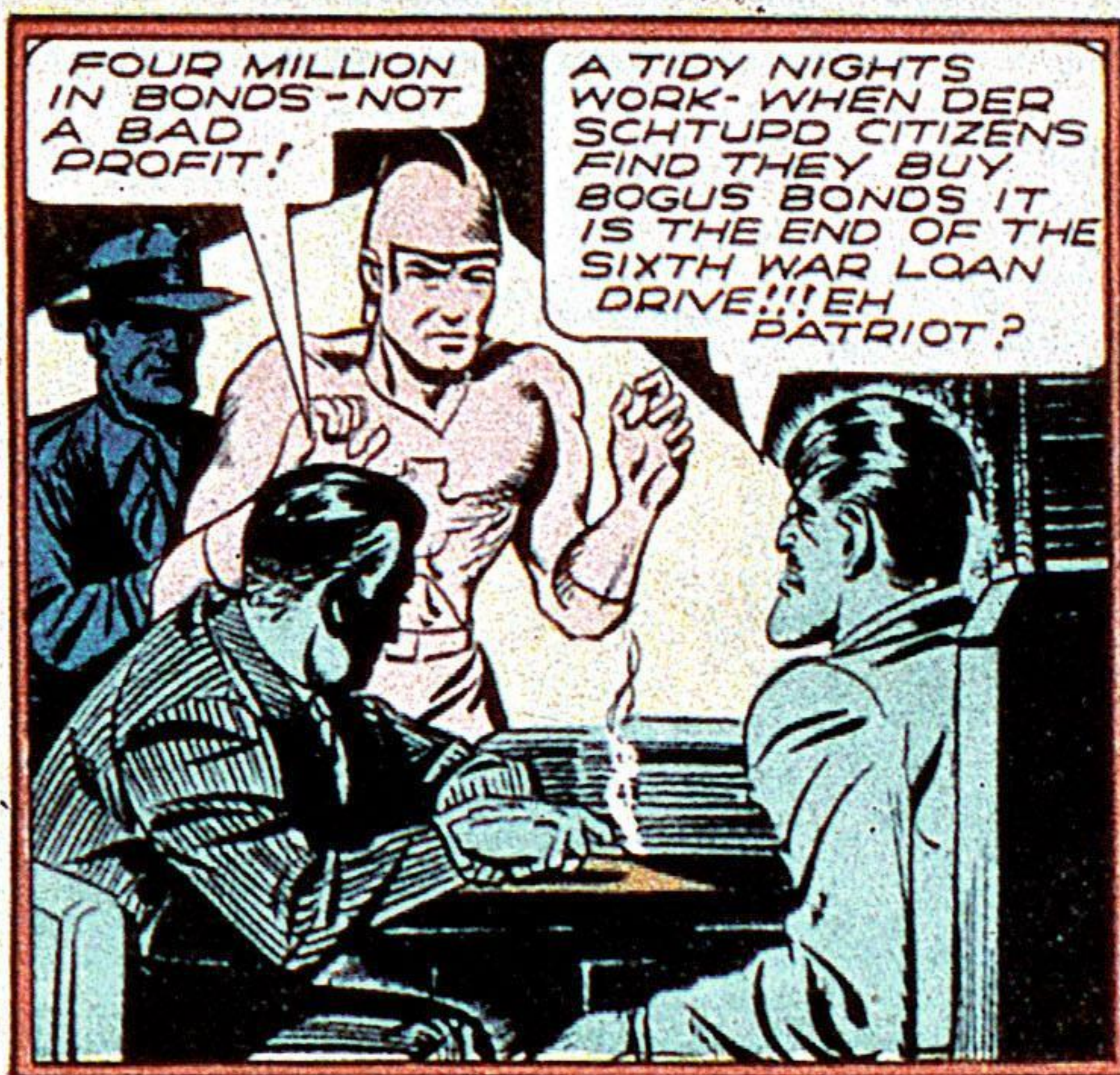
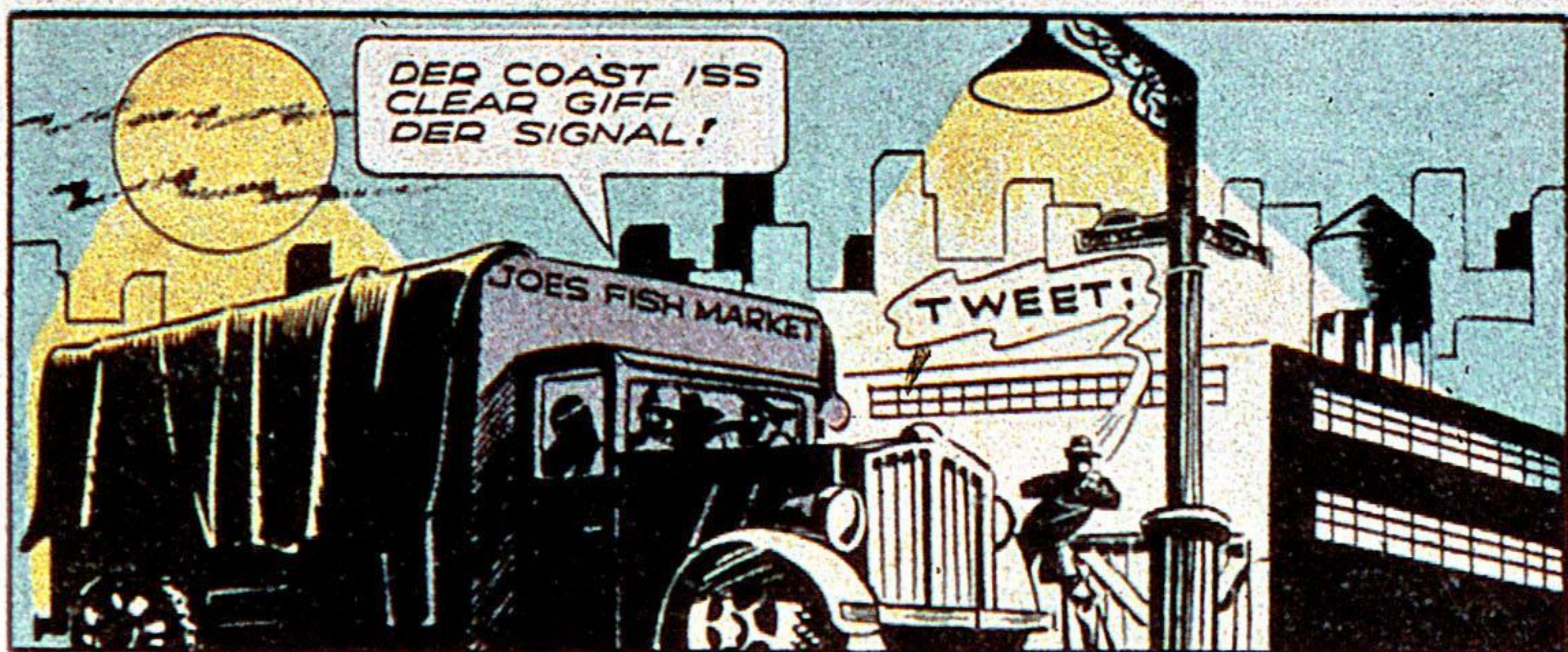


THE THUGS FLEE --- IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG THEY WOULD OF WALKED OFF WITH A TRUCK LOAD OF BONDS!

I'LL RIDE TO THE TREASURY WITH YOU THEY MAY TRY AGAIN!









AND NOW TO
ATTEND TO YOU
GUYS!

SHTAY AWAY
OR VE SHOOT!



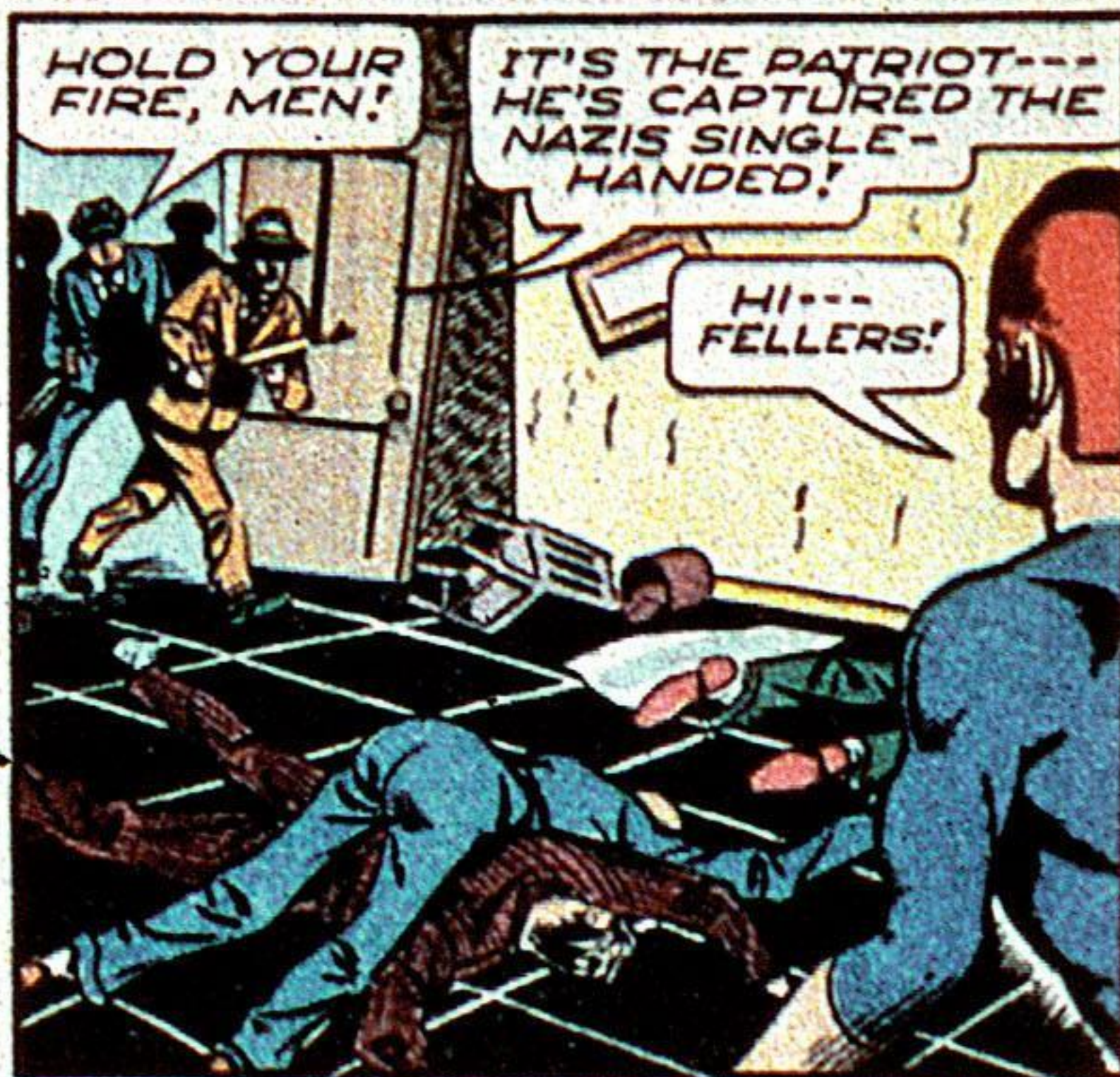
YOU HUNS WILL NEVER
LEARN, EXCEPT BY
FORCE!



MEANTIME OUTSIDE OF THE
HIDEOUT ---

OKAY, MEN-- HAVE YOUR
GUNS READY-- WE'RE
GOING IN!

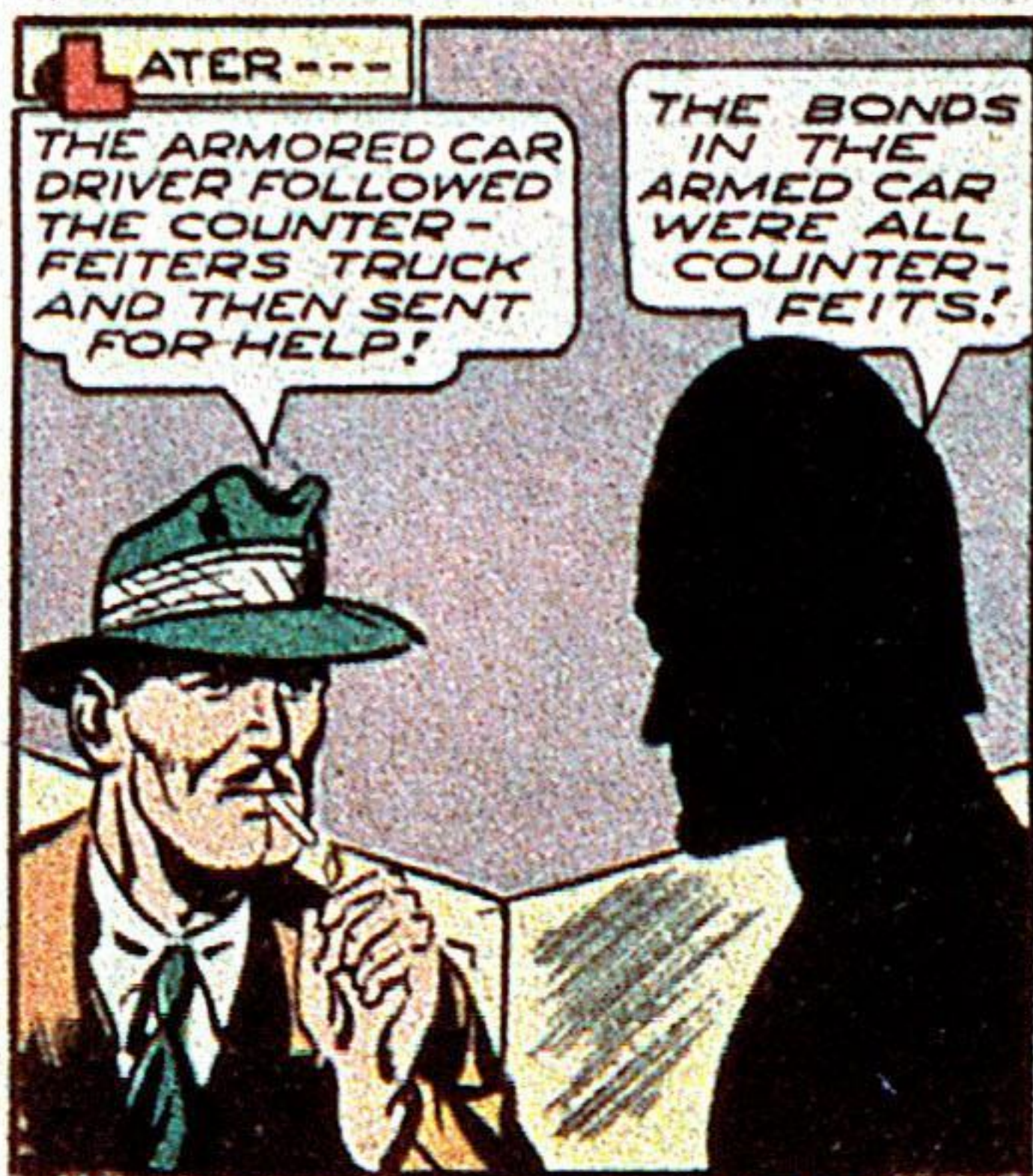
WAREHOUSE



HOLD YOUR
FIRE, MEN!

IT'S THE PATRIOT---
HE'S CAPTURED THE
NAZIS SINGLE-
HANDED!

HI---
FELLERS!



LATER ---

THE ARMORED CAR
DRIVER FOLLOWED
THE COUNTER-
FEITERS TRUCK
AND THEN SENT
FOR HELP!

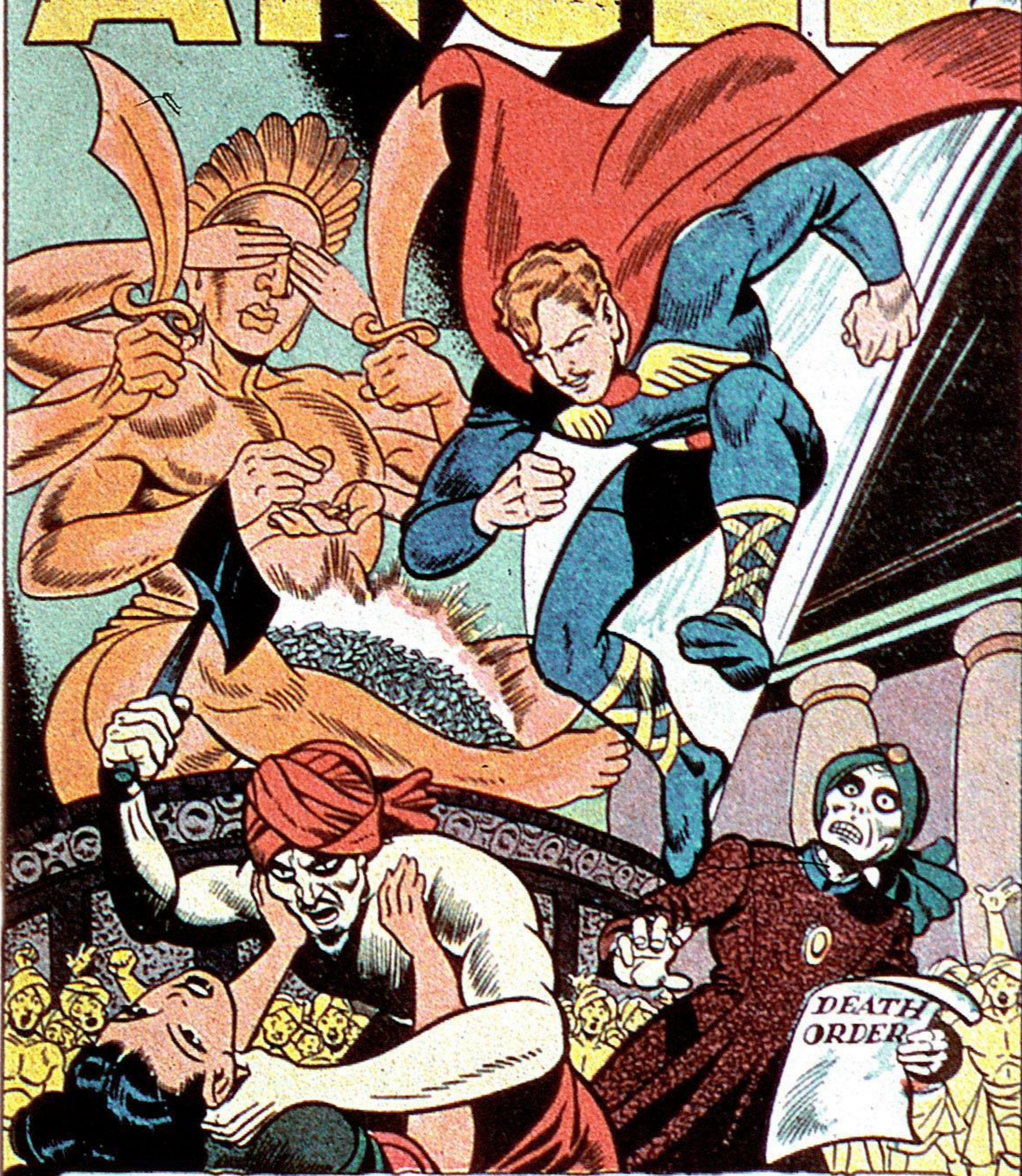
THE BONDS
IN THE
ARMED CAR
WERE ALL
COUNTER-
FEITS!



THEY PRINTED
THE PHONEY
BONDS HERE--
AND WHEN
THEY HELD UP
THE ARMORED
CAR, THEY
SWITCHED THE
PHONEY BONDS
FOR THE REAL
ONES!

THAT'S WHY BOGUS
BONDS WERE BEING
SOLD BY LEGITIMATE
BANKS AND BOND
BOOTHs-- THANKS,
PATRIOT--- YOUR
COUNTRY CAN BE
PROUD OF YOU!

The ANGELL



THE ANGEL, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM A MISSION SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, IS PLUNGED INTO MORE SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURE WHEN HE BECOMES EMBROILED IN THE DARK SUPERSTITIONS AND MYSTICISMS OF THE STRANGE ORIENT IN THE
SECRET OF THE BLIND IDOL !

HURRYING
TO CATCH HIS
STEAMSHIP AT
AN ORIENTAL
PORT.....THE
ANGEL'S
ATTENTION IS
ATTRACTED BY
A
HOWLING MOB
AFTER A
FLEEING
GIRL!



INSTANTLY THE ANGEL'S FISTS GO INTO ACTION!

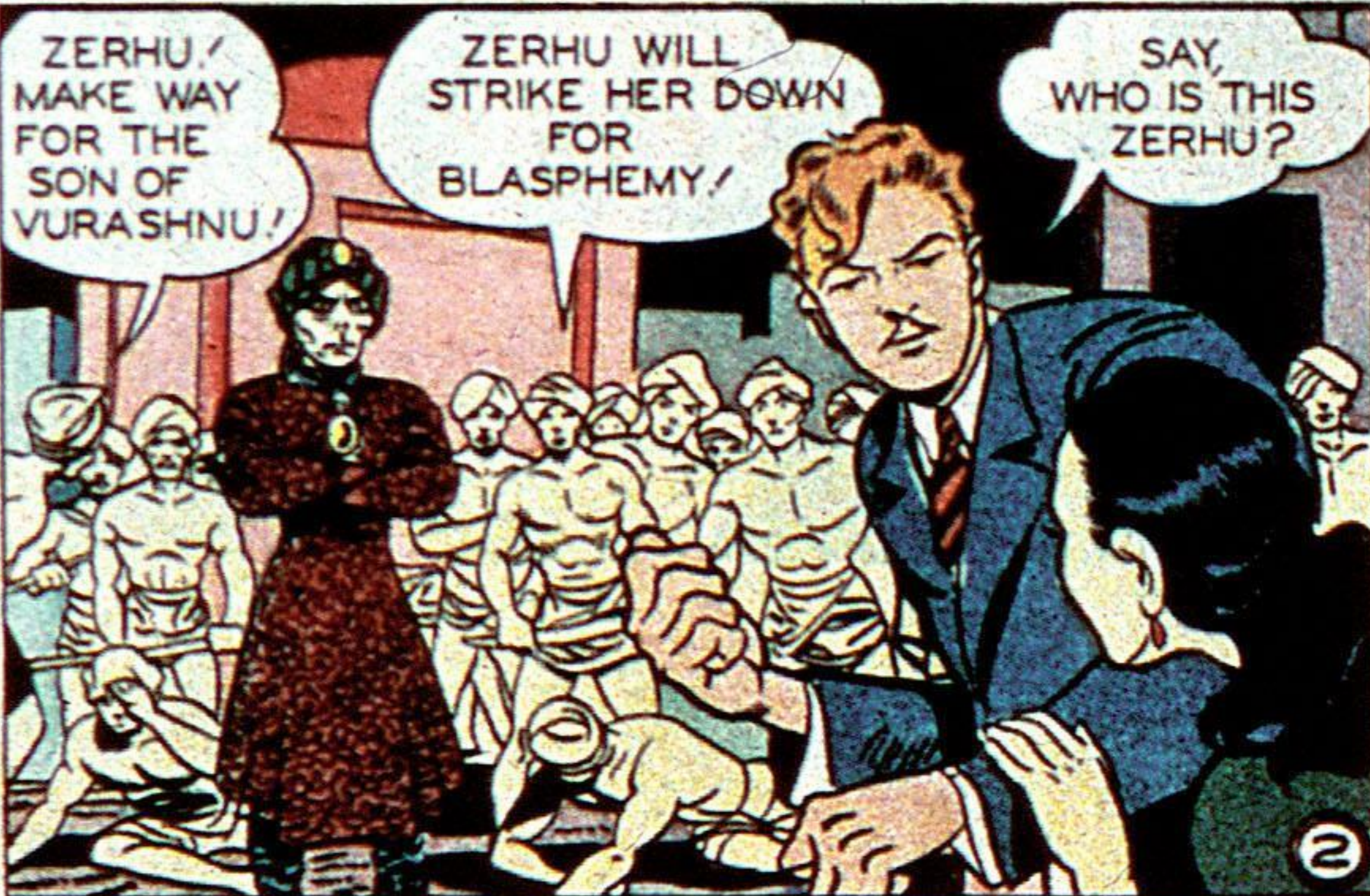


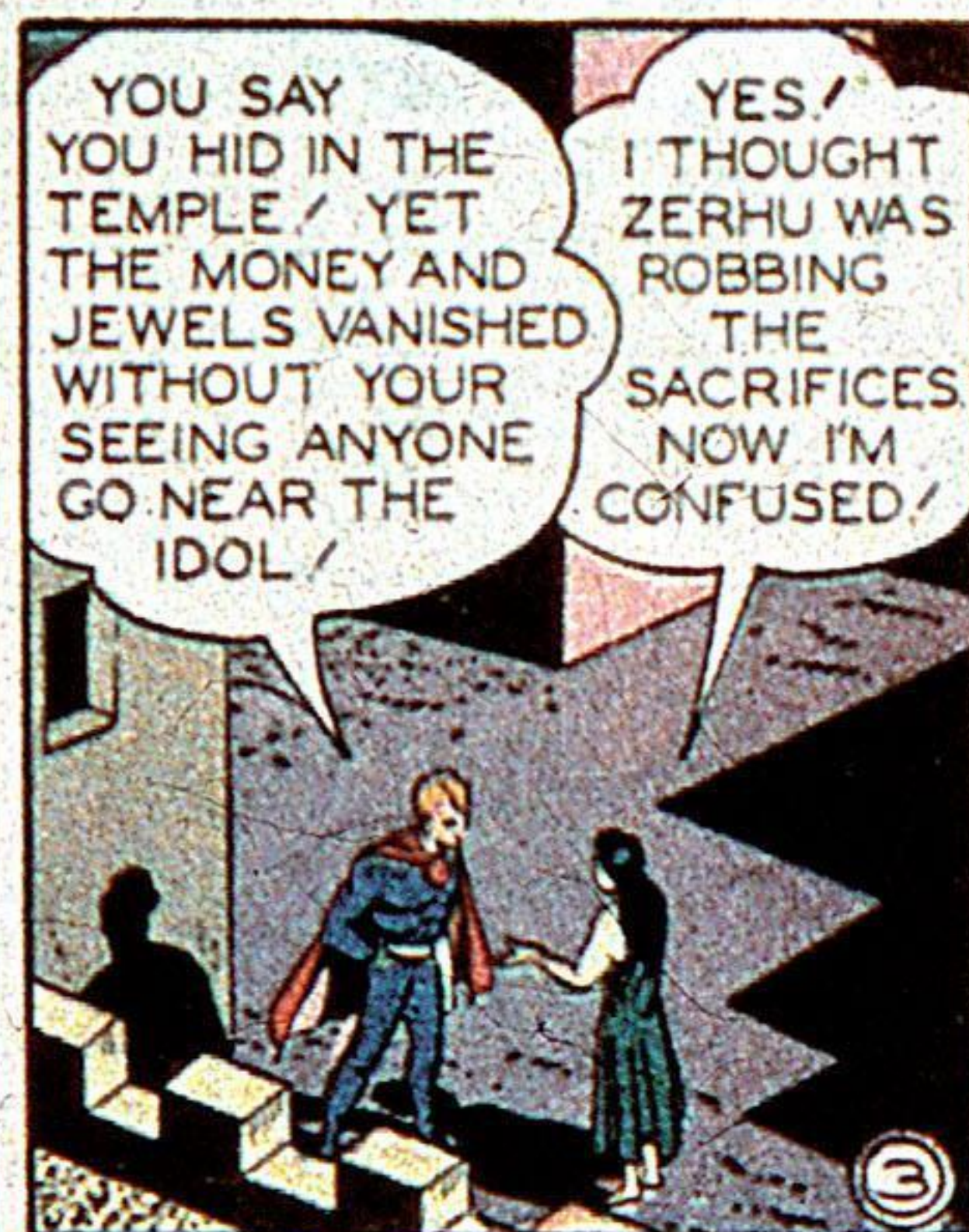
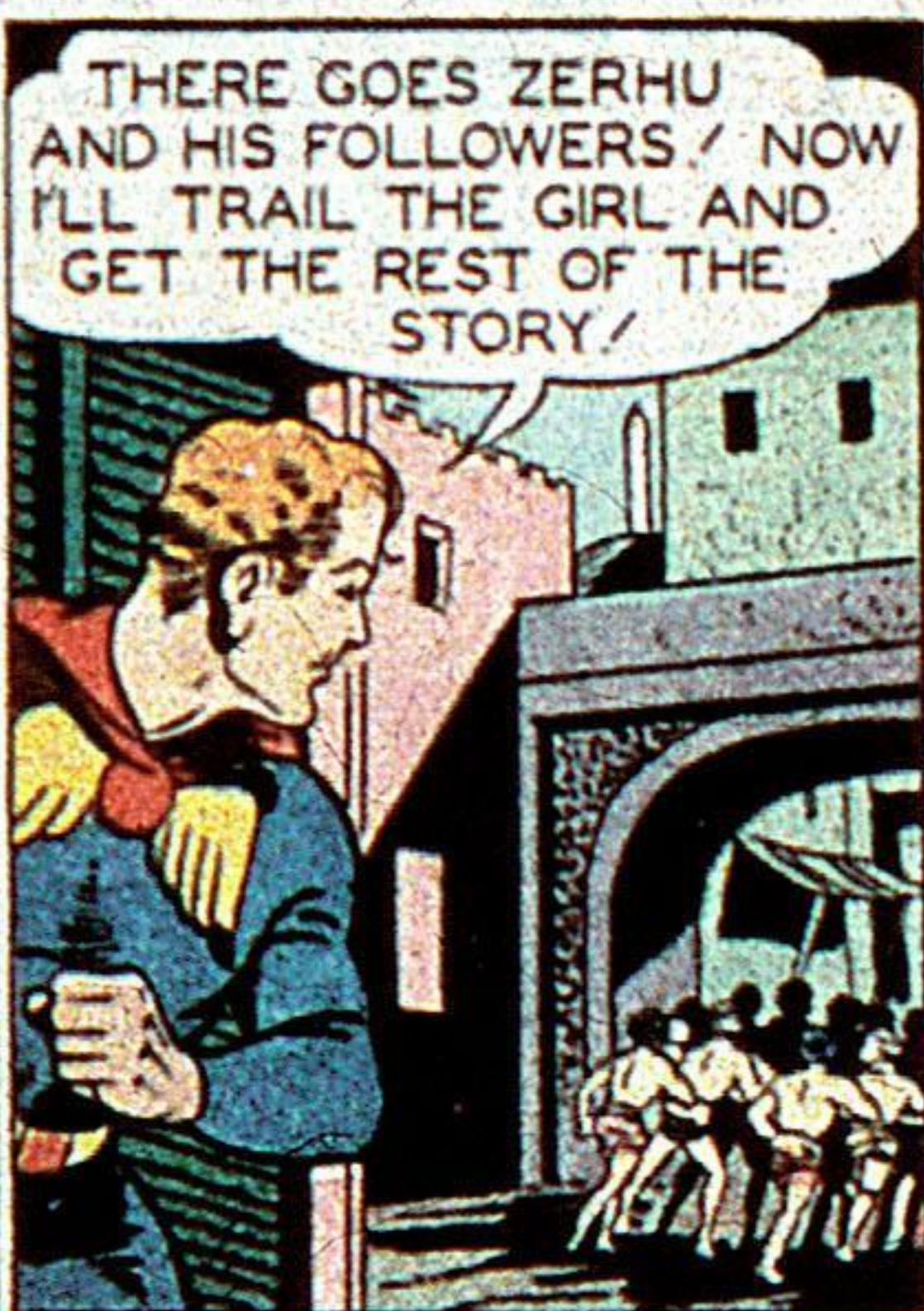
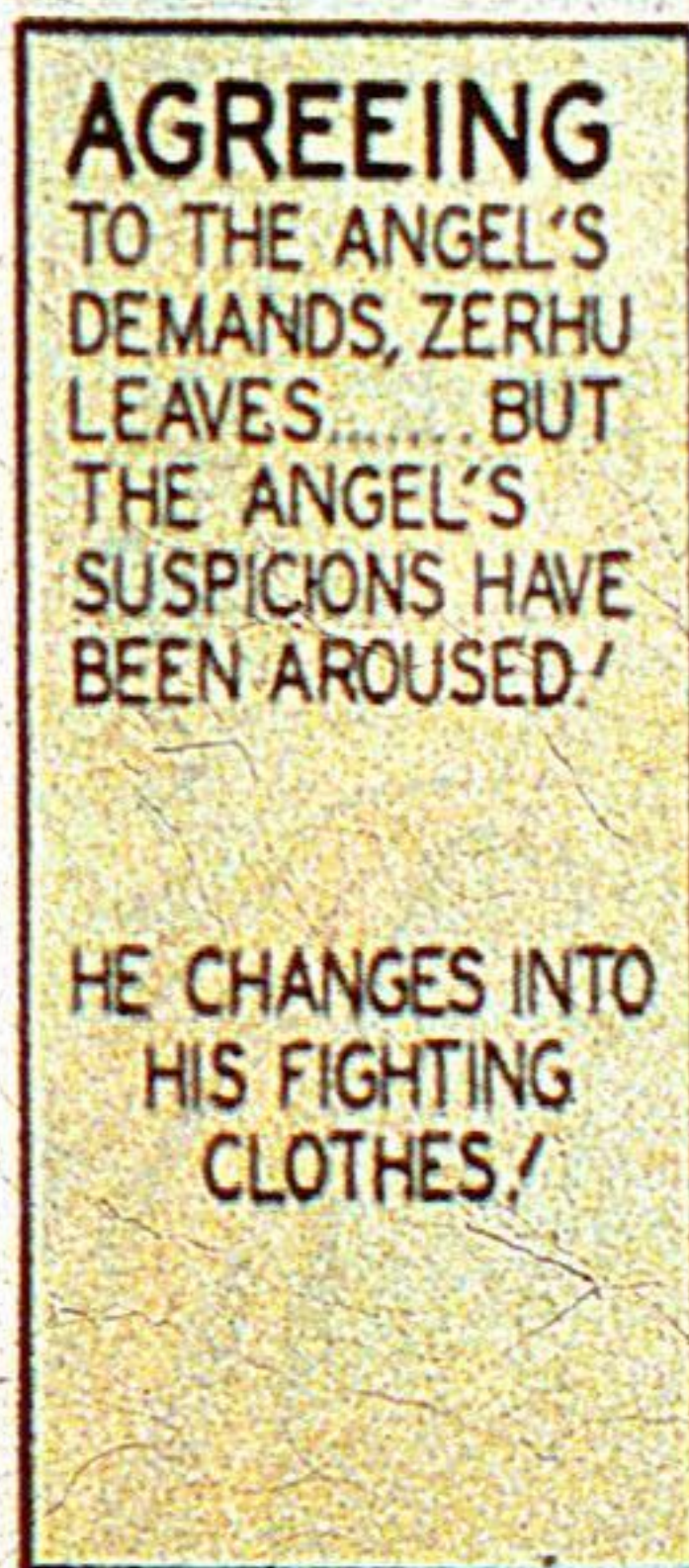
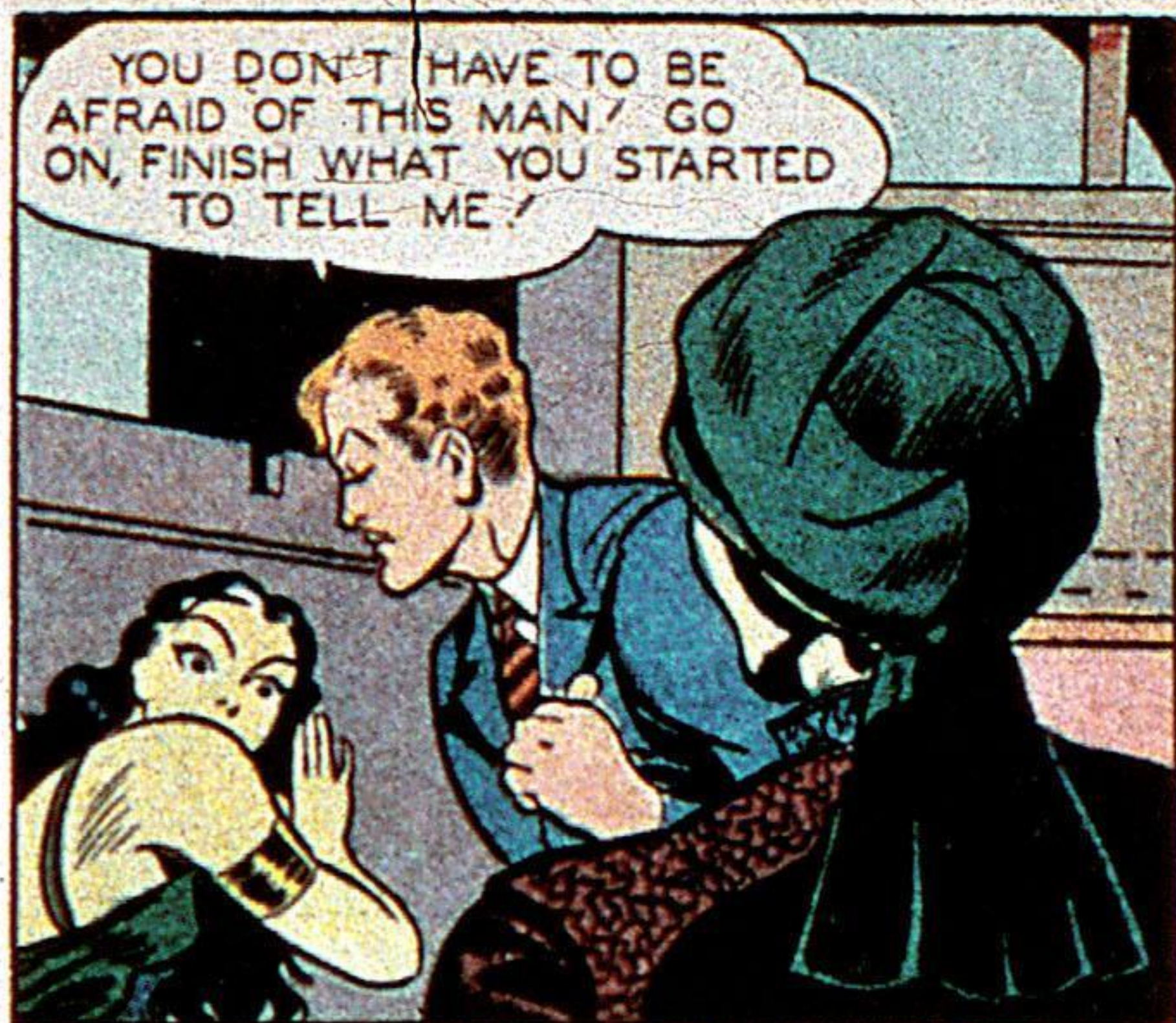
I DO NOT WANT THESE FOR MYSELF! I TRIED TO PROVE THAT THEY ARE FOOLISH TO GIVE UP ALL THEIR POSSESSIONS! VURASHNU DOES NOT DEMAND SACRIFICES OF GOLD AND JEWELS! THEY'RE BEING TRICKED BY---



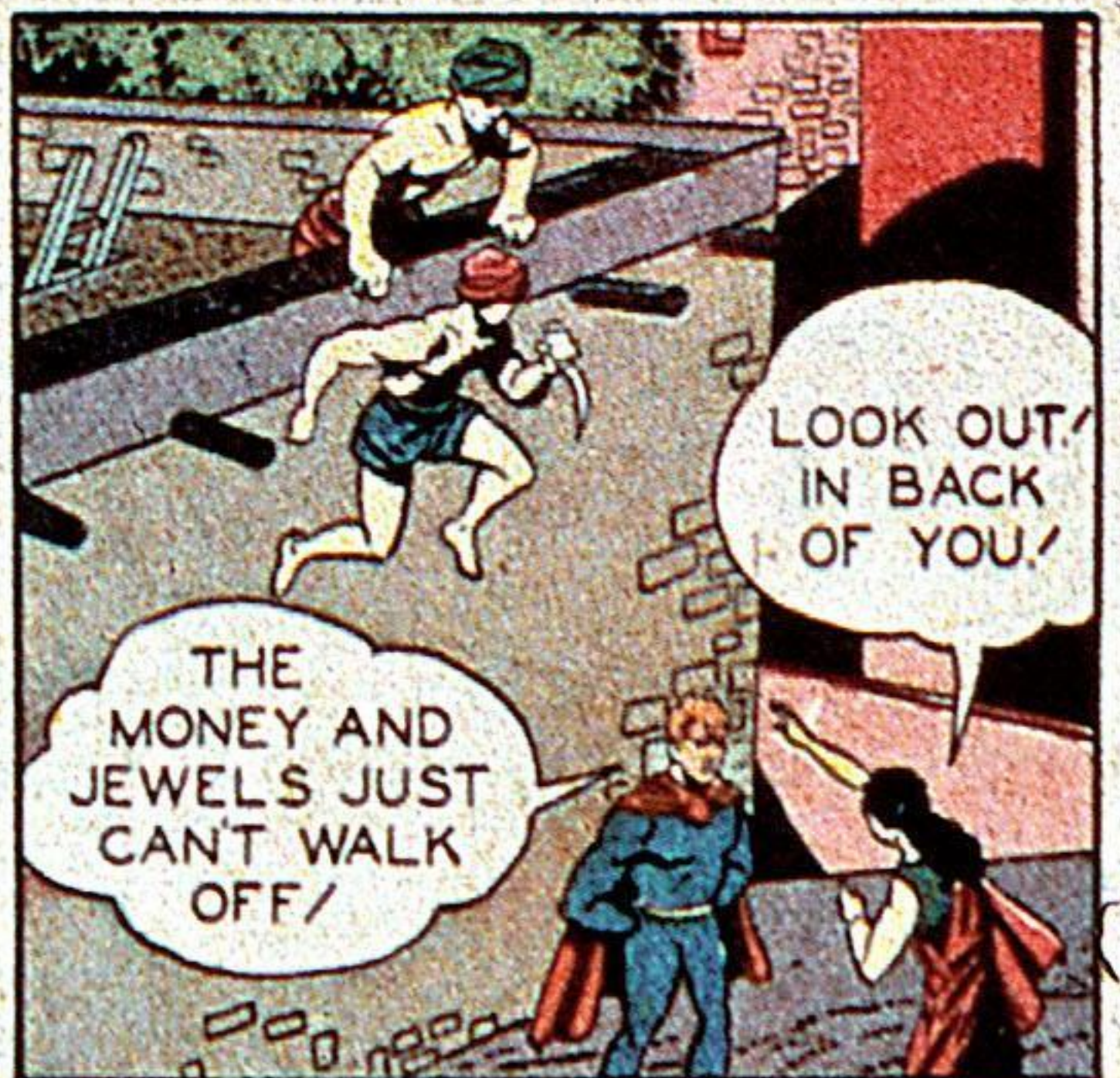
SUDDENLY
THE CROWD PARTS
WITH MURMURS
OF AWE BEFORE

AN
**APPROACH-
ING FIGURE!**

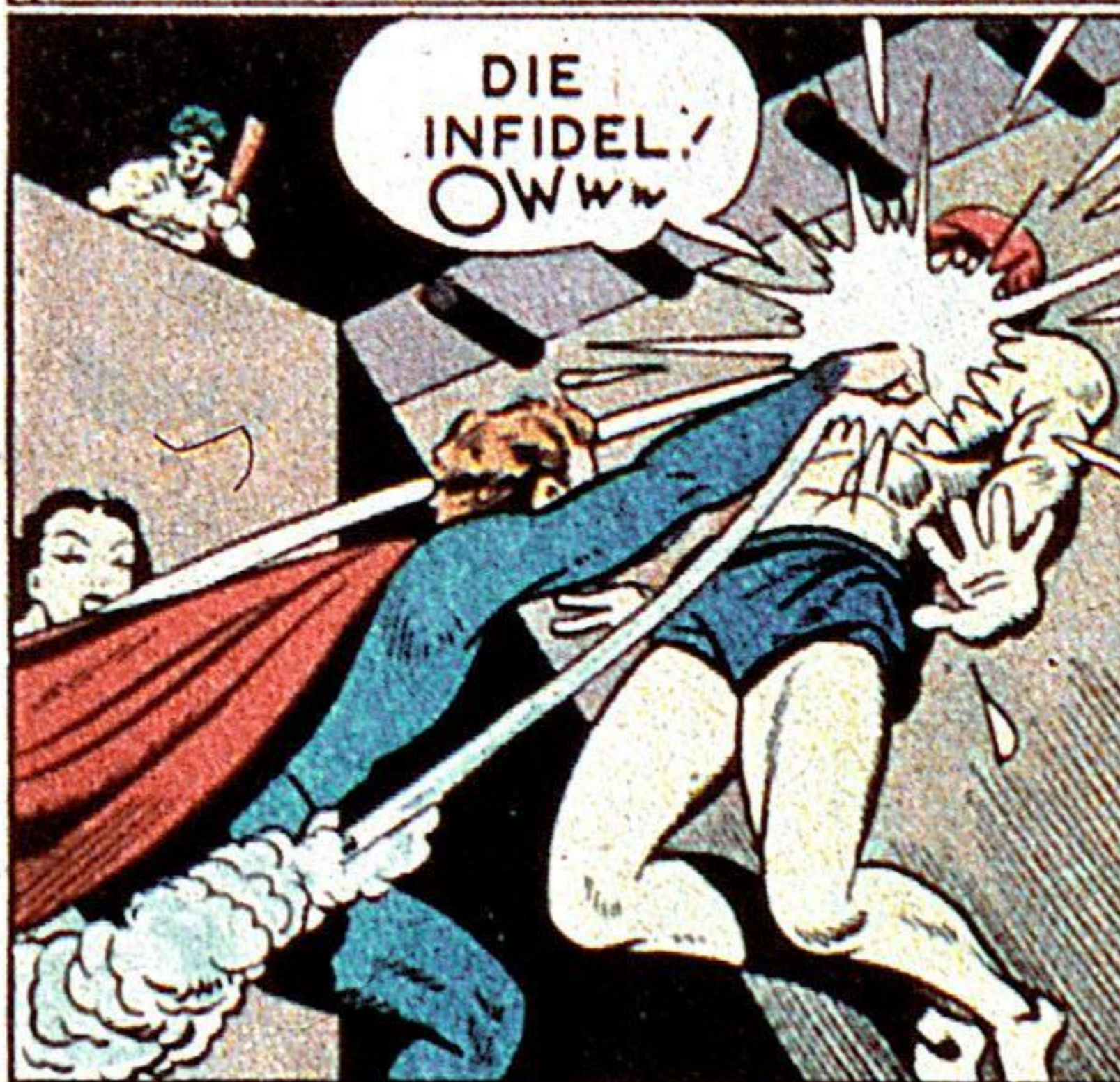




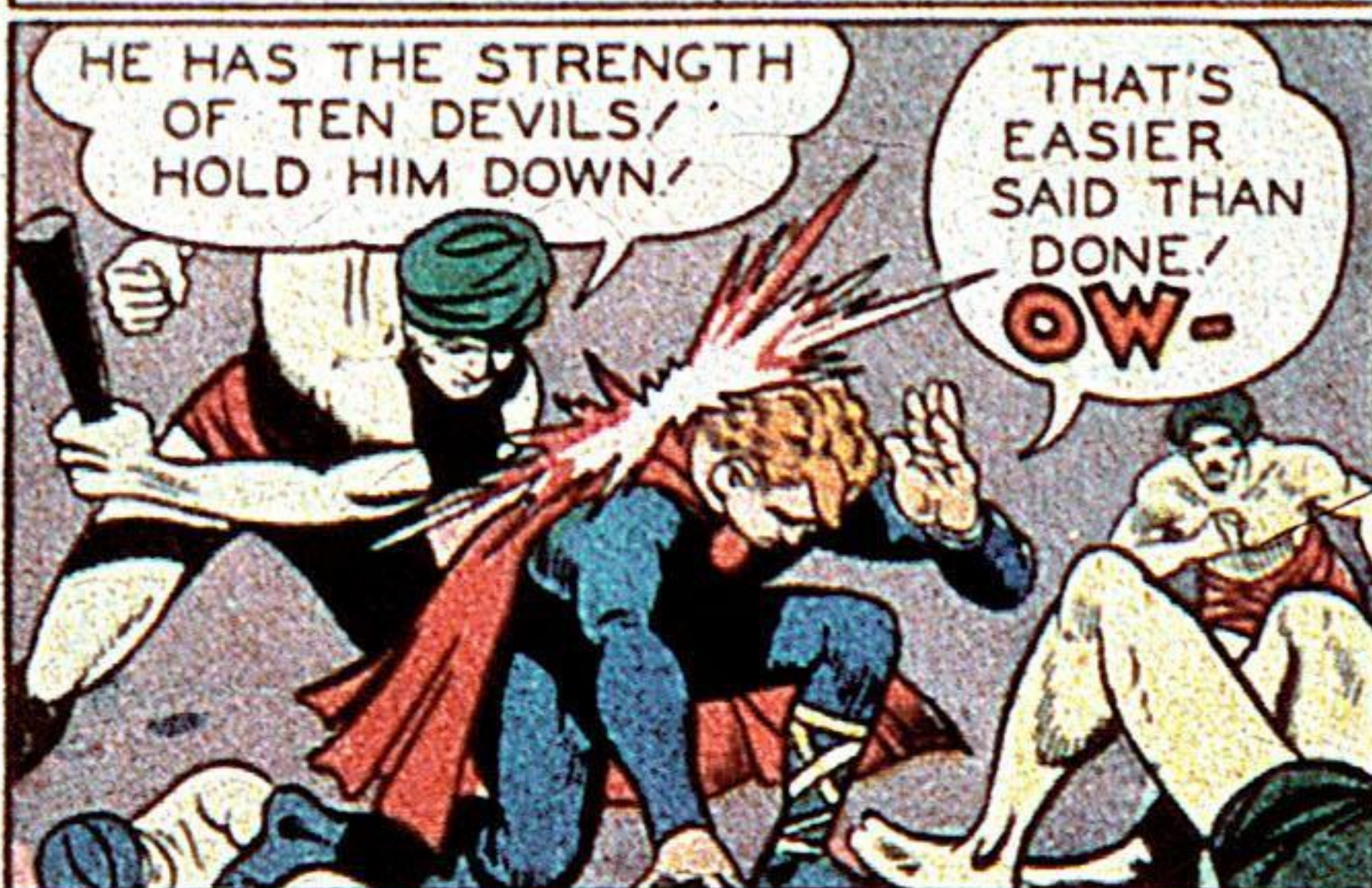
OTHERS HAVE TRAILED THE
NATIVE GIRL ALSO /



THANKS TO THE GIRL'S TIMELY
WARNING, THE ALERT
ANGEL MEETS THE ATTACK
WITH THUDDING FISTS /

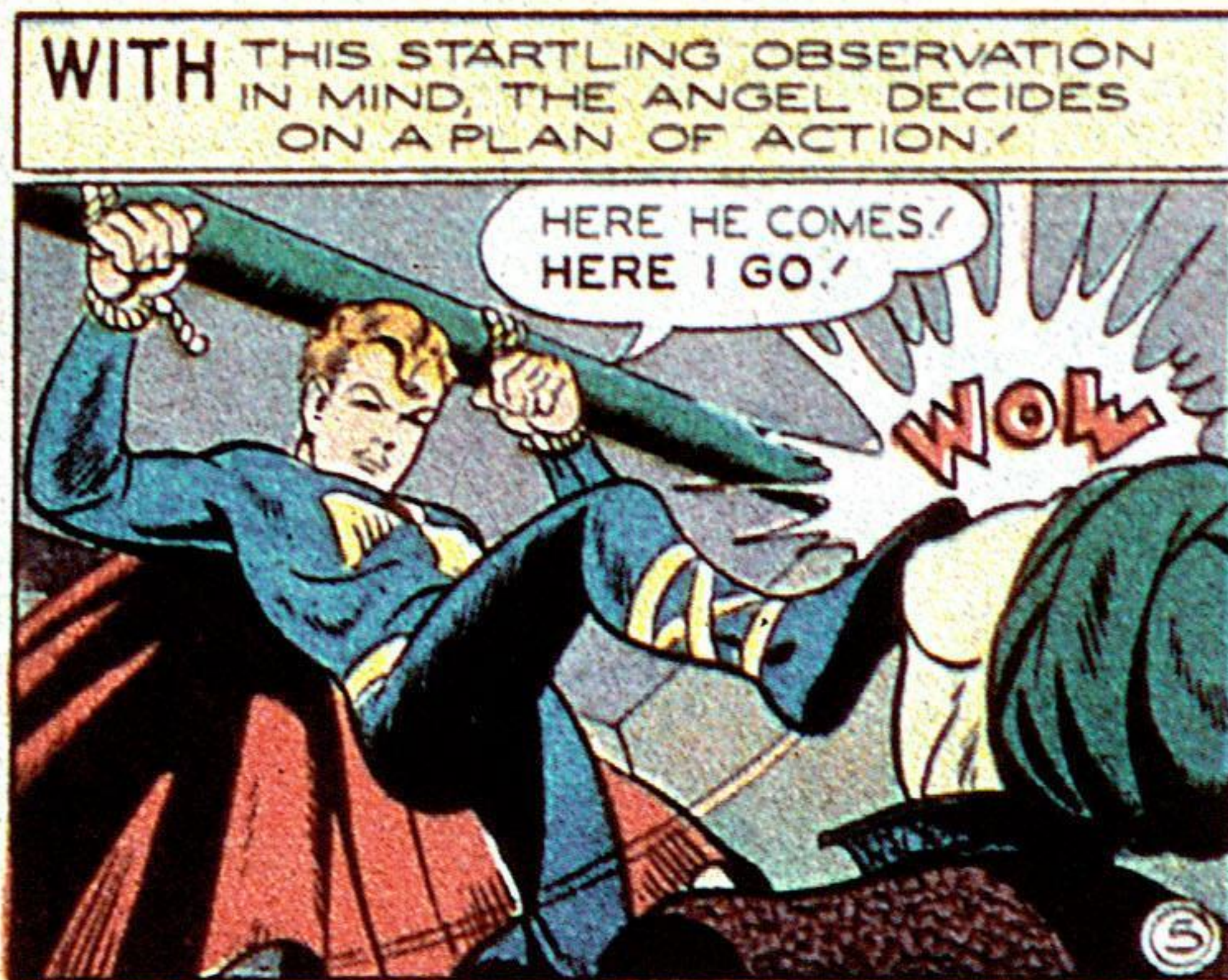
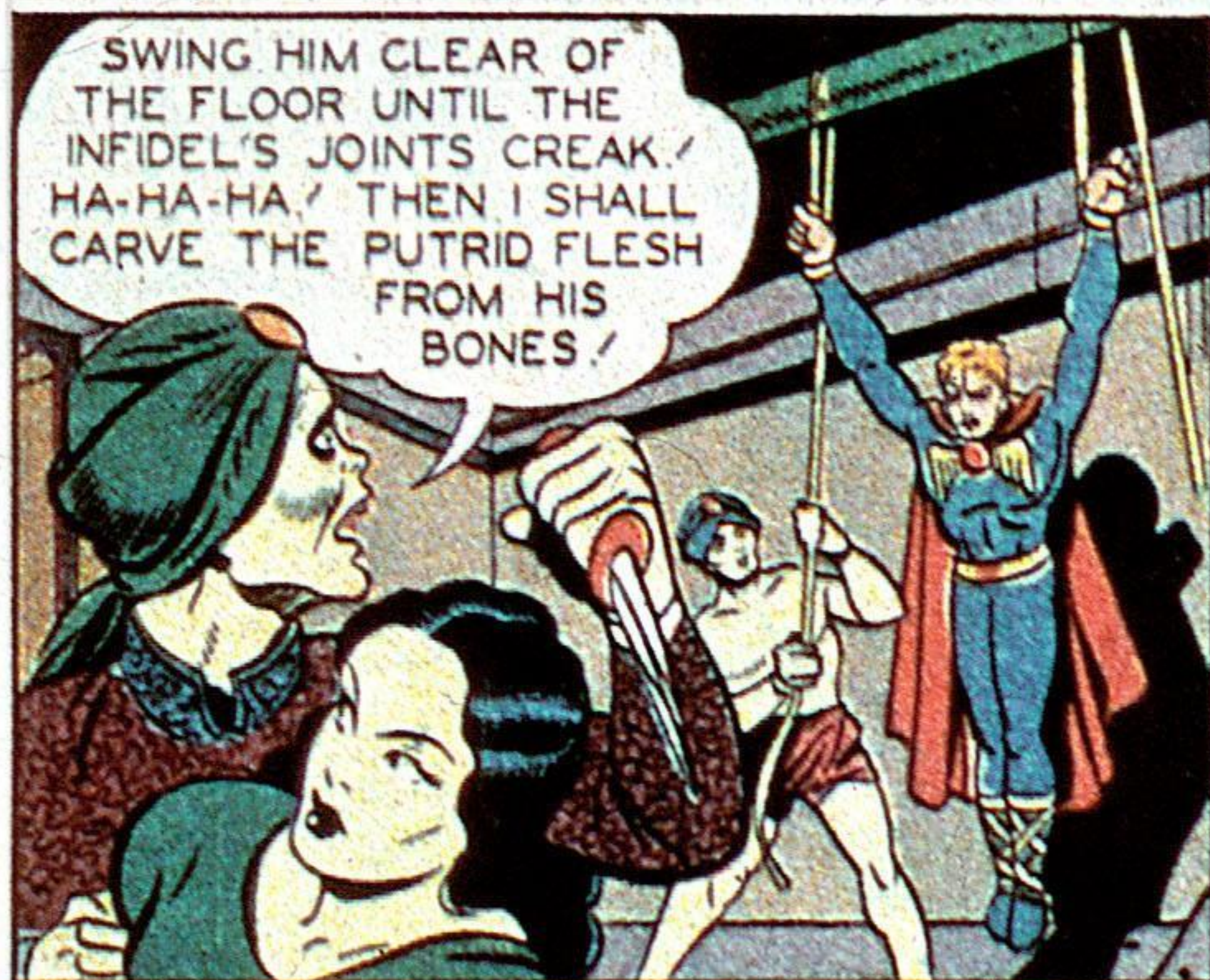


BEATEN TO THE GROUND BY THE
FEROCIOUS ATTACK, THE
ANGEL IS OVERCOME.



SOMETIME LATER....







GREAT GUNS! I CAN'T LET HIM GET THAT KNIFE!



HELP UGH

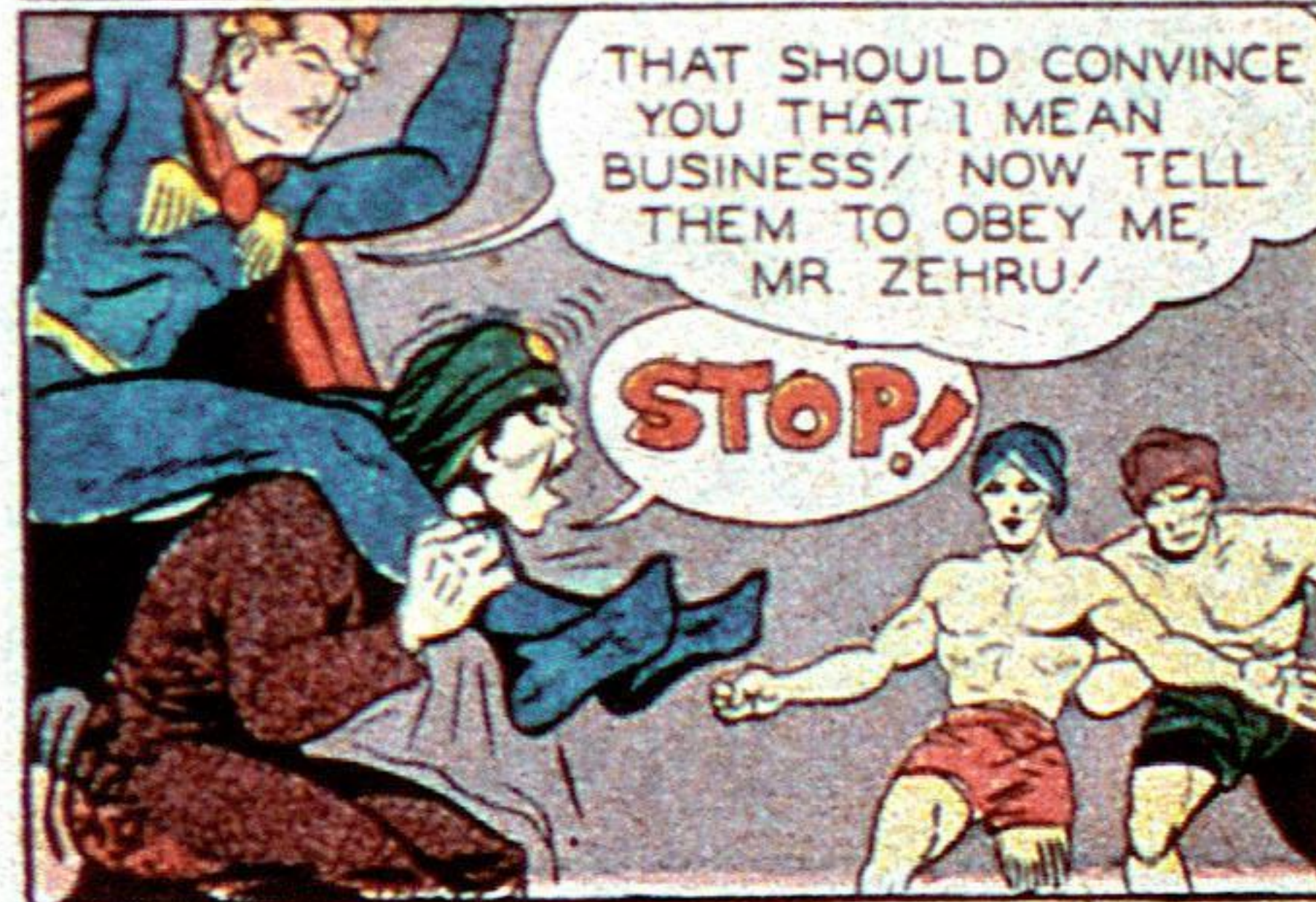
The
DAZED
HENCHMEN
OF ZERHU
OVERCOME
THEIR
SURPRISE
AND
LEAP
TO
HIS
AID!



QUICK!

SISTER! GET HIS KNIFE! STAND BACK OR I'LL STRANGLE YOUR HIGH PRIEST!

A SCREAM OF TERROR AND PAIN IS WRUNG FROM THE HIGH PRIEST AS THE ANGEL TIGHTENS HIS GRIP!



THAT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU THAT I MEAN BUSINESS! NOW TELL THEM TO OBEY ME, MR. ZEHU!

STOP!



DO-AS HE---SAYS--- I AM---IN HIS POWER---



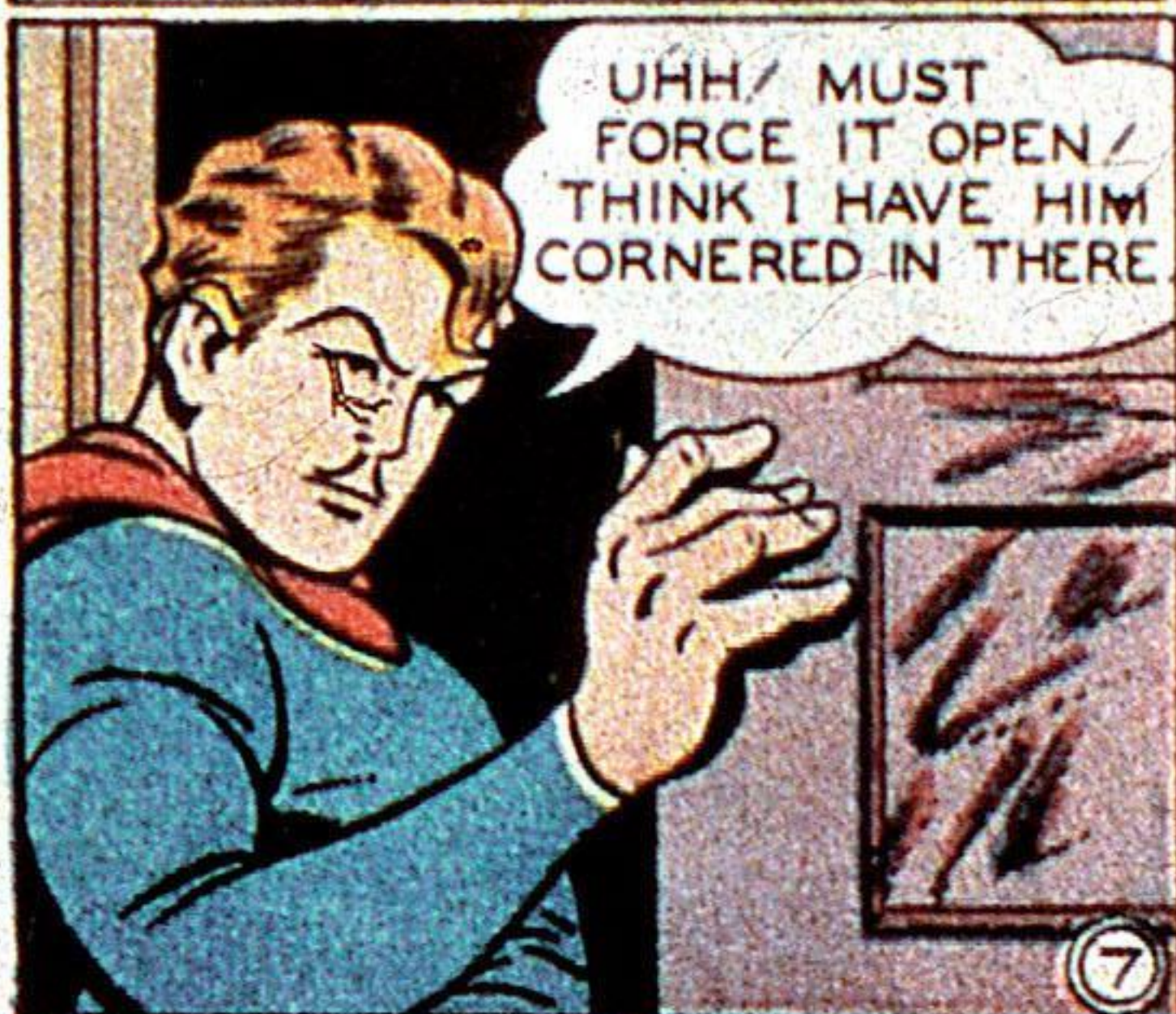
THE THUGS ATTACK THE FALLEN ANGEL WHILE THEIR MASTER HASTILY SCURRIES AWAY TO SAFETY. /

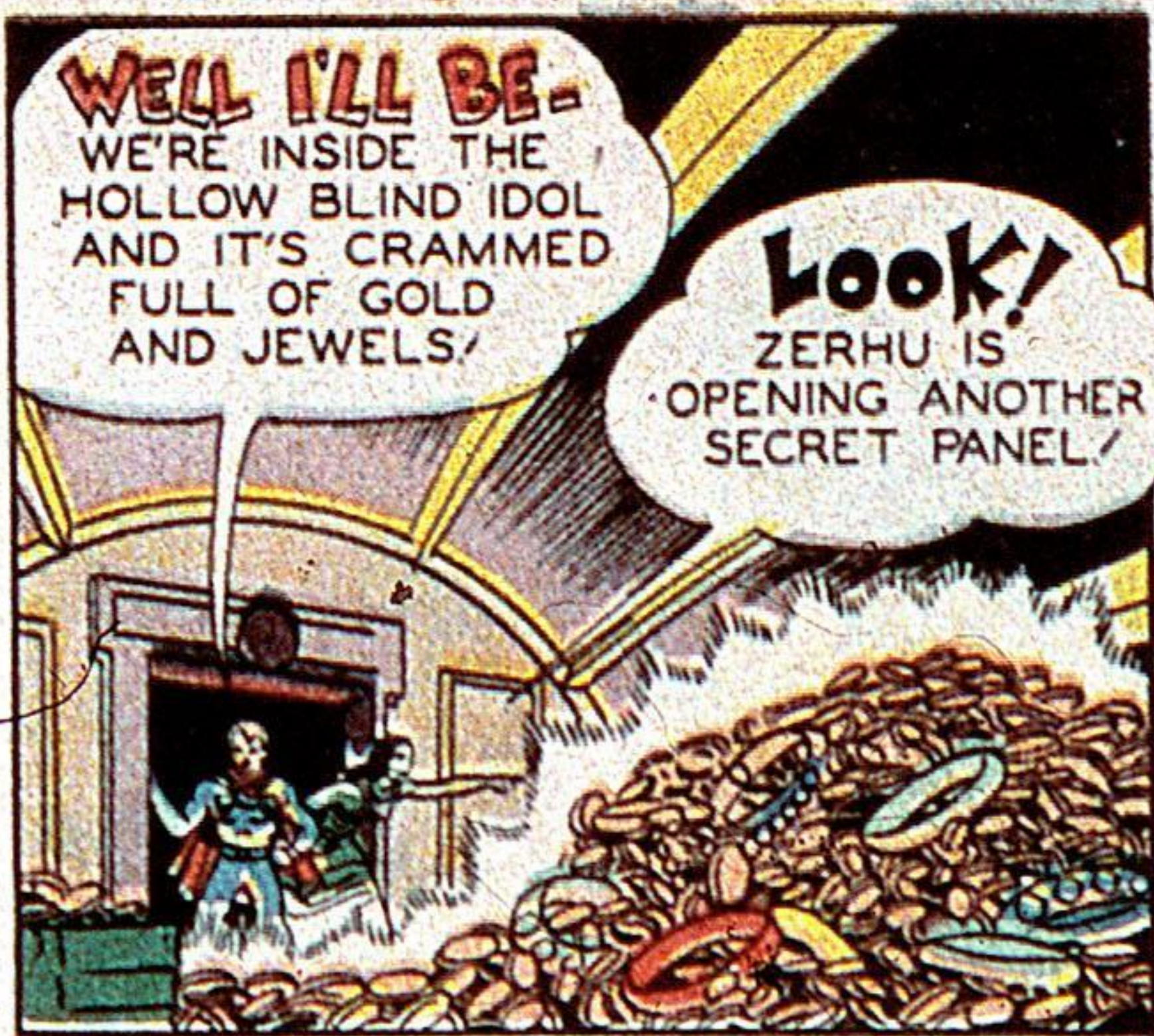


THE CHASE END IN A STONE ROOM AT THE END OF A MAZE OF CORRIDORS. /

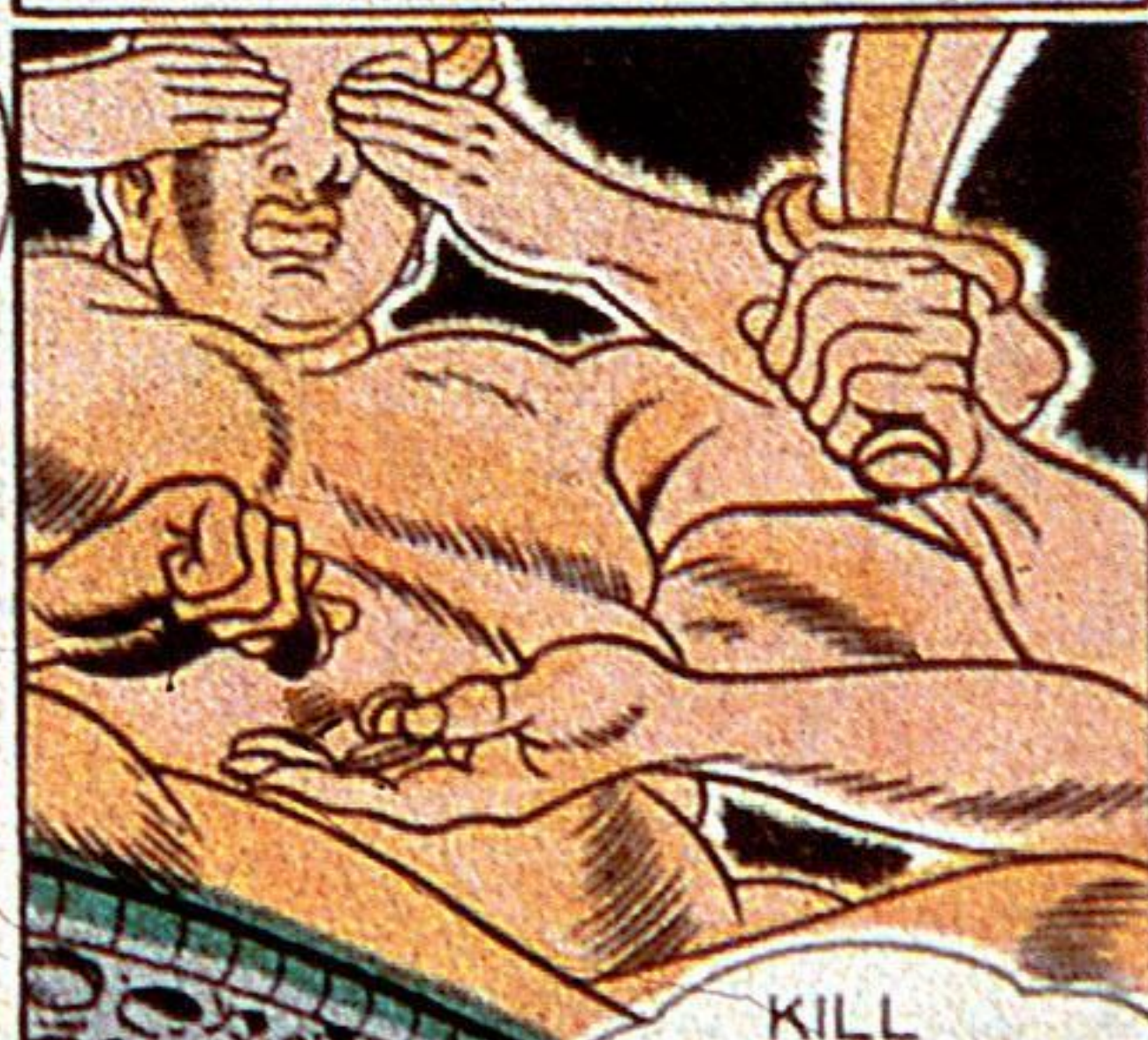


WITH A FLYING LEAP THE ANGEL IS HALFWAY THRU THE OPENING BEFORE IT CAN SHUT. /





ONCE AGAIN THE ANGEL TAKES AFTER THE HIGH PRIEST FLEEING INTO THE TEMPLE OF THE IDOL!



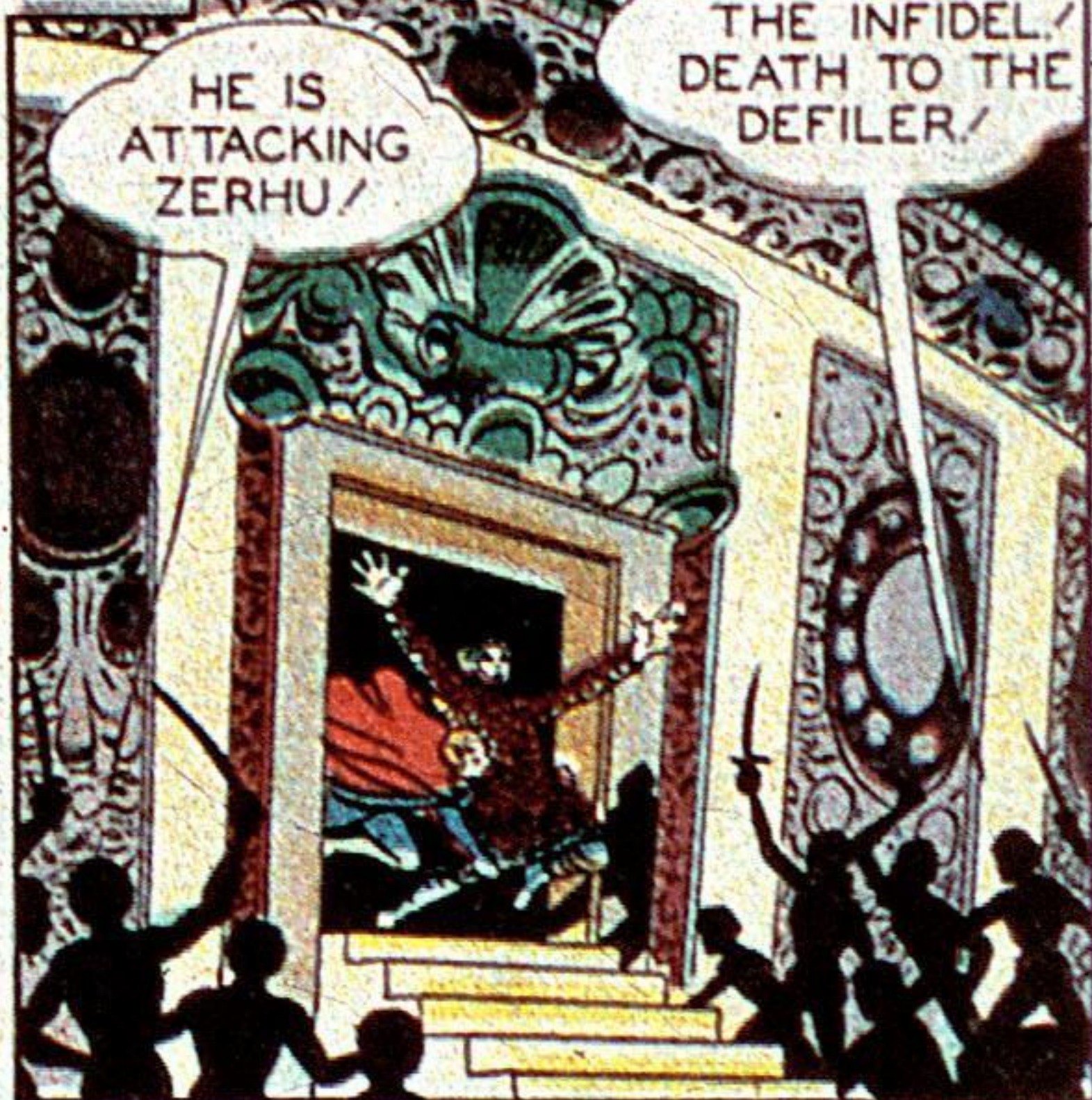
QUICKLY THE GIRL DARTS BACK INTO THE HOLLOW CHAMBER AND EMERGES WITH PART OF THE HOARD!

SEE! IN THERE IS ALL YOUR GOLD AND JEWELS! ZERHU HAS TRICKED YOU! THRU THIS SECRET OPENING--HE HAS, ROBBED THE SACRED ONE OF YOUR SACRIFICES! IT WAS HE WHO DECREED THAT YOU GIVE UP ALL EARTHLY TREASURES FOR HIS OWN PERSONAL GAIN! NOT VURASHNU!



HE IS ATTACKING ZERHU!

KILL THE INFIDEL! DEATH TO THE DEFILER!



SOMETIME LATER OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE!

UGH! THAT MOB SURE WENT TO WORK ON ZERHU AFTER WHAT YOU TOLD THEM!

HE GOT A JUST REWARD FOR TREACHERY AND DEFILING THE SACRED VURASHNU!



THE END!



Radio Servicing (left). Many N.R.I. Graduates operate their own successful full-time Radio repair businesses. Others hold regular jobs, make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA fixing Radios in spare time.



Broadcasting Stations (right) employ N.R.I. trained men as Operators, Installation and Maintenance Men and pay well.

Radio Operators (below) find good jobs in Broadcasting Stations, Aviation, Police, and Ship Radio.



BE A SUCCESS ...IN RADIO!

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME

I Trained These Men

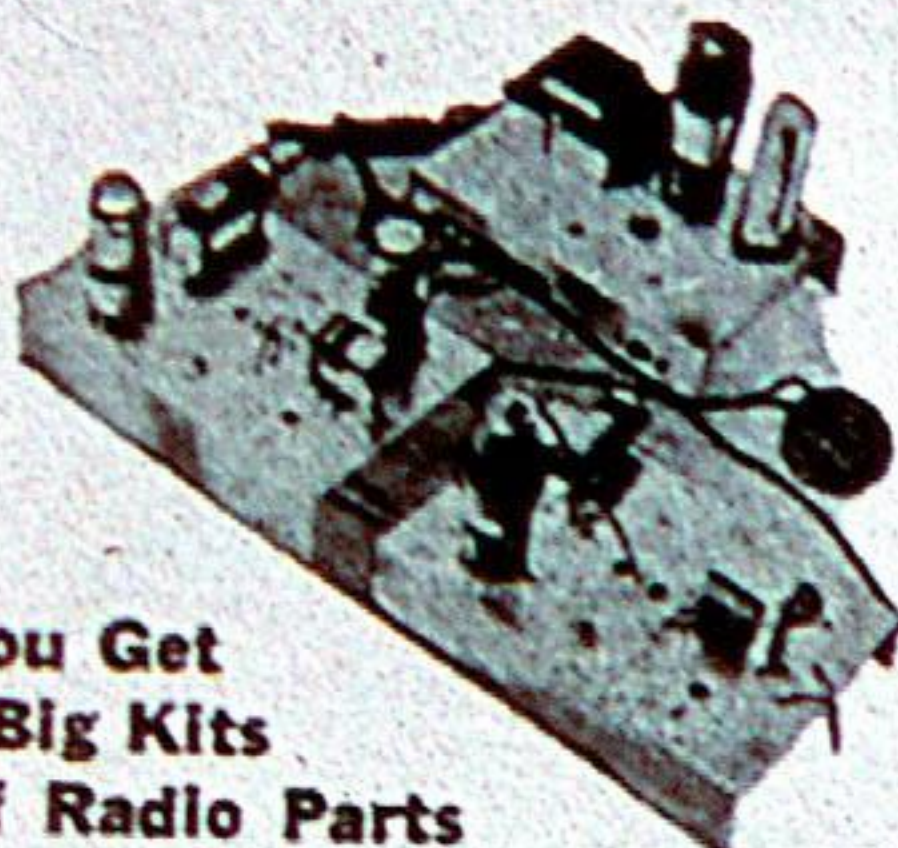


Chief Operator
Broadcasting Station
"Before I completed your lessons, I obtained my Radio Broadcast Operator's license and immediately joined Station WMFO where I am now Chief Operator." **HOLLIS F. HAYES**, 327 Madison St., Lapeer, Michigan.

\$200 a Month in Own Business
"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. Business has steadily increased." **ARLIE J. FROENKER**, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



\$10 a Week in Spare Time
"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I made \$600 in a year and a half and have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." **JOHN JERRY**, 300 South H St., Exeter, California.



**You Get
6 Big Kits
Of Radio Parts**

By the time you've conducted 60 sets of Experiments with Radio Parts I supply—have made hundreds of measurements and adjustments—you'll have valuable **PRACTICAL** experience. The superheterodyne circuit shown here is just one unit you build. It will bring in local and distant stations.

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy field with a bright peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE, 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs, tells how N.R.I. trains you at home in spare time—how you get practical experience building and testing Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

Big Demand Now For Well-Trained Radio Technicians, Operators

Keeping old Radios working is booming the Radio Repair business. Profits are large. After-the-war prospects are bright too. Think of the new boom in Radio Sales and Servicing that's coming when new Radios are again available—when Frequency Modulation and Electronics can be promoted—when Television starts its postwar expansion!

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio, Police Radio, Loudspeaker Systems, Radio Manufacturing all offer good jobs now to qualified Radio men—and most of these fields have a big backlog of business that has built up during the war, plus opportunities to expand into new fields opened by wartime developments. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get a start in Radio!

**Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10
a Week EXTRA in Spare Time**

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that help show how to make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while still learning. I send you **SIX** big kits of Radio parts, as part of my Course. You **LEARN** Radio fundamentals from my illustrated, easy-to-grasp lessons—**PRACTICE** what you learn by building real Radio Circuits—**PROVE** what you learn by interesting tests on the circuits you build!

Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do for You

MAIL THE COUPON for my FREE 64-page book. It's packed with facts—things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Aviation Radio, other Radio Fields. Read the details about my Course—"50-50 Training Method"—6 Experimental Kits—Extra Money Job Sheets. See the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how you can train at home. Read many letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just **MAIL COUPON** in an envelope or pasted on a penny postcard!—**J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 5A52, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.**



J. E. SMITH
President
National Radio
Institute

Our 30th Year of
training Men for
Success in Radio.

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Electronics
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training in these
new developments.

**Get this Book
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MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5A52
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Age.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of Imitations.

**BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN—
YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY**

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. MV
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name..... (Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

FREE
for Prompt
Action

7 1/2" high—5" wide
4" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut

**GOOD LUCK LEAF
Lives on Air Alone**

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered!
Tradition is—a person owning one of these
plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room placed to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.
"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful." Mrs. I. F., Booth Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."—Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D.L.B., Shenandoah, Iowa